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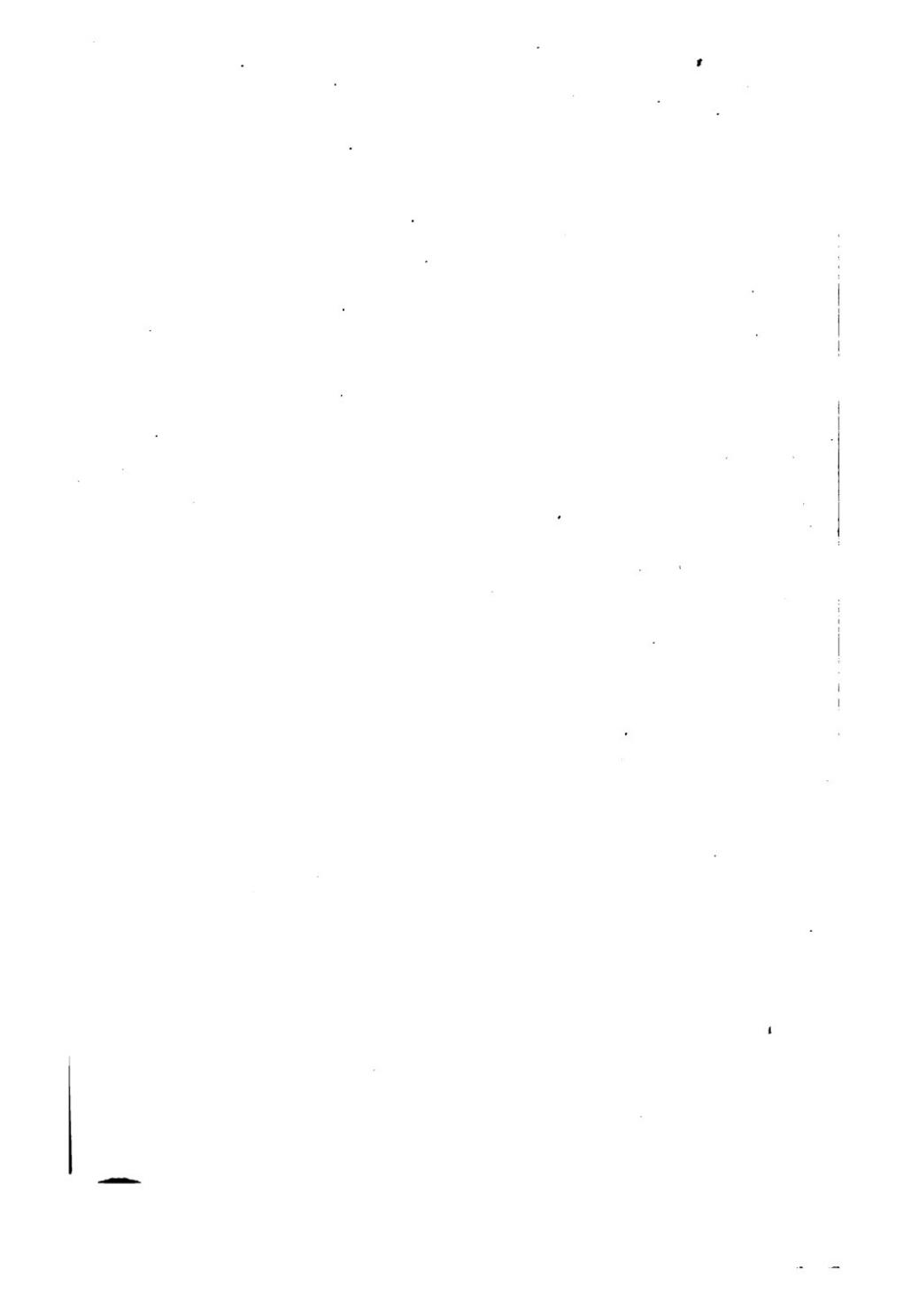
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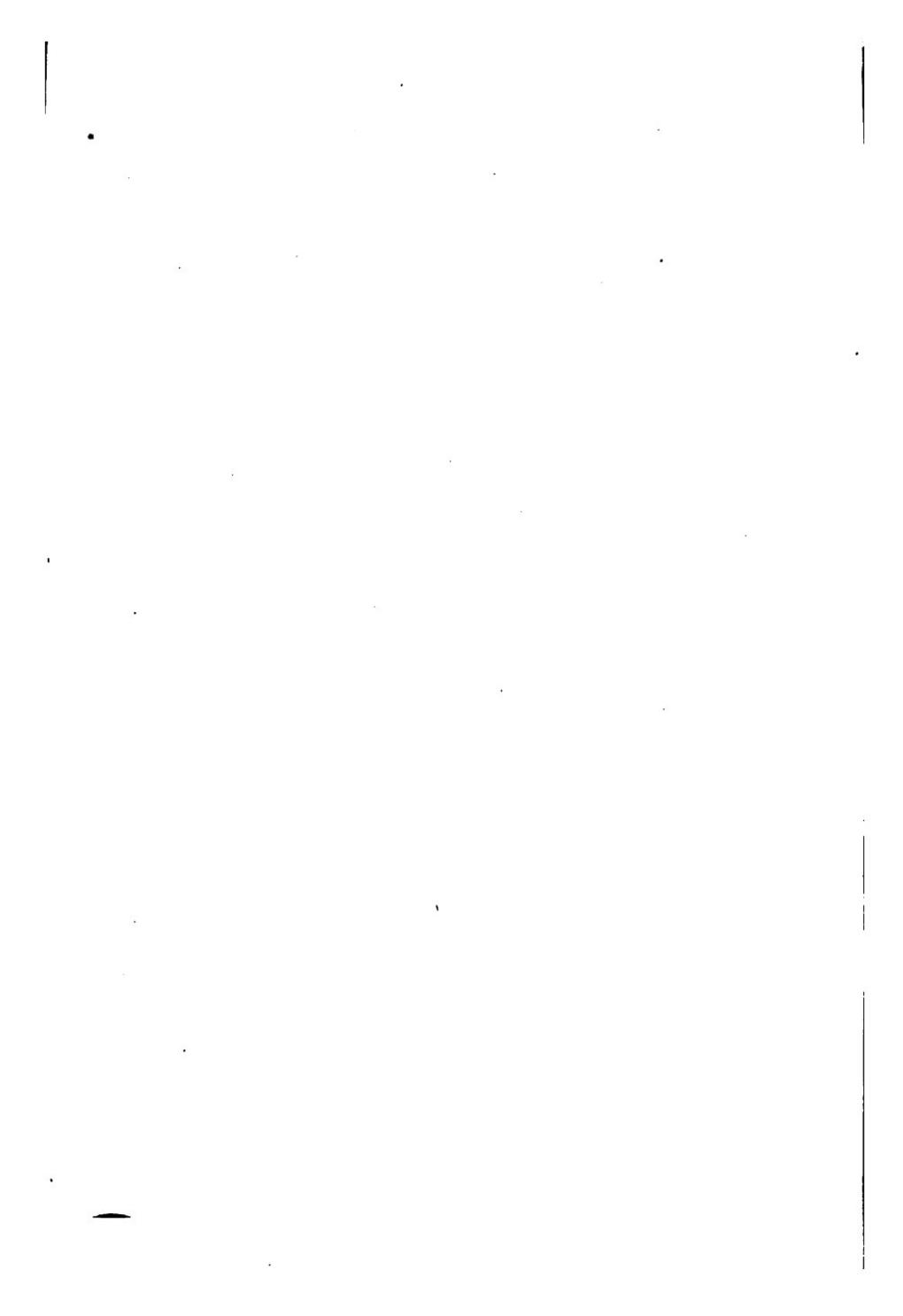
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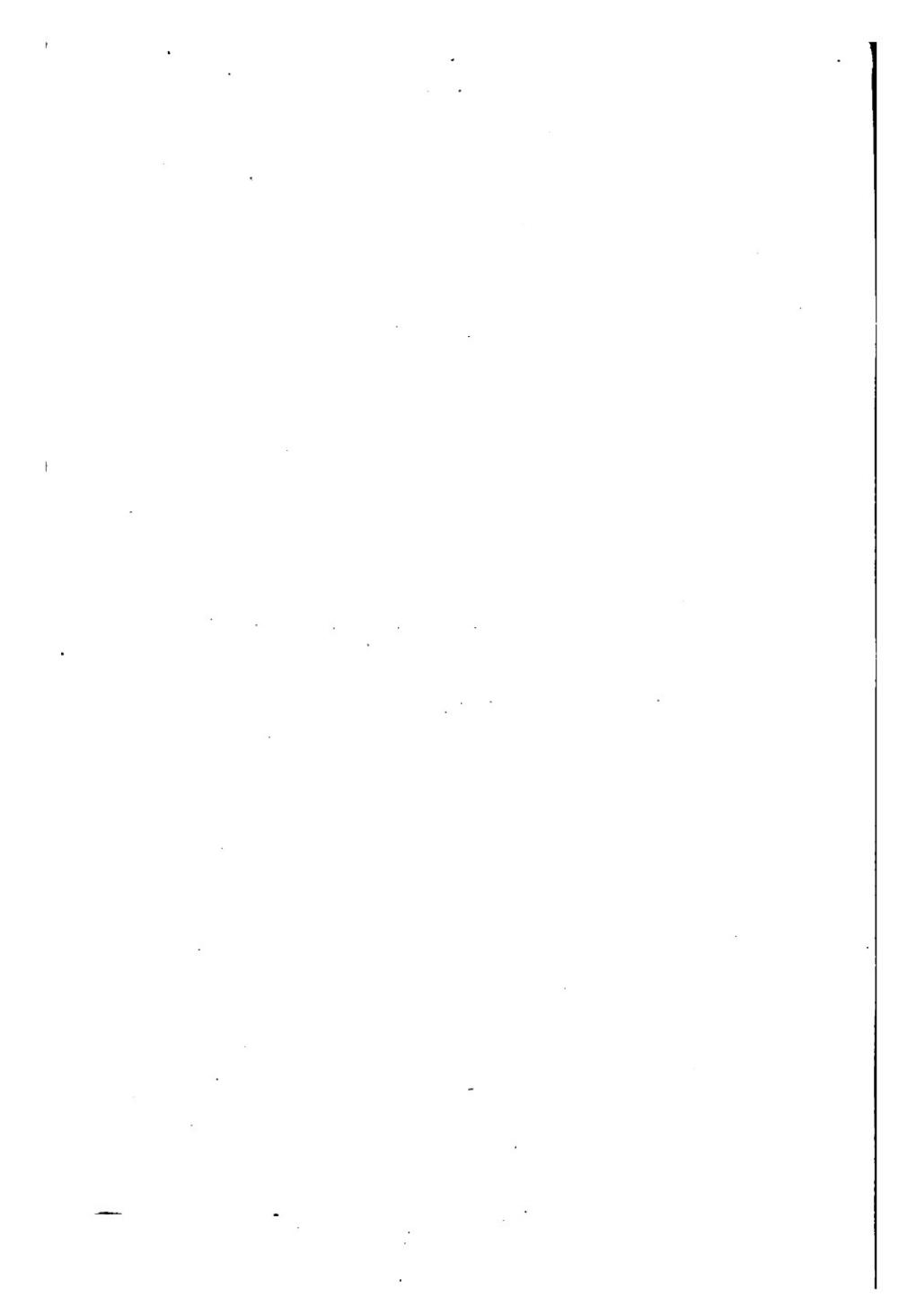






CITIES OF CENTRAL ITALY

VOL. II.



CITIES
OF
CENTRAL ITALY

BY

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF "WALKS IN ROME," "DAYS NEAR ROME," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

*IN THE EMILIA AND MARCHE, AND SOME TOWNS IN
UMBRIA AND THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME*

LONDON

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1884

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OF
THE SECOND VOLUME

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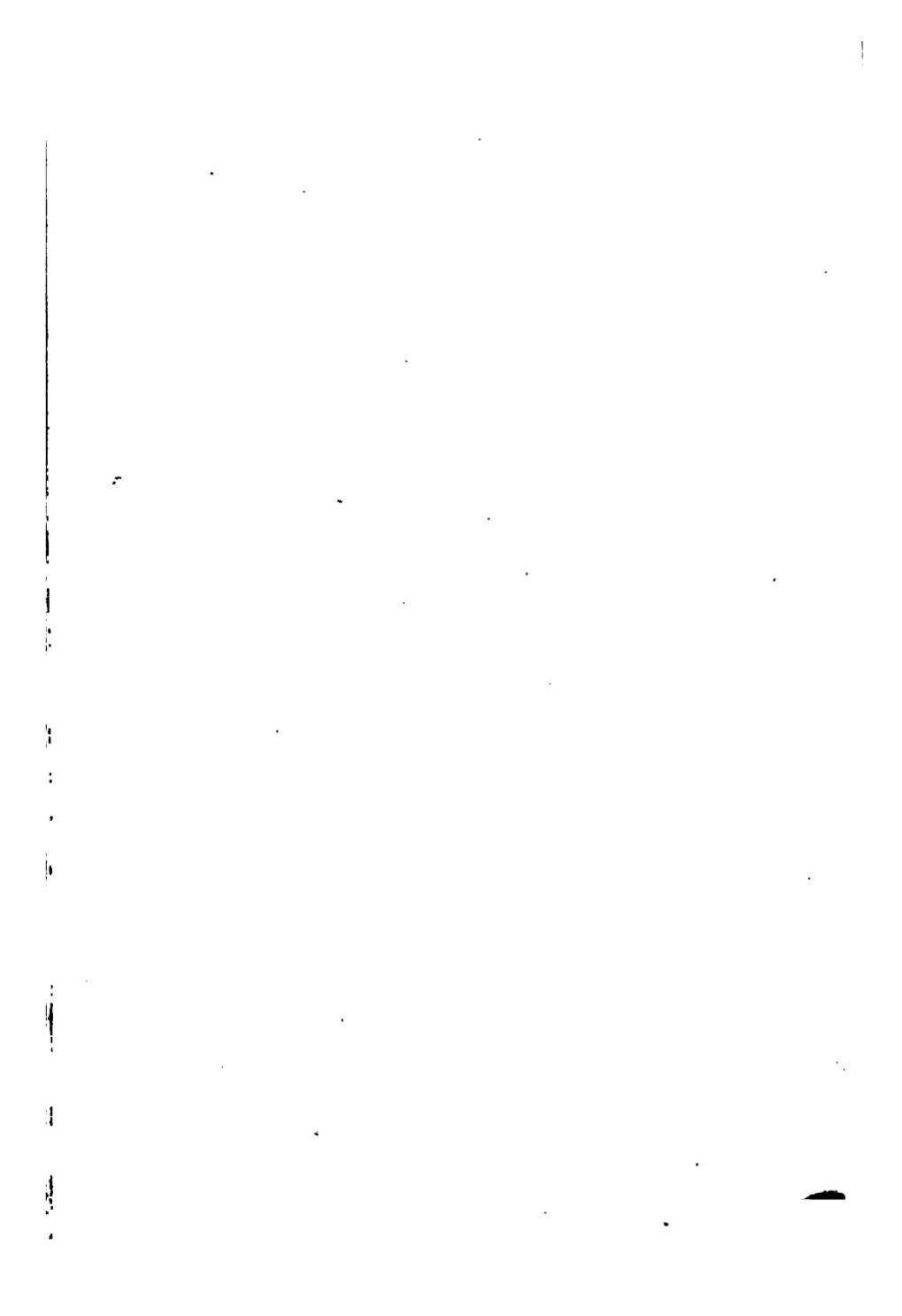
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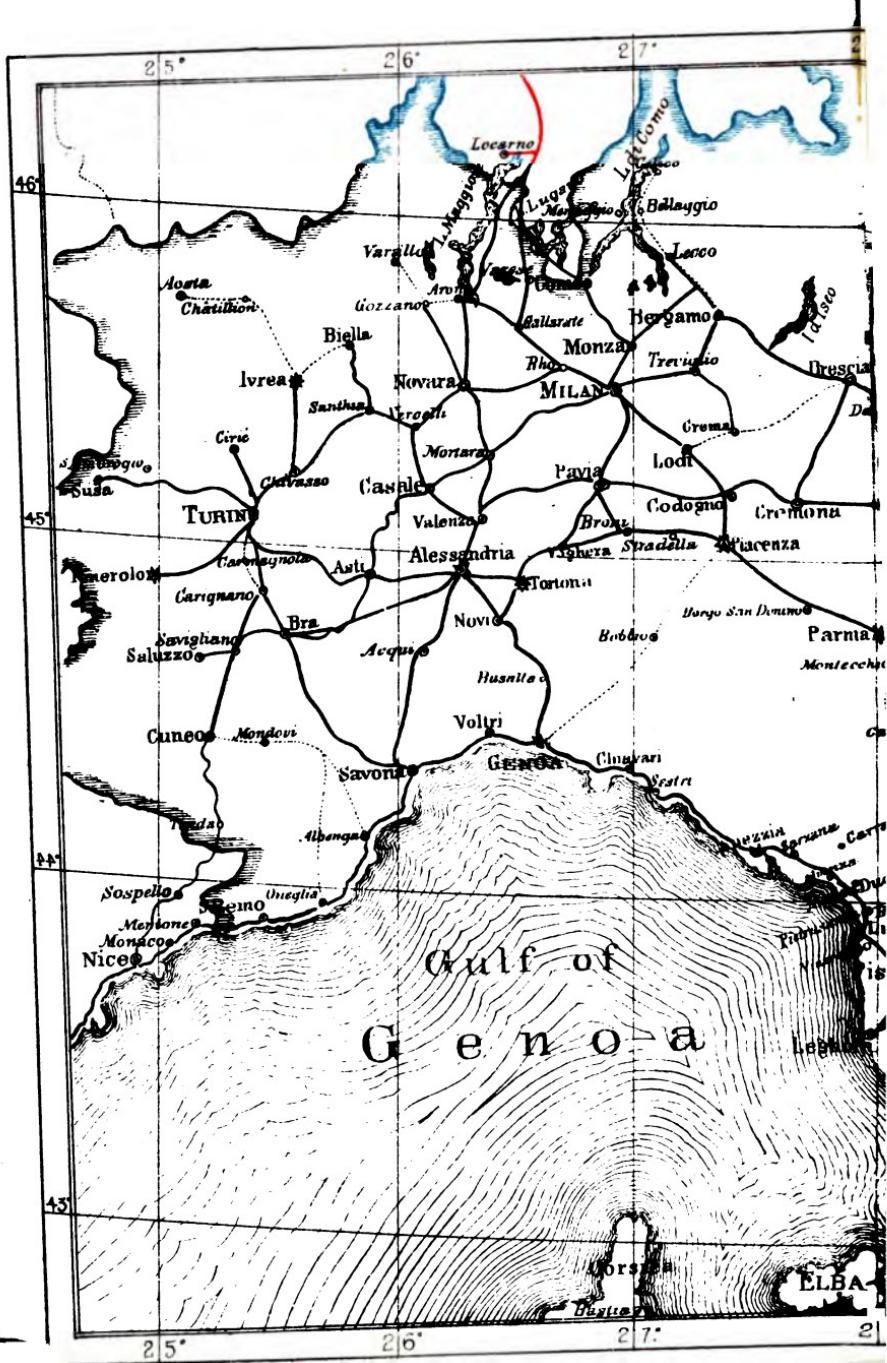
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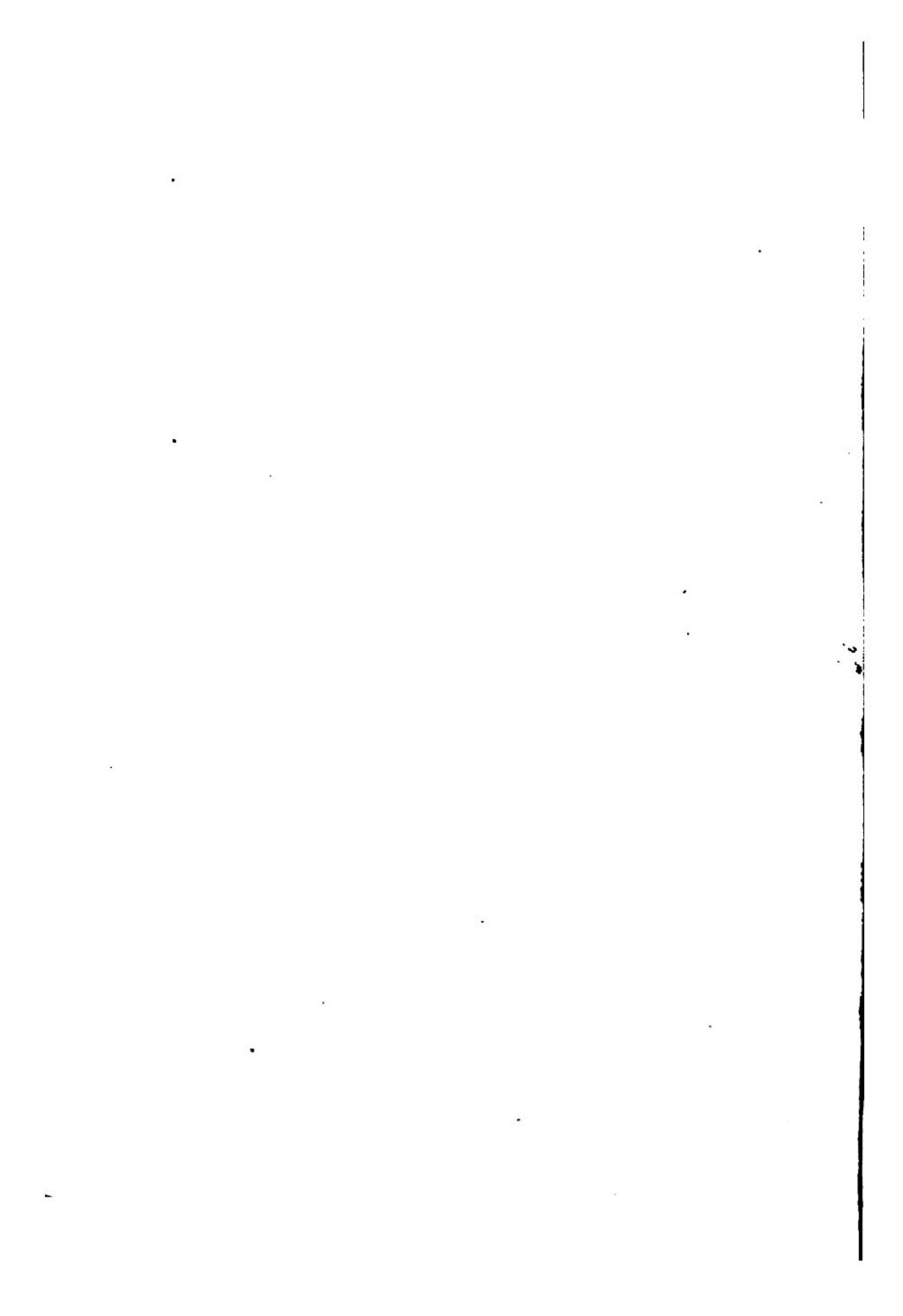
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CHAPTER XVI.

RAVENNA.

b4 **I**N entering upon a tour through the country towns of the Emilia, it may be well to recollect that here money ought to go much further than in other parts of Italy. If travellers have no courier, 2 frs. for a room and 3 frs. for a dinner will be found to be the usual prices. 3 frs. is certainly the proper price at which to order a dinner, as no more would be obtained if you ordered it at 10 frs. The people of the Emilia are almost invariably kind, civil, and hospitable to strangers. They are celebrated for their beauty, especially the women of Pesaro and Fano, while the young men of Forli are considered the noblest specimens of humanity in existence. The men have no national costume ; women of the upper classes generally wear knitted veils, something like Spanish mantillas, especially in the churches. The Emilia is very richly cultivated, the partition system being adopted ; by which the owner lets out the land to the *contadino*, for the benefit of his labour and implements, receiving half the produce in return.

(It is three hours by rail from Bologna to Ravenna. I. 9 frs. 50 c. ; II. 6 frs. 70 c. ; III. 4 frs. 30 c. Trains are changed at Castel Bolognese.)

(The Railway nearly follows the course of the Via Emilia.

Imola Station. Imola occupies the site of the Roman station Forum Cornelii, mentioned by Cicero and Martial. It is the birthplace (1506) of the painter Innocenzo da Imola, but there is no good work of his here. The *Cathedral*

of S. Cassianus has a picturesque octangular tower. In its crypt is the grave of S. Peter Chrysologus (the great orator of the 5th century, whose surname illustrates the effect of his sermons), and of S. Cassianus.

'S. Casciano (Cassian), patron of Imola, was a schoolmaster of that city, and being denounced as a Christian, the judge gave him up to the fury of his scholars, whom the severity of his discipline had inspired with the deepest hatred. The boys revenged themselves by putting him to a slow and cruel death, piercing him with the iron styles used in writing; his story is told by Prudentius.'—Jameson's '*Sacred Art*'.

Pius VII. was Bishop of Imola when he was raised to the Papal throne in 1800, and Pius IX. was its Bishop in 1846.

After leaving Castel Bolognese, we pass—

Lugo (Station) supposed to occupy the site of the Lucus Diana. 3 m. S.E. is *Cotignola*, where Attendolo, father of Francesco Sforza, was born, 1369,¹ who here, a peasant's son, threw his axe into an oak to decide, by its falling or remaining fixed in the trunk, whether he should remain a day-labourer or join a band of *condottieri*. The painters Francesco and Bernardino Marchesi or Zaganelli took, from this their birthplace, the surname of Cotignola. Four miles north is *Fusignano*, where the poet Vincenzo Monti and the composer Angelo Corelli were born.

Bagnacavallo (Station) gave a name to the painter Bartol. Ramenghi, who was born here, 1484.)

Ravenna.

(*Inns. Spada d' Oro; Europa*—tolerable, as very rough Italian inns—both in the Strada del Monte. *Carriages* from the station to the town, with 1 horse, 50 c.; with 2 horses, 1 fr.; night, 75 c., with 2 horses, 1 fr. 50 c. Carriage for the afternoon to S. Apollinare in Classe, the Pineta, &c., 5 frs.

For *Photographs of Ravenna*. Ricci, 295 Strada Porta Sisi (Byron's House.).

'Ravenna in her widowhood—the waste

Where dreams a withered ocean; where the hand
Of time has gently played with tombs defaced

¹ Montecchio, near Parma, also claims to be his birthplace.

Of priest and emperor ; where the temples stand,
 Proud in decay, in desolation grand,—
 Solemn and sad like clouds that lingeringly
 Sail, and are loth to fade upon the sky.'—*J. A. S.*

'Une chose console pourtant de la vue de ce désert qui a pris possession d'une cité jadis si populeuse, si animée, ruine encore debout survivant à tant d'autres ruines. Cette chose, c'est une incomparable réunion de monuments de l'art chrétien, qui nulle part ailleurs ne se trouve aussi purement, aussi complètement représenté dans ses formes primitives et son mystérieux symbolisme. Plus byzantine que Constantinople elle-même, Ravenne, sauf la puissance et la gloire qui se sont retirées d'elle comme le font chaque jour les flots mouvants de l'Adriatique, Ravenne est restée à peu près ce qu'elle était au temps de Justinien et des exarques. De même que Cæré rappelle la ville étrusque, Cumæ et Pompeï la cité grecque et le municipie romain, l'ancienne capitale de l'Exarchat nous transporte en plein Bas-Empire. Sa décadence, son immobilité ne représentent que trop fidèlement la décadence et l'immobilité d'un état qui dix siècles durant ne cessa de pencher vers son déclin. Aussi, en la visitant, on ressent le triste plaisir d'avoir sous les yeux la nécropole la mieux conservée de l'Italie. Après avoir fait le tour de ses vieilles murailles qui gardent les traces des brèches ouvertes par les Barbares, pénétrez dans l'intérieur de ses austères basiliques, et vous verrez que l'antiquité chrétienne y revit plus intacte qu'à Rome, car vous n'y rencontrez pas le mélange, parfois choquant, du sacré et du profane. Ainsi qu'on l'a dit avec raison, Ravenne est donc une ville essentiellement hiératique, sortant tout à coup de la profondeur de ses cryptes, et dont les portes semblent encore, de nos jours, gardées par deux statues, celles de l'Empire et de la Religion.'—*Dantier, 'L'Italie.'*

The early *History of Ravenna* may be told in the words of Gibbon :—

'On the coast of the Adriatic, about ten or twelve miles from the most southern of the seven mouths of the Po, the Thessalians founded the ancient colony of Ravenna, which they afterwards resigned to the natives of Umbria. Augustus, who had observed the opportunity of the place, prepared, at the distance of three miles from the old town, a capacious harbour, for the reception of two hundred and fifty ships of war. This naval establishment, which included the arsenals and magazines, the barracks of the troops, and the houses of the artificers, derived its origin and name from the permanent station of the Roman fleet ; the intermediate space was soon filled with buildings and inhabitants, and the three extensive and populous quarters of Ravenna (Ravenna, Cesarea, and Classis), gradually contributed to form one of

the most important cities of Italy. The principal canal of Augustus poured a copious stream of the waters of the Po through the midst of the city, to the entrance of the harbour ; the same waters were introduced into the profound ditches that encompassed the wall ; they were distributed by a thousand subordinate canals, into every part of the city, which they divided into a variety of small islands ; the communication was maintained only by the use of boats and bridges ; and the houses of Ravenna, whose appearance may be compared to that of Venice, were raised on the foundation of wooden piles. The adjacent country, to the distance of many miles, was a deep and impassable morass ; and the artificial causeway, which connected Ravenna with the continent, might be easily guarded, or destroyed, on the approach of a hostile army. These morasses were interspersed, however, with vineyards ; and though the soil was exhausted by four or five crops, the town enjoyed a more plentiful supply of wine than of fresh water. The air, instead of receiving the sickly and almost pestilential exhalations of low and marshy grounds, was distinguished, like the neighbourhood of Alexandria, as uncommonly pure and salubrious ; and this singular advantage was attributed to the regular tides of the Adriatic, which swept the canal, interrupted the unwholesome stagnation of the waters, and floated every day the vessels of the adjacent country into the heart of Ravenna. The gradual retreat of the sea has left the modern city at the distance of four miles from the Adriatic ; and as early as the fifth or sixth century of the Christian era, the port of Augustus was converted into pleasant orchards ; and a lonely grove of pines covered the ground where the Roman fleet once rode at anchor. Even this alteration contributed to increase the natural strength of the place ; and the shallowness of the water was a sufficient barrier against the large ships of the enemy. This advantageous situation was fortified by art and labour : and in the twentieth year of his age, Honorius, emperor of the west, anxious only for his personal safety, retired to the perpetual confinement of the walls and morasses of Ravenna. The example of Honorius was imitated by his feeble successors, the Gothic kings, and afterwards the exarchs, who occupied the throne and palace of the emperors ; and, till the middle of the eighth century, Ravenna was considered as the seat of government, and the capital of Italy.'—*'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.'*

This Venice-like condition of Ravenna is alluded to by many of the Latin poets,¹ especially by Claudian :—

‘Antique muros egressa Ravennae
Signa movet ; jamque ora Padi, portusque reliquit
Flumineos, certis ubi legibus advena Nereus
Aestuat, et pronas puppes nunc amne secundo,

¹ Sil. Ital. viii. 602 ; Martial, xiii. Ep. 18 ; Id. iii. 56 ; Sid. Apol. c. ix.

Nunc redeunte vehit ; nudataque littora fluctu
Deserit, Oceani lunaris aemula damnis.'

'*De VI. Cons. Hon.*,' 494.

In A.D. 79, Christianity is said to have been first preached in Ravenna by its patron, S. Apollinaris, who suffered martyrdom here. In 404, Honorius, son of the great Theodosius, removed the seat of the government of the Western Empire from Rome to Ravenna, and here his brave sister, Placidia, ruled for 25 years after his death, in the name of her son Valentinian III., in which time Ravenna attained its greatest glory, and the churches of S. Giovanni Evangelista, S. Agata, S. Francesco, and SS. Nazaro and Celso were built. After the fall of Olybrius, who had married Placidia, daughter of Valentinian, the Herulian Odoacer nominally ruled for three years (490-493) in Ravenna as King. He was murdered in his palace, and succeeded by Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, who had already obtained a partnership in his government. Theodoric was an Arian,¹ and during his reign six great Arian churches were built, of which S. Apollinare Nuovo and S. Spirito remain. Owing to the tolerance of Theodoric, Ravenna was no less enriched during his lifetime with great Catholic churches, of which (the modernized) S. Maria Maggiore is one; S. Vitale and S. Apollinare in Classe were also both commenced before his death.

Theodoric died in 526, and was succeeded by a series of elective kings. The last who ruled in Ravenna was Vitiges, who was besieged in Ravenna and subdued (539) by Belisarius, the general of Justinian, then Emperor of the East. Under Justinian, Ravenna was ruled and its palace inhabited by the eunuch Narses, who took the title of Exarch, and for fourteen years (554-568) administered the entire kingdom of Italy. During his reign and that of the succeeding Exarchs, Ravenna continued to be the chief town of Italy, Rome a mere provincial city. While it looked

¹ The Arian heresy was concerning the nature of the Divine Trinity. The Arians maintained that there was only one God, and that the Son and the Holy Ghost were created beings.

to Constantinople as its mother city, Byzantine treasures and the knowledge of Byzantine arts naturally contributed to its adornment, so that, in the words of Gregorovius, ‘ Ravenna has become the Pompeii of the Gothic and Byzantine times.’ The Exarchate lasted 185 years—the later Exarchs ruling feebly, like satraps of an old eastern monarchy. It came to an end under the Exarch Eutychius, who was driven out by Astaulphus, king of the Lombards, in A.D. 752. The attempt of the Lombards to seize Rome also, brought Pepin, king of the Franks, to the rescue, and he made over Ravenna as a temporal possession to the Holy See.

From this time Ravenna lost its importance, though its Archbishops often gave it a certain lustre, many of them being raised to eminence either as Popes or Anti-Popes. From 1295 to 1346 it was ruled by the house of Polenta, under whom Dante found a refuge here. It was here also that he published the entire poem of the ‘Divina Commedia,’ of which two thousand copies were dispersed through Italy, the readers doubting whether any mortal man could really have composed those astonishing cantos. From the government of the Polentani, Ravenna passed to that of Venice, under whose rule it remained till 1509, when it was ceded to Julius II., who made it the capital of the Romagna. In 1512, the battle of Ravenna was fought beneath the walls, in which a victory was gained over the Papal troops by the army of Louis XII., but Gaston de Foix was killed.

The town, apart from its antiquities, is miserably ugly, squalid, and featureless, and even the wonderful interiors are too much spoilt by modernization to be beautiful, except the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia and S. Apollinare in Classe.

The early art history and the political history of Ravenna are identical. In later times the so-called ‘School of Ravenna’ was a very poor one; Luca Longhi (1507-1580) being its greatest luminary.

An architectural feature of Ravenna will strike all visitors. It is that while almost all other campaniles in Italy are

square, here they are almost all round. Still more may they be astonished to find all the 'Gothic' buildings (Tomb of Theodoric, &c.) entirely Roman.

Two days at least should be given to Ravenna. The sights may thus be divided :—

1st Day. Morning. S. Spirito. S. Maria in Cosmedin. S. Giovanni Battista. Mausoleum of Galla Placidia. Tomb of the Exarch Isaac. S. Vitale. S. Giovanni Evangelista.

Afternoon. Tomb of Theodoric (S. Maria Rotonda), and S. Maria in Porto Fuori.

2nd Day. Morning. Piazza da Aquila. Battistero. Duomo. Chapel of the Arcivescovado. Pinacoteca. S. Agata. S. Francesco. Tomb of Dante. S. Apollinare Nuovo. Palace of Theodoric. S. Maria in Porto.

Afternoon. Drive to S. Apollinare in Classe and the Pineta.

If (which will prove a misery) only *one* day can be given to Ravenna, the things which *must* be seen are, the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia, the Baptistry, Chapel of the Arcivescovado, Tomb of Dante, S. Apollinare Nuovo, the Palace of Theodoric, and (by a carriage) the Tomb of Theodoric, S. Apollinare in Classe, and a glimpse of the Pineta.

The Pineta alone is inexhaustible.

The Hotels are in the Strada del Monte. Turning left from hence by the Corso Garibaldi, the first street on the left contains the *Church of S. Spirito*, or *S. Teodoro*, which was a basilica ('ecclesia matrix') built in the 6th century by Theodoric for the Arian bishops. It has three aisles separated by 14 grey marble columns with capitals of white marble. In the 1st chapel on the left is a curious *ambo*, with sculptures of the 6th century. In the court in front of this church is *S. Maria in Cosmedin*, the octagonal *Arian Baptistry* of S. Spirito, also of the 6th century. The mosaics were added after it was given over to Catholic worship. They represent the Baptism of Christ, whose form is seen through the water, surrounded by the Apostles, their figures divided by palm-trees.

'Of doubtful age are the mosaics in S. Maria in Cosmedin, though the decoration of that building belongs almost indisputably to the time of the veritable Byzantine dominion; probably, therefore, to the middle of the sixth century. We here observe a free imitation of the cupola mosaics of the orthodox church. Surrounding the centre picture of the Baptism of Christ are arranged here, as well as in them, the figures of the Twelve Apostles, bearing crowns in their hands, except that their line is interrupted on the east side by a golden throne with a cross. The figures are no longer advancing, but stand motionless, yet without stiffness. The heads are somewhat more uniformly drawn, but the draperies already display stiffness of line, with unmeaning breaks and folds, and a certain crudeness of light and shade. The decline of the feeling for decoration shows itself not only in the unpleasant interruption of the figures caused by the throne, but also in the introduction of heavy palm-trees between the single figures, instead of the graceful acanthus-plant. In the centre picture the naked form of the Christ is somewhat stiffer, though that of St. John is precisely the same as in the Baptisteries of the orthodox church. On the other hand, the river Jordan is introduced as a third person, with the upper part of the figure bare, a green lower garment, hair and beard long and white, two red crescent-shaped horns on his head, a reed in his hand, and an urn beside him.'—*Kugler*.

Returning to the Corso Garibaldi, we must take the next turn on the left (Strada S. Elia). Here (left) is the *Church of S. Giovanni Battista*, also called S. Giovanni delle Catine, which was built in 438 by Galla Placidia for her confessor, S. Barbatian, and consecrated by S. Peter Chrysologus. It was, however, almost entirely rebuilt in 1683, and nothing remains of the old building but the curious round campanile, and 16 ancient columns, arranged in pairs, in the interior. In the piazza before the church stand three great sarcophagi.

From the front of this church the Strada S. Crispino leads hence almost direct to the *Church of SS. Nazaro and Celso*, the famous *Mausoleum of Galla Placidia*.¹ Outside it would not be recognised as a church, it is rather like a lowly outhouse of brick, the front not rising above the level of the wall in which it is engrafted. It is a Latin cross, 40 ft. long and 33 ft. broad, vaulted throughout, and

¹ The Sacristan of S. Vitale has the keys of the Mausoleum.

with a cupola at the cross. In the centre is an ancient altar of Oriental alabaster, formerly in S. Vitale, and referred to as existing in the 6th century. The three great sarcophagi are the only tombs of the Caesars, Oriental or Occidental, which remain in their original places. That in the chancel, of Greek marble, contained the body of the Empress Galla Placidia. Through a hole (now closed) in one of its sides the embalmed body of the Empress might once be seen (as Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle), seated in her cypress-wood chair and clad in her imperial robes, but in 1577 some boys set the robes on fire and the body was consumed.



Tomb of Galla Placidia, Ravenna.

Placidia was daughter of the great Theodosius by his second wife Galla. After her father's death at Milan, in A.D. 395, and the removal of the court of her brother Honorius to Ravenna, she continued to reside in Rome. She was there during the siege by Alaric, was amongst the prisoners, and afterwards married Adolphus, King of the Visigoths, brother of Alaric. This husband, whom she loved, was murdered in his palace at Barcelona, A.D. 414, and Placidia herself treated with great cruelty by his assassin, the barbarian Sarus. Having been ransomed by her brother from the Goths for 600,000 measures of wheat, she was shortly afterwards married to Constantius, the successful general

of Honorius, by whom she became the mother of Honoria and Valentinian III. Her second husband was associated with Honorius in the government, but died in the 7th month of his reign, and, after a violent quarrel with her brother, Placidia and her children were forced to fly to Constantinople. Upon the death of Honorius she returned to capture Ravenna, and execute justice upon John, a usurper who had seized the throne. After this she practically ruled the Western Empire for 25 years, in the name of her son, the feeble Valentinian III., who was only six years old at the time of her return to Ravenna, and during this time she devoted her great wealth to the adornment of the capital. She died at Rome in 440.

The sarcophagus in the right transept contains the body of Valentinian III., son of Galla Placidia ; that in the left transept the body of Constantius III., the second husband of Galla Placidia and father of Valentinian III. Near the entrance are two smaller sarcophagi containing the ashes of the tutors of Valentinian, son of Placidia, and of her daughter Honoria.

The story of Honoria is a tragic romance. Forbidden to make any but a distasteful and political marriage, she was discovered at 17 in an intrigue with her chamberlain Eugenius, and, after having been cruelly imprisoned by her mother, was exiled to pass the rest of her days in a weary confinement with her cousins at Constantinople, the sisters of Theodosius, Emperor of the East. Sick of her life she adopted the desperate remedy of writing to Attila, King of the Goths, offering him her hand, if he would obtain her freedom. He listened to her proposal, but in asking her from her family, demanded also her share of the imperial patrimony. He was indignantly refused (the right of female succession being denied), and Honoria, removed to Italy, was condemned to languish in a perpetual prison for the rest of her life.

The whole of the roof is covered with mosaics of the 5th century.

⁴ Before A.D. 450, we may consider the rich decorations of the monumental chapel of Galla Placidia, preserved entire with all its mosaics ; and therefore alone fitted to give us an idea of the general decorations of the ornamented buildings of that period. This chapel is built in the form of the cross, a centre being occupied by a square elevation, arched over in the form of a segment of a cupola : aisles and transepts terminate above in waggon roofs. The lower walls were formerly faced with marble slabs. From the cornice upwards begin the mosaics, chiefly

gold upon a dark-blue ground, which binds the whole together with a pleasant effect. Upon the arches are ornaments, which, though not in the antique taste, belong, in point of elegance, to the most excellent of their kind. On the lunettes, at the termination of the transepts, are seen stags advancing between green-gold arabesques upon a blue ground towards a fountain—an emblem of the conversion of the heathen. In the lunette over the entrance of the nave we observe the Good Shepherd, of a very youthful character, seated among his flock ; while in the chief lunette over the altar Christ appears full length with the flag of victory, burning the writings of the heretics (or of the philosophers) upon a grate. On the walls of the elevated portion before alluded to are seen the Apostles, two-and-two, without any particular attributes ; between, and below each, a pair of doves sipping out of basins ; and finally, in the cupola itself, between large stars, a richly decorated cross and the symbols of the Evangelists. Upon the whole, the combination of symbols and historical characters in these mosaics evinces no definite principle or consistently carried out thought ; and, with the exception of the Good Shepherd, the figures are of inferior character. At the same time, in point of decorative harmony, the effect of the whole is incomparable. On that account we may the more lament the loss of the very extensive mosaics of S. Giovanni Evangelista, also built by the Empress Galla Placidia.'—*Kugler.*

'The Mausoleum of Galla Placidia presents by far the most interesting and perfect example of early Symbolism—its architecture, its mosaics, and its tombs thoroughly harmonizing. The mosaics are peculiarly beautiful ; in one of them the Good Shepherd is represented feeding one of his sheep with one hand, holding a small cross in the other. Another represents our Saviour, the youthful head with a cross in his hand, standing behind a brazier of burning coals,¹ beyond which appears an open *scrinium*, or book-case, containing volumes of the Gospels, each marked with the Evangelist's name ; the cross glitters in a heaven of stars in the centre of the dome, and the emblematical animals of the Evangelists watch around it ; other symbols, also, are introduced, all most appropriate. But the tombs are still more interesting, as (with the exception, perhaps, of a few busts) the earliest specimens existing of Byzantine sculpture : taken together with those of Galla Placidia's confessor, S. Parbatone, and of the Archbishop Rinaldo, in the chapel of the south transept of the Duomo, and those of the eight archbishops of Ravenna, who lived in the seventh and eighth centuries, now ranged in the aisles of S. Apollinare di Fuori, they will enable you to form a satisfactory idea of its merits during these early ages. They are, for the most part, fairly executed for the time, especially those done by order of Placidia. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast they present in their simplicity to the tombs of the catacombs, so over-

¹ Probably in allusion to Isaiah vi. 6

loaded with typical compositions. In these everything is symbolical. A cross, with two birds perched upon it—or supporting the monogram of Christ—between two lighted candles, or two sheep ; birds or stags drinking at a fountain, which springs up below the monogram enclosed in a wreath—or a lamb carrying a cross and standing on the Mount of Paradise—are the most frequent subjects ; occasionally but very rarely, the beardless figure of our Saviour occurs, seated on his throne. Of historical subjects, properly so called, none are to be met with in the whole series.'—*Lindsay's 'Christian Art.'*

Passing (left) the *Church of S. Maria Maggiore* (built first in 526, but entirely modernised, except its round campanile, in the 16th century, only sixteen ancient columns remaining in the interior), we reach (right) the magnificent *Church of S. Vitale*. This masterpiece of Byzantine architecture, externally a mass of rugged brick, was begun in 526, the year of the death of Theodoric, under the superintendence of the Archbishop S. Ecclesius and the *Julianus Argentarius*, under whom S. Apollinare in Classe was also built. Its resemblance to the recently erected S. Sophia at Constantinople reveals its Eastern origin. It was erected in honour of S. Vitale upon the place where he suffered martyrdom.

'According to the Ambrosian legend, S. Vitalis, the famous patron saint of Ravenna, was the father of SS. Gervasius and Protasius, served in the army of the Emperor Nero, and was one of the converts of S. Peter. Seeing a Christian martyr led to death, whose courage appeared to be sinking, he exhorted him to endure bravely to the end, carried off his body, and buried it honourably ; for which crime, as it was then considered, he was first tortured, and then burned alive. His wife Valeria, and his two sons Gervasius and Protasius, fled to Milan.'—*Jameson's 'Sacred Art.'*

The church (which was consecrated in A.D. 547) is approached by a court, where there is a pretty portico with ornamented pillars. The interior is octagonal, and is surrounded by eight round-headed arches resting on wide piers, which each contain semi-circular recesses, one story above the other, with three small arches. Above is a semi-circular cupola, painted in the last century with coarse

frescoes which greatly interfere with the harmony of this building, ‘where Justinian and Theodora still dimly blaze in the gold and purple of the mosaics.’¹

‘The chief architectural novelty and leading feature in this building is the dome. No vaulting of any kind had ever been hitherto employed in the roofs of churches, much less that most skilful and admired of all vaulting, the cupola, or dome ; a mode of covering buildings perfectly well understood by the Romans, but discontinued as art declined, and, for the first time, reproduced by the Greek architects of Constantinople, in the instance of S. Sophia. If it is difficult to support the



At S. Vitale, Ravenna.

downward pressure, and outward thrust, of ordinary vaulting, how much more is required when the pressure has to be resisted at every point, and the circle above has, as is frequently the case, to be connected with a square below ! This was accomplished, in the construction of S. Sophia, by means of what are technically called *pendentives* ; brackets, on a large scale, projecting from the walls at the angles, and carried up to the base of the dome. At S. Vitale, which is not a square, but an octagon, a series of small arches is employed, instead of pendentives, but acting upon the same principle. By this expedient the dome is

¹ Milman.

united to the body of the edifice. The thrust has, then, to be resisted by the thickness of the walls ; and the downward pressure to be supported by arches and piers. In most cases the pendentives are exposed to view ; but at S. Vitale, the mechanical contrivances are concealed by a ceiling. It is always an object to diminish the weight of the dome ; and with this view materials of the lightest kind were employed in its construction. At S. Vitale the dome is composed of a spiral line of earthen vessels, inserted into each other ; and where the lateral thrust ceases, and the vertical pressure begins, larger jars are introduced in an upright position. The first re-appearance of a dome in Italy could not fail to excite admiration, and forms an epoch in the ecclesiastical architecture of the country.'—*H. Gally Knight.*

The lower walls of the church are coated with great slabs of Greek marble. The red marble with which the piers are inlaid is quite splendid. The carving of the capitals is of the most exquisite beauty ; these blocks, sculptured in bas-relief, are a Byzantine feature, invented at Constantinople. Many of the sculptured fragments in different parts of the church are of great interest, especially reliefs (to the right of the high altar between the pillars of Verde Antico) representing some genii bearing a shell, and the throne of Neptune with a sea-monster beneath it ; and the relief called the 'Apotheosis of Augustus' near the entrance of the Sacristy. The statues and pictures here are unimportant ; the best of the latter are those by the native family of *Longhi* (father, son, and daughter) in the Sacristy. The pavement has been raised three feet, and the adjoining street is six feet above the original level.

But the great feature of all is the glorious *Mosaics* of the time of Justinian and Theodora, still almost as fresh as when they were erected.

' Unfortunately, the decorations of the principal tribune, and those of the quadrangular arched space before it, are all that have been preserved. They refer in subject to the foundation and consecration of the church, with the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Gold grounds and blue grounds alternate here, the former being confined to the apsis and to two of the four divisions of the arched space. In the semi-dome of the apsis appears a still very youthful Christ, seated upon the globe of the world ; on each side two angels, with S. Vitalis as patron of the

church, and Bishop Ecclesius as founder, the latter carrying a model of the building. Below are the four rivers of Paradise, flowing through green meadows, while the golden ground is striped with purple clouds. The figures are all noble and dignified, especially the Christ, whose ideal youthfulness scarcely recurs after that time. In the drapery there is much that is conventional, especially in the mode of shadowing, though a certain truthfulness still prevails.

Upon the perpendicular wall of the apsis appear two large ceremonial representations upon a gold ground, which, as the almost sole surviving specimens of the higher style of profane painting, are of great interest, and as examples of costume, quite invaluable. The picture on the right represents the relation in which the Emperor Justinian stood



At S. Vitale.

to the church—the figures as large as life. In splendid attire, laden with the diadem and with a purple and gold-embroidered mantle, fastened with a monstrous fibula, is seen the Emperor, advancing, his hands full of costly gifts; his haughty, bloated, vulgar, yet regular countenance, with the eyebrows elevated towards the temple, is seen in front. To him succeeds a number of courtiers, doubtless also portraits, and next to them the easily recognisable, fair, Germanic body-guard, with sword and shield. Archbishop Maximian, with his clergy, is advancing to meet the Emperor. He, also, with his bald head, and the pathetic slits of eyes, is a characteristic portrait of the time. Opposite, on the left, is the Empress Theodora, surrounded by the gorgeously attired ladies and eunuchs of the court, in the act of entering the

church. The Empress is also clad in the dark violet (purple) imperial mantle, and from her grotesque diadem hangs a whole cascade of beads and jewels, enclosing a narrow, pale, highly significant face, in whose large, hollow eyes, and small sensual mouth, the whole history of that clever, imperious, voluptuous, and merciless woman is written. A chamberlain before her is drawing back a richly-embroidered curtain, so as to exhibit the entrance court of a church, betokened as such by its cleansing fountain. Justinian and Theodora are distinguished by bright nimbus, a homage which the artist of that time could scarcely withhold, since he evidently knew no other form of flattery.

'Of somewhat inferior execution are the mosaics of the lofty quadrangular space before the apsis, representing the Old Testament symbols of the sacrifice of the mass. On the vaulting, between green and gold tendrils upon a blue ground, and green upon a gold ground, are four flying angels upon globes, resembling antique Victories; below them, in the four corners, are four peacocks, as emblems of Eternity. On the upper wall, above the apsis, two angels, gracefully hovering, are holding a shield with the sign of the Redeemer; on each side, blazing with jewels, of which they are entirely constructed, are the cities of Jerusalem and Bethlehem, with vine-tendrils and birds, on a blue ground, above them. On either side wall, in an architectural framework, which we are at a loss to describe, are the subjects we have already mentioned. Two semicircles contain the principal subjects, viz. the bloody and bloodless sacrifice of the Old Covenant. We see Abraham carrying out provisions to the three young men in white garments, who are seated at a table under a leafless but budding tree, while Sarah stands behind the door laughing. Then, again, we behold the Patriarch on the point of offering up his son Isaac, who kneels before him. Then Abel (an excellent and perfectly antique shepherd figure) in the act of holding up his sacrifice of the firstling of the flock before a wooden hut, while Melchizedec (designated by a nimbus as the symbol of Christ), advancing from a temple in the form of a Basilica, pronounces a blessing over the bread and wine. The pictures then continue further the history of the Old Covenant, showing Moses, who, as the prefiguration of Christ, is here represented as a youth; then again, as he first appears under the character of a shepherd; and lastly, as he is receiving the tables of the Law upon the Mount, while the people are waiting below. Isaiah and Jeremiah, grey headed men in white robes, appear to be vehemently agitated by the spirit of prophecy; and further upward, in similar gestures of inspiration, are seen the Four Evangelists, seated with their emblems, S. Matthew looking up to the angel as if to a vision. Above, the subject is closed by fine arabesques, vine-tendrils, and birds. Finally, in the front archivolt next the dome are thirteen medallions between elegant arabesques upon a blue ground, containing the portraits of Christ and the Apostles; individual, portrait-like heads, several of

which have suffered a later restoration. The execution of the whole front space is partially rude and superficial, especially in the prophets and evangelists. In drawing, also, these portions are inferior to the works in the apsis, although, in that respect, they still excel those of the following century. In the delineation of animals, for example in the Lion of S. Mark, a sound feeling for nature is still evinced ; the same in the tree before Abraham's dwelling. In many parts the background landscape is elevated in a very remarkable manner, consisting of steep rocks covered with verdure, an evident attempt to imitate the forms of reality. Unfortunately nothing more is preserved of the mosaics of the cupola and the rest of the church.'—*Kugler*.

To those who are unacquainted with their history, and whose interest in them is awakened by their portraits, the following character of Justinian and Theodora will not be unwelcome :—

' Under Justinian, the nephew, colleague, and heir of Justin, the Roman Empire appears suddenly to resume her ancient majesty and power. The signs of a just, able, and vigorous administration, internal peace, prosperity, conquest and splendour, surrounded the master of the Roman world. The greatest generals, since the days perhaps of Trajan, Belisarius, and Narses, appear at the head of the Roman armies. Persia was kept at bay during several campaigns, if not continuously successful, yet honourable to the arms of Rome. The tide of barbarian conquerors rolled back. Africa, the Illyrian and Dalmatian provinces, Sicily, Italy, with the ancient capital, were again under the empire of Rome ; the Vandal kingdom, the Gothic kingdom, fell before the irresistible generals of the East. The frontiers of the empire were defended with fortifications constructed at an enormous cost. Justinian aspired to be the legislator of mankind ; a vast system of jurisprudence embodied the wisdom of ancient and of imperial statutes, mingled with some of the benign influences of Christianity, of which the author might almost have been warranted in the presumptuous vaticination, that it would exercise an unrepealed authority to the latest ages. The cities of the empire were adorned with buildings, civil as well as religious, of great magnificence and apparent durability, which, with the comprehensive legislation, might recall the peaceful days of the Antonines. The empire, at least at first, was restored to religious unity : Catholicism resumed its sway, and Arianism, so long its rival, died out in remote and neglected congregations.

' The creator of this new epoch in Roman greatness, at least he who filled the throne during its creation, the Emperor Justinian, united in himself the most opposite vices—insatiable rapacity and lavish prodigality, intense pride and contemptible weakness, unmeasured

ambition and dastardly cowardice. He was the luxurious slave of his empress, whom, after she had ministered to the licentious pleasures of the populace as a courtesan, and as an actress in the most immodest exhibitions, in defiance of decency, of honour, of the remonstrances of his friends, and of religion, he had made the partner of his throne. In the Christian emperor seemed to meet the crimes of those who won or secured their empire by the assassination of all whom they feared, the passion for public diversions, without the accomplishments of Nero, or the brute strength of Commodus, the dotage of Claudius. The imperious Theodora, even if from exhaustion or lassitude she discontinued, or at least condescended to disguise, those vices which dishonoured her husband, in her cruelties knew no restraint. And these cruelties were exercised in order to gratify her rapacity, if not in sheer caprice, as a substitute for that excitement which had lost its keenness and its zest. Theodora, a bigot without faith, a heretic, it might almost be presumed, without religious convictions, by the superior strength of her character, domineered in this as in other respects over the whole court, mingled in all religious intrigues, appointed to the highest ecclesiastical dignities, sold the Papacy itself. Her charities alone (if we except her masculine courage, and no doubt that great ability which mastered the inferior mind of her husband), if they sprung from lingering womanly tenderness, or that inextinguishable kindness which Christianity sometimes infuses into the hardest hearts, if they were not designed as a deliberate compromise with Heaven for her vices and cruelties, may demand our admiration. The feeling which induced the degraded victim of the lusts of men to found, perhaps, the first penitentiaries for her sisters in that wretched class, as it shows her superior to the base fear of awakening remembrances of her own former shame, may likewise be considered as an enforced homage to female virtue.'—*Milman, 'Hist. of Latin Christianity.'*

It lends an additional interest to S. Vitale that it was so admired by Charlemagne, as to be adopted by him as the model for his famous church at Aix-la-Chapelle.

In the passage which leads from the basilica to the street towards S. Maria Maggiore, is the *Tomb of the Exarch Isaac*, who died here in 641 (eighth Exarch of Ravenna). It is adorned with reliefs of Daniel in the Lions' Den, the Raising of Lazarus, and, on the front, the Adoration of the Magi, the last very curious—the Magi running as hard as they can with their gifts, their cloaks floating on the wind.

Following the Strada S. Vitale, and turning to the right,

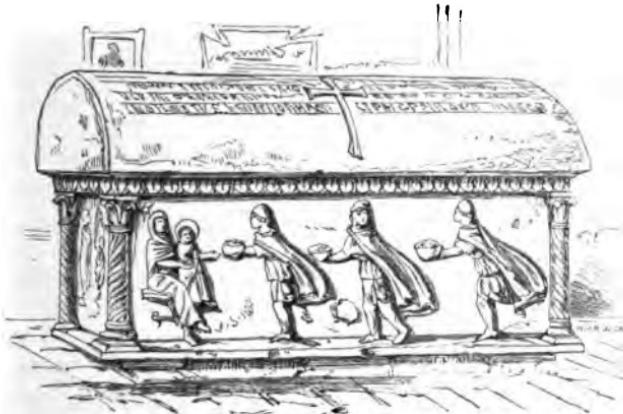
we reach the *Church of S. Domenico*, a basilica founded by one of the Exarchs, but quite modernised. It contains the grave of Luca Longhi, the painter, and—

Right, 3rd Chapel. *Luca Longhi (1507-1580).* The finding of the True Cross.

Choir. *Niccold Rondinelli* (one of the best pupils of Giov. Bellini). *S. Domenico, S. Peter.*

Chapel Left of High Altar. A curious ‘miraculous’ crucifix, of wood covered with linen, which is said to have sweated blood during the battle of Ravenna.

Left, 2nd Chapel. *Luca Longhi.* The Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary.



Tomb of the Exarch Isaac.

Close to this church is that of *S. Michele in Afrisco*, built in 530, but modernised.

In the Stradone della Stazione, which continues the Strada del Monte, is the *Church of S. Giovanni Evangelista* or *della Sagra*, built in 425 by Galla Placidia in fulfilment of a vow that she would build a church in honour of S. John the Evangelist, if she were saved from shipwreck with her children on a voyage from Constantinople to Ravenna. In front of the church is an Atrium approached by a very

interesting Gothic portal of 1300. Its sculptures record the story of Galla Placidia longing for a relic of the Evangelist wherewith to enrich her church, and receiving one of his sandals in a vision. In the lower part of the relief she is represented embracing the feet of S. John as he appears to her ; in the upper she presents the sandal he has left to the Saviour and S. John, her confessor S. Barbation and others standing by. The church has three aisles, and retains its twenty-four ancient columns of grey marble. It contains :—

Left, 4th Chapel. The frescoes of the vaulting are, with great uncertainty, attributed to Giotto. In the centre is a medallion, containing the Lamb with a Cross ; in each of the four rectangular divisions a Doctor of the Church and an Evangelist, facing each other, and, above them, the emblems of the Evangelists. Those who follow Crowe and Cavalcaselle will maintain ‘that there can be no doubt of the authenticity of this fresco, in which Giotto exhibited all the qualities of which he was so complete a master in his prime.’ The frescoes have been ruined by ‘restoration.’

6th Chapel (left). Here are the only remains of the once magnificent mosaics of Galla Placidia in this church, a fragment representing the storm and the vow of the empress.

Apsé. Beneath the high altar repose SS. Canzius, Canzanius, and Canzianilla. The confessional beneath is of the fifth century.

In the *Campanile* are two bells cast by Robert of Saxony, 1208.

At the end of the Strada del Monte is the *Piazza Maggiore*, representing the ancient Forum. It has (now adorned with figures of S. Apollinaris and S. Vitale) the columns which mark the towns which at some time have been under the Venetian rule. Between them is a seated statue of Clement XII. (1730-1740). Several palaces encircle the square, chiefly occupied for government or civic offices. The *Palazzo Communale* is adorned with busts of seven Cardinal Legates, and part of the gates of Pavia, seized by the troops of Ravenna. The beautiful sculptured capitals of the columns in the colonnade deserve careful attention. They are supposed to be the remains of a temple of Hercules.

Beyond the Piazza Maggiore is the little *Piazza dell'Aquila*, containing a column in honour of Cardinal Caetani, and surmounted by an eagle which was his badge. The name of the square will bring to mind an earlier connection of the eagle with Ravenna, as the arms of the Polentani, who ruled it in the latter part of the thirteenth century :—

‘ Ravenna sta com’ è stata molt’ anni :
L’ aquila da Polenta là si cova
Si che Cervia ricuopre co’ suoi vanni.’

Dante, ‘Inf.’ xxvii. 40.

Hence, the Strada del Duomo leads to the cathedral square.

On the left is the *Baptistery* or *Church of S. Giovanni in Fonte*.¹—the most interesting of all ancient baptisteries—built A.D. 451 by Archbishop Neo. It is octangular and surrounded by two tiers of arches, with columns of different sizes and orders, probably collected from pagan edifices. It is little altered since the fifth century, except by the raising of the pavement, which has buried the bases of the pillars. There is water beneath. In the midst is the eight-sided baptismal font made with slabs of porphyry and white marble, with an ambo for the officiating priest. In one of the recesses is a curious ciborium and altar, said to contain the head of the martyr S. Felix ; in another is a font, said to have belonged to the Temple of Jupiter in (the suburb) Cesarea, and to have been afterwards used by S. Apollinaris in the purification of Gentile converts. The cupola blazes with the ancient mosaics.

‘ The earliest mosaics of the fifth century with which we are acquainted, namely, the internal decorations of the Baptistery at Ravenna, are, in respect of figures as well as ornament, among the most remarkable of their kind. A double row of arches occupies the walls : in the spandrels of the lower ones, between splendid gold arabesques on a blue ground, are seen the figures of the eight prophets, which, in general conception, especially in the motives of the draperies,

¹ Entered by a low door close by

are in no way distinguishable from the later antique works. Though the execution is light and bold, the *chiaroscuro* is throughout tolerably complete. In the upper tier of arches, between rich architectural decorations, a series of stucco reliefs occupy the place of the mosaics. The subjects of these are male and female saints, with rams, peacocks, sea-horses, stags, and griffins above; chiefly white upon a red, yellow, or grey ground. At the base of the cupola is a rich circle of mosaics consisting of four altars, with the four open books of the Gospel, four thrones with crosses, eight Episcopal sedilia beneath the conch-niches, and eight elegant tombs surmounted with garlands.¹ All these subjects are divided symmetrically, and set in a framework of architecture of beautiful and almost Pompeian character. Within this circle appear the chief representations—the twelve Apostles, colossal in size; and in the centre, as a circular picture, the Baptism of Christ. The apostles stand upon a green base, representing the earth, with a blue background, under a white gold-decorated drapery, which embraces the whole circle of the cupola, and is divided into compartments by gold acanthus plants. The robes of the Apostles are of gold stuff; and as they step along in easy, dignified measure, bearing crowns in their hands, they form a striking contrast to the stiff immobility of later mosaics. The heads, like most of those in the Catacomb pictures, are somewhat small, and, at the same time, by no means youthfully ideal or general, but rather livingly individual, and even of that late Roman character of ugliness which is so observable in portraits of the time. In spite of their walking action, the heads are not given in profile, but in front, which, in a work otherwise of such excellence, is decidedly not ascribable to any inability of drawing on the part of the artist, but to the desire of giving the spectator as much as possible of the holy countenances. In default of a definite type for the apostles—the first traces of which can at most be discerned in the figure of S. Peter, who appears with grey hair, though not as yet with a bald head—they are distinguished by inscriptions. Especially fine in conception and execution are the draperies, which in their gentle flow and grandeur of massing, recall the best Roman work. As in the antique representations of Victory, the folds appear to be agitated by a supernatural wind. In the centre picture—the Baptism of Christ—the character of the nude is still easy and unconstrained, the lower part of the Saviour's figure being seen through the water—a mode of treating this subject which continued late into the Middle Ages, probably on account of the artist's objection to give any incomplete representation of the Saviour's form. We are led to conclude this from the fact that in other figures, where no such scruples existed, that part of the person which is in the water is generally rendered invisible. The head of Christ, with the long

¹ Interesting as an early pictorial representation of the earliest memorial altar tombs.

divided hair, corresponds in great measure with the already described Catacomb type. The whole is still treated somewhat in the spirit of ancient fable, the figure being represented simply, without nimbus or glory, with a cross between the Saviour and the Baptist; while the river Jordan, under the form of a river-god, rises out of the water on the left, in the act of presenting a cloth. The angels, which in later representations perform this office, occur but rarely at this time. The combined ornamental effect, the arrangement of the figures, and the delicate feeling for colour pervading the whole, enable us to form an idea of the genuine splendour and beauty which have been lost to the world in the destruction of the later decorated buildings of Imperial Rome.'—*Kugler*.

In the court close to the Baptistry are a number of ancient sarcophagi.

The *Cathedral*, or *Basilica Ursiana*, was founded by Archbishop Ursus in A.D. 400, but was almost entirely rebuilt by Archbishop Guiccioli in 1734, only the round campanile and the ancient crypt remaining. The great door retains some fragments of the ancient door of vine-wood (whose planks measured 13 ft. by 1½) brought from Constantinople. In the *Interior* of the Church we may observe :

Right Transept (*Cappella del Sudore*). Two magnificent marble sarcophagi, containing the remains of S. Rinaldus, and of S. Barbatius, the confessor of Galla Placidia.

Sacristy. A curious Paschal Calendar on marble for A.D. 532-626, a silver crucifix of the sixth century, and the ivory throne of the Archbishop Maximian, 532-626, covered with bas-reliefs chiefly of the History of Joseph.

Ambulatory behind the Choir. A bas-relief of S. Mark by Lombardi, and two sculptured marble slabs from an ancient ambo, shown by the inscription to have been erected by S. Agnellus.

'The bas-reliefs of the ancient ambones, now incrusted into the wall behind the choir, hardly deserve mention as works of art, but are curious as exhibiting in distinct rows, the fish, the dove, the lamb, the stag, peacock, &c.—“the whole sacred menagerie,” as Mr. Hope calls it, of Symbolism.'—*Lindsay's Christian Art*.'

Choir. The picture of the Consecration of the church by S. Ursus is by Camuccini, that of the Death of S. Peter Chrysologus by Benvenuti.

Left Transept (*Cappella del Sacramento*). *Guido Reni*. The Fall of

the Manna, with the Meeting of Abraham and Melchizedek in a lunette above.

Left Aisle. Tomb of Archbishop Guiccioli, who rebuilt the Cathedral.

Behind the Cathedral is the *Bishop's Palace* (Arcivescovado). It contains much of interest, but especially the *Chapel*, built by S. Peter Chrysologus, 439-450, and quite unaltered. Its walls are coated with great slabs of marble, and its ceiling is covered with the ancient mosaics.

'The chapel consists of a dome upon four circular arches, on the soffits of which, upon a gold ground, are sets of seven medallions, with the pictures of the very youthful Christ, of the Apostles, and several saints,¹ upon a blue ground, a work which very nearly approaches the thirteen circular pictures in S. Vitale, but is lighter and inferior in execution. The centre of the gold-grounded dome is occupied by a large medallion with the monogram of Christ, upheld by four simple and graceful angel figures rising from the four springings of the arch. In the four intermediate spaces are the winged emblems of the Evangelists, bearing the richly decorated books of the Gospel. The Lion of S. Mark is remarkable for an almost human form of head. A broad passage leads into a space beyond, terminating in a waggon roof. This is decorated with birds and flowers upon a gold ground, which are very rudely and sketchily treated, and probably belong to a later period.'—*Kugler.*

On the right of the space near the altar is a full-length figure of Christ, clothed in the 'chlamyde' typical of the Church Militant. This is of the fifth century, but the figure of the Virgin and the two medallions of saints over the altar, were brought from the (destroyed) Basilica Ursiana, and are not earlier than the eleventh.

In the ante-chamber of the chapel are a beautiful Arian Cross and a number of inscriptions belonging to the ancient cathedral. The *Archives* contain much that is curious, especially a brief of Paschal II. (1099-1118), confirming the privileges of the Archbishops of Ravenna.

Behind the Arcivescovado, at the entrance of the Strada

¹ Felicitas, Perpetua, Daria, Eusemia, Eugenia, Cecilia, Damian, Fabian, Sebastian, Crysanthus, Crysogonus, Cassianus.

di Classe, is the *Pinacoteca*. It contains a small collection, chiefly by the native family of Longhi :—

Luca Longhi. Crucifixion.

Id. Virgin and Child throned, with saints.

Id. The Deposition.

Id. The Nativity—an excellent work of this master.

Id. Portrait of his daughter Barbara, herself an artist.

Francesco Longhi. Nativity.

Romanelli. S. Sebastian.

Giorgio Vasari. The Deposition.

Cotignola (Francesco Marchesi). Virgin and Child, with S. J. Baptist and S. Catherine.

In an ante-chamber are two fine busts—S. Apollinare, by *Thorwaldsen*, and Cardinal Capponi, by *Bernini*. Other rooms contain the Model of a Dying Horse by *Canova*; the Graces of *Thorwaldsen*; the Endymion found in the studio of *Canova* after his death, and given by Cardinal Rivarola, and his models for the tombs of Volpato and Valerio. But the gem of the collection, alone worth a pilgrimage to Ravenna to see, is the exquisite *Tomb of Guidarello Guidarelli*, called Fortebraccio da Ravenna, removed hither on the destruction of the Fortebraccio chapel near S. Francesco. It is by *Baldaldo Giovenaldo da Ravenna*, and is one of the most perfect and beautiful representations of death ever given in sculpture. The young knight is dressed in armour, and lies on a simple couch, his head has fallen on one side, the teeth are locked, and the long lashes have closed over the eyes.

The adjoining *Collegio*, once the Carthusian Monastery of S. Romualdo, encloses the Museum, Public Library, &c.

The *Museo* contains a fine collection of ancient *Medals*, remarkable among which is the bronze medal struck in honour of Cicero by the town of Magnesia in Lydia.

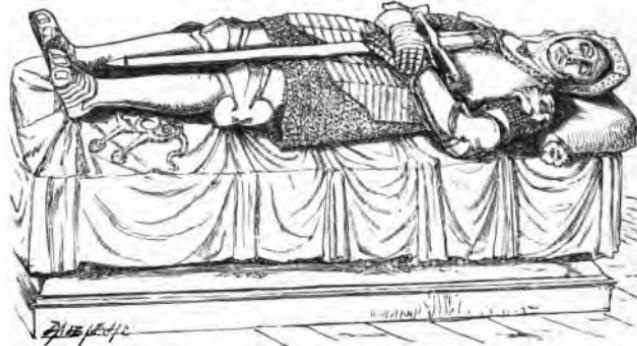
The *Biblioteca Comunale* contains a celebrated MS. of Aristophanes of the tenth century, an illuminated fourteenth century MS. of Dante, a prayer-book of Mary Stuart with

miniatures, and other treasures. Here also is the wooden coffin which contained the remains of Dante.

In the former Refectory is the masterpiece of the native painter *Luca Longhi*—the Marriage of Cana.

The fine bronze statue of Alexander VII. (Fabio Chigi, 1635–1667) was removed hither from the Piazza S. Francesco.

Below the Collegio stands the closed *Church of S. Niccolo*, built by Archbishop Sergius in 768. Outside it, is one of the largest of the mediaeval sarcophagi. The street opposite this leads to the dreadfully damp—



Tomb of Guidarello Guidarelli.

Church of S. Agata, of the fifth century, retaining the twenty ancient columns of granite and marble which divide its nave and aisles. It contains :—

Right, Chapel at end of Aisle. *Luca Longhi.* SS. Catherine, Agata, and Cecilia. The altar contains the bodies of the Archbishop S. Agnellus and the martyr S. Sergius, and is decorated with the monogram of 'Sergius Diaconus.'

Choir. *Francesco da Cotignola.* Crucifixion. The sixth-century mosaics of the Tribune were destroyed by an earthquake in 1688.

End of the Left Aisle. *Barbiani.* The Madonna with S. Peter.

By the Strada Girotto a little above S. Agata, we turn (right) to (left) the Piazza S. Francesco.

In the house at the corner of the square Lord Byron lived in 1819. *The Church of S. Francesco* is modernised, except the (square) campanile, but was founded by Bishop Neo in 426, and dedicated to S. Peter. It was first called S. Francesco in 1261. The bases and shafts of the 22 marble columns remain from the ancient church.

Right Aisle. Cappella del Crocifisso. The capitals of the two beautiful columns of Greek marble are by *Pietro Lombardo*.

4th Chapel. Sacchi da Imola. Madonna throned, with saints and donors.

End Chapel. Sarcophagus of the 5th century, of Archbishop Liberius.

Left Aisle. Tomb of Luffo Numai, Lord of Forli, by *Tommaso Flamberti*.

Left of Entrance. Monument of Enrico Alfieri, General of the Franciscans, 1405. Of the same family as the poet.

Right of Entrance. Monument of Ostasio de' Polentani, Lord of Ravenna, dressed as a Franciscan monk, 1396. Near these are two magnificent sarcophagi.

Close to the church is the little round temple erected over the *Tomb of Dante*, designed by *Pietro Lombardi*, but with a façade of 1780 by *Morizia de Ravenna*.

‘Dante a bien fait de mourir à Ravenne ; son tombeau est bien placé dans cette triste cité, tombeau de l’empire romain en Occident, empire qui, né dans un marais, est venu expirer dans les lagunes.

‘Dante vint au moins deux fois à Ravenne chercher un refuge sous les ailes de l’aigle des Polentani, noble famille à laquelle appartenait cette jeune femme dont la touchante infortune est devenue une portion de la gloire du grand poète. Ravenne est doublement consacrée par le berceau de Francesca et par le tombeau de Dante.

‘Non loin de ce tombeau s’élève un pan de mur qui est peut-être un reste du palais des Polentani. Dante vécut ses dernières années dans ce palais, dont il reste seulement quelques débris incertains, et où s’écoulèrent les premiers jours de Francesca. C'est alors, dit-on, qu'il immortalisa les malheurs de la fille des Polentani pour consoler son vieux père. Mais il est peu vraisemblable qu'il ait attendu si longtemps pour raconter un évènement tragique arrivé bien des années auparavant, et qui se trouve dans l'un des premiers chants de son poème.

‘Le tombeau de Dante n'est pas de son temps ; il est malheureusement beaucoup plus moderne. Les cendres du poète ont attendue long-

temps ce tardif hommage. Quand il mourut ici, le 14 septembre, 1321, âgé seulement de cinquante-six ans, une urne de marbre recueillit ses cendres proscrites. Son hôte Guido della Polenta fut lui-même chassé de Ravenne avant d'avoir pu éléver une tombe à celui que les agitations de sa terre natale avaient privé d'une patrie, et que les troubles de sa terre d'exil privaient d'un tombeau. Ce fut seulement plus d'un siècle après que Bernardo Bembo, podestat de Ravenne pour la république de Venise, fit construire, par le célèbre architecte et sculpteur Lombardi, un monument qui, malheureusement, a été restauré en 1692 par un Florentin, le Cardinal Domenico Corsi, légat pour la Romagne ; et, plus malheureusement encore, a été entièrement reconstruit en 1780 par un autre légat, le cardinal Gonzaga da Mantoue. Les inscriptions sont peu remarquables. Dans celle du xvii^e siècle, l'admiration pour Dante a cru faire beaucoup en l'appelant le *premier poète de son temps*. L'éloge était modeste. Le Cardinal Gonzaga pensait en dire assez, et probablement ne soupçonnait pas que celui auquel il accordait cette louange relative put être mis en comparaison avec les poètes italiens d'un siècle plus éclairé, tel que Frugoni. Il faut songer que vers ce temps Bettinelli déclarait qu'il y avait tout au plus cent cinquante bonnes terzaines dans la Divine Comédie. Une épitaphe plus ancienne, en mauvais latin, et qui a été attribuée à Dante, ne me paraît pas pouvoir être de lui ; les vers sont trop barbares. Les deux derniers sont encore, au moins pour le sentiment, ce qu'il y a de mieux dans ce lieu funèbre :

Hic claudor Danthes, patriis extorris ab oris,
Quem genuit parvi Florentia mater amoris.

Ils respirent une mélancolie amère que Dante n'eût point désavouée ; mais les quatre premiers sont détestables, et je ne puis me résoudre à l'en accuser.

'Le monument, dans son état actuel, porte l'empreinte funeste du siècle dans lequel il a été reconstruit, comme tout ce que les arts produisaient alors. Cependant, quand j'arrivai par la rue de Dante (*strada di Dante*) en présence de la mesquine coupole, quand le serviteur de la commune vint ouvrir la grille du mausolée, quand je fus en présence de la tombe où repose depuis cinq siècles cet homme dont la vie fut si tourmentée, dont la mémoire est si grande, je ne vis plus les défauts de l'édifice, je ne vis que la poussière illustre qui l'habite, et mon âme fut absorbée tout entière par un sentiment où se confondaient l'émotion qu'on éprouve en contemplant le cercueil d'un ami malheureux, et l'attendrissement qu'inspire l'autel sanctifié par les reliques d'un martyr.'—*Ampère*.

'The story of Dante's burial, and of the discovery of his real tomb, is fresh in the memory of everyone. But the "little cupola, more neat than solemn," of which Lord Byron speaks, will continue to be the goal of many a pilgrimage. For myself—though I remember Chateaubriand's

bare-headed genuflexion on its threshold, Alfieri's passionate prostration at the altar-tomb, and Byron's offering of poems on the poet's shrine—I confess that a single canto of the *Inferno*, a single passage of the *Vita Nuova*, seems more full of soul-stirring associations than the place where, centuries ago, the mighty dust was laid. It is the spirit that lives and makes alive. And Dante's spirit seems more present with us under the pine-branches of the Bosco than beside his real or fancied tomb. "He is risen,"—"Behold, I am with you always"—these are words that ought to haunt us in a burying-ground. There is something affected and self-conscious in overpowering grief or enthusiasm or humiliation at a tomb.'—*J. A. Symonds.*

'Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore ;
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
Their children's children would in vain adore
With the remorse of ages ; and the crown
Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,
Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,
His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—not thine own.'
Byron, 'Childe Harold.'

When Pope Pius IX. was here in 1857, he wrote in the visitors' book, from *Purgatorio xi. 100*—

'Non è il mondano romore altro ch' un fiato
Di vento, ch' o vien quinci, ed o vien quindi,
E muta nome, perchè muta lato.'

'C'est à Ravenne que Dante publia son poème tout entier. Deux mille copies en furent faites à la plume, et envoyées par toute l'Italie. On doute qu'un homme vivant encore eût pu écrire de telles choses, et plus d'une fois il arriva, lorsque Dante se promenait lent et sévère, dans les rues de Ravenne et de Rimini, avec sa longue robe rouge et sa couronne de laurier sur sa tête, que la mère, saintement effrayée, le montra du doigt à son enfant, en lui disant : "Vois-tu cet homme, il est descendu dans l'enfer !" '—*Dumas.*

The Strada Girotto leads into the Corso Garibaldi, on the opposite side of which is the grand *Basilica of S. Apollinare Nuovo*, built by Theodoric in 500, as the Arian Cathedral, under the name of 'S. Martino in Coelo Aureo.' When the Gothic kingdom fell, it was consecrated for Catholic worship

by the Archbishop S. Agnellus. In the ninth century, when the relics of S. Apollinaris were transferred hither, it was called by his name. The twenty-four cippollino columns were brought from Constantinople, and have Byzantine capitals. The roof is of wood. In the nave is the ancient pulpit, covered with curious sculpture. The last chapel on



In S. Apollinare Nuovo, Ravenna.

the left, which has an exquisitely wrought marble screen, sustained by four porphyry pillars, contains the sarcophagus which encloses the relics of S. Apollinaris, a bishop's throne of the tenth century, and a mosaic portrait of the Emperor Justinian, which once, with that of S. Agnellus, stood over the entrance of the church. The mosaics of the nave are, as a whole, more impressive than any other mosaics in the world.

'These mosaics, executed chiefly between the years 553 and 566, are perfectly unique in their way, though the principal portions, apsis and arch of triumph, have been restored. But the upper walls of the central aisle are still sparkling, from the arches up the roof, with their

original and very rich mosaic decorations. Two prodigious friezes, next above the arches, contain long processions upon a gold ground, which, belonging as they do to the very last days of ancient art, remind us curiously of that Panathenaic procession upon the Parthenon at Athens. On the right are the martyrs and the confessors ; they are advancing solemnly out of the city of Ravenna, which is here signified by a magnificent representation of the palace of the Ostrogothic kings, with its upper and lower arcade and corner towers and domes. Through the entrance-gate a gold ground shines forth, as symbol of dominion. On the walls are the female forms of Victory in gay garments ; and white hangings, richly decorated with flowers and fringes, ornament the lower arcade. The procession is advancing in slow but well-expressed movement through an avenue of palm-trees, which divide the single figures. All are clad in light-coloured garments, with crowns in their hands. Their countenances are all greatly similar, and are reduced to a few spirited lines, though still tolerably true to nature. The execution is careful, as is also the gradation of the tints. At the end of the procession, and as the goal of it, appears Christ upon a throne, the four archangels around him—noble, solemn figures, in no respect inferior either in style or execution to those in the apsis of S. Vitale. On the left side of the church (that which was occupied by the women) we perceive a similarly arranged procession of female martyrs and confessors advancing from the suburb of Classis, recognised by its harbours and fortifications. At the head of the procession is the Adoration of the Three Kings. Upon a throne, surmounted by four beautiful angels, appears the Madonna—here perhaps first represented as an object of reverence. She is depicted as a matron of middle age, with her right hand raised in the act of benediction ; a veil upon her head, which is encircled by the nimbus. Upon her lap is seated the already well-grown and fully-clothed child, also in act of benediction. Of the subject of the Three Kings the greater part has been restored, but a spiritedly expressed and active action is still discernible, as well as the splendid barbaric costume, with its richly bordered doublet, short silken mantle, and nether garments of tiger-skin. Here, as in the opposite frieze, the last portion of the subject is best treated. Further up, between the windows, are single figures of the apostles and saints standing in niches, with birds and vases between them. The dark and heavy shadowing of their white garments, and the stiff and unrefined conception of the whole, certainly indicate a somewhat later period, probably the seventh century. Quite above, and over the windows, on a very small scale, and now scarcely distinguishable, are the Miracles of our Lord.'—*Kugler.*

'On the right hand as we enter, and immediately above the arches of the nave, we behold a long procession of twenty-one martyrs, carrying their crowns in their hands ; they appear advancing towards a figure

of our Saviour, who stands with an angel on each side, ready to receive them. On the wall to the left is a like procession of virgin martyrs, also bearing their crowns, and advancing to a figure of the throned Madonna, who, with an angel on each side, appears to be seated there to receive their homage. These processions extend to the entrance of the choir, and the figures are colossal—I suppose about seven or eight feet high ; they are arranged in the following order :—

S. Clement	S. Euphemia	S. Ursinus	S. Eulalia
Justinus	Paulina	Apollinaris	Agnes
Laurence	Daria	Sebastian	Agatha
Hippolytus	Anastasia	Demetrius	Pelagia
Cyprian	Justina	Polycarp	Sabina
Cornelius	Perpetua	Vincent	Christina
Cassian	Felicitas	Pancratius	Eugenia
John and	Vincentia	Chrysogonus	Anatolia
Paul	Valeria	Sabinus	Victoria
Vitalis	Crispina		
Gervasius and	Lucia		
Protasius	Cecilia		

‘ This list of martyrs is of very great importance, as being, I believe, the earliest in the history of Art. It shows us what martyrs were most honoured in the sixth century. It shows us that many names, then held most in honour, have since fallen into comparative neglect ; and that others, then unknown, or unacknowledged, have since become most celebrated. It will be remarked, that the virgins are led by S. Euphemia, and not by S. Catherine ; that there is no S. Barbara, no S. Margaret, no S. George, no S. Christopher ; all of whom figure conspicuously in the mosaics of Monreale at Palermo, executed five centuries later. In fact, of these forty-two figures executed at Ravenna by Greek artists in the service of Justinian, only five—Euphemia, Cyprian and Justina, Polycarp and Demetrius—are properly Greek saints ; all the rest are Latin saints, whose worship originated with the Western and not with the Eastern Church.’—Jameson’s ‘ Sacred Art,’ ii. 527.

Close to S. Apollinare, between it and the Strada di Porta Alberoni, is the fragment called the *Palace of Theodoric*, usually regarded as the only remnant of the famous palace of the Gothic kings, which was afterwards inhabited by the Exarchs and the Lombard sovereigns. The building, however, is early Romanesque—a high wall adorned with arches and columns. Against the lower story stands a sarcophagus which an inscription, of 1564, states to have once contained

the ashes of Theodoric, and to have stood on the top of his mausoleum. This is, however, very uncertain. The palace was ruined by Charlemagne, who, with the permission of Pope Adrian I., carried off its mosaics and other treasures for the decoration of his palace at Ingelheim and his church at Aix-la-Chapelle.



Palace of Theodoric.

'The fragment which remains enables us to judge of the style of the palace, and it is impossible not to believe that the architect who built it had the palace of Diocletian at Spalatro in his view, so great is the resemblance between the fragment that remains and the Porta Aurea of that building. But it was the first time that small pillars, supported by brackets, had been used in Italy as external decorations ; and the first time that small pillars had been introduced as divisions of windows. The great change, however, is in the doorway—which, in classical buildings, had always been square-headed—and which, in this building, is round.'—*H. Gally Knight.*

To the history-lover this wall will have a special interest as part of the palace where the great Ostrogoth lived, where 'he used to amuse himself by cultivating an orchard with his own hands,' and where he died in A.D. 482.

The barbarian (Herulian) Odoacer was ruling the Empire of the West, when Theodoric king of the Ostrogoths entered Italy, his invasion being the migration of a people, not the inroad of an army. After

two great battles and a three years' siege in Ravenna, Odoacer agreed to a joint sovereignty, but was soon after murdered at a banquet. Then Theodoric 'commenced a reign of thirty-three years, in which Italy reposed in peace under his just and vigorous and parental administration.'

The serene impartiality of Theodoric's government in religious affairs extorts the praise of the most zealous Catholic. Himself an Arian, he attempted nothing against the Catholic faith. He kept aloof from religious dissensions, devoting himself to maintaining the peace, securing the welfare, promoting the civilisation, and lightening the financial burthens of his people. But in the last year of his reign the bigotry of his Catholic subjects (chiefly shown in their persecution of the Jews) 'drove the most tolerant of princes to the brink of persecution.' He was persuaded to listen to accusations of treason against the philosopher Boethius, whom he caused to be imprisoned at Pavia, and eventually murdered in his cell. The execution of Boethius was followed by that of his father-in-law, the venerable Symmachus, head of the Senate, whose only crime was his grief for the death of his friend. 'After a life of virtue and glory, Theodoric descended with shame and guilt to the grave.' One evening, it is related, when the head of a large fish was served on the royal table, he suddenly exclaimed that he beheld the angry countenance of Symmachus, his eyes glaring fury and revenge and menacing his murderer. He retired to his chamber, expressed to his physician his contrition for his crimes, and died three days after in the palace at Ravenna, bequeathing Italy to Athalaric and Spain to Amalaric—his two grandsons, children of his daughter Amalasontha.

A little further down the Corso Garibaldi is the *Church of S. Maria in Porto*, still much frequented, and formerly celebrated on account of a miracle-working image of the Virgin (praying) transferred hither from S. Maria in Porto Fuori in the 16th century. The church was built in 1553 from the ruins of the ancient Basilica of S. Lorenzo in Caesarea. It contains :—

*Right, 4th Chapel. Palma Giovane. Martyrdom of S. Mark.
Left, 5th Chapel. Luca Longhi. The Virgin with Saints.
Sacristy. A beautifully wrought sepulchral urn of porphyry.*

About two miles beyond the gate called Porta Alberoni (built 1793, in honour of Clement XII., as an approach to the *Port of Ravenna*) is the desolate *Church of S. Maria*

in Porto Fuori, built at the end of the 11th century, in consequence of a vow made at sea by one Pietro Onesti, called *Il Peccatore*. The name *in Porto* is derived from the belief that the huge basement of the four-sided (here unusual!) campanile is that of the ancient Pharos, or lighthouse of the Port. The original pavement is now far below the



S. Maria in Porto Fuori.

surface, but Time has buried all the ancient buildings in Ravenna as in Rome. Many of the Princesses of the Polentani family were interred here in mediæval times. The interior contains :—

Left Aisle. A sarcophagus in which the body of the founder was laid in 1119.

Choir. This and several other portions of the church are covered with frescoes by the early fourteenth-century master *Pietro da Rimini*. They have been wrongly attributed to Giotto. ‘The frescoes of the presbytery and of the Chapel of S. Matthew at the extremity of the southern nave are the only ones that repay a minute examination. In the former series, the history of the Virgin is abridged into six compartments, of which the Massacre of the Innocents,¹ and her own Death are the most remarkable, the former for much invention and merit in the composition, the latter for the characteristic attitudes of the Apostles and the beauty of the Virgin’s face, and for the singularity, that the

¹ Herod’s daughter, introduced in this fresco, is shown as a portrait of Francesca da Rimini.

Saviour receiving his mother's soul in his arms is represented with the youthful face of the Catacombs and the ancient mosaics. Other Byzantine reminiscences also occur here. The Massacre is broken by a pointed-arched niche, within which our Saviour is represented administering the Eucharist, presenting the wafer to S. Peter with his right hand, and the cup to S. Paul with the left, a composition strongly resembling that on the "Dalmatica di S. Leone," and a Martyrdom, in a chapel at the extremity of the northern nave, is completely the traditional composition of the Menologion. But the frescoes in the Chapel of S. Matthew,¹ though much injured, are the most interesting. The first represents his call to the apostolate : he is seated, a young man of pleasing countenance, and wearing the same red falling cap worn by Dante in the chapel of the Bargello ; he appears about to rise up and follow our Saviour—an admirable figure, full of dignity, who turns away—signing to him most expressively. In the second compartment, he is seen healing a multitude of sick and infirm people at the capital of Ethiopia, where, according to the legend, he preached the gospel after the dispersion of the Apostles. The attitudes and expression of the decrepit band are excellent. In the third, almost destroyed, a large dragon is still visible, crouching before him. Two magicians, we are told, then tyrannized over the country, and came to interrupt his preaching, each accompanied by his dragon, spitting fire from its mouth and nostrils ; S. Matthew went forth to meet them, and, making the sign of the cross, the monsters sank into slumber at his feet. Of the remaining compartments, the best preserved is the sixth, representing the baptism of the young King and Queen, the crown of his ministry ; both are in white, the King in front, the Queen, with braided hair and her hands meekly crossed, behind him. The two last compartments, the seventh and eighth, probably represented the Apostle's martyrdom thirty-five years afterwards, during which interval he had acted as bishop of the Church of Ethiopia. The lower compartment is quite effaced ; in the lunette above it, angels are seen wafting the soul to heaven.'—Lindsay's '*Christian Art*'.

The whole discovery and uncovering of the frescoes is due to the personal diligence of the poor priest attached (1875) to the church. If the notion of making this the Campo Santo of Ravenna is carried out, we may hope that much more will be disclosed.

Half a mile (right) from the Porta Serrata (the gate at the end of the Corso Garibaldi beyond S. Spirito), is the *Tomb*

¹ Shown as the Chapel of S. John the Evangelist.

of Theodoric, erected in his life-time. After the fall of the Gothic kingdom, when the ashes of Theodoric were dispersed, the building itself was preserved from destruction by being consecrated for Catholic worship under the name of S. Maria della Rotonda. The dome was surmounted by a porphyry vase as late as 1509, when it was thrown down during the siege of Ravenna by the Papal army under Francesco Maria della Rovere.



Tomb of Theodoric.

'A quelque distance de Ravenne, au milieu d'une plaine immense, entrecoupée çà et là de ruines, de marécages, et dont l'aspect sévère, la nudité morne rappellent les solitudes grandioses de la campagne romaine, on voit s'élever de loin le tombeau de Théodoric, que ce Barbare de génie fit construire de son vivant. Tout dépouillé qu'il soit des ornements qui le décorent, cet édifice, bâti de blocs de marbre et de pierres carrées, frappe encore par sa masse imposante, et peut être regardé comme l'un des plus curieux monuments de l'architecture du siècle. Sa forme circulaire, la disposition des fenêtres qui en éclairent l'intérieur, le dôme solide recouvrant la voûte, l'énorme coupole dont il est couronné, tout donne à ce mausolée un cachet essentiellement original, rappelant le caractère demi-byzantin, demi-barbare, qui distinguait le roi des Goths. Mais ce qui imprime à ce tombeau quelque chose de plus saisissant encore, c'est que le sarcophage renfermant le corps de Théodoric a été enlevé, et depuis tant de siècles qu'une persécution intolérante a fait jeter au vent les cendres de ce prince, parce qu'il était arien, le sépulcre est demeuré vide des restes du puissant souverain qui avait voulu s'y assurer un repos éternel. Tel

qu'il est aujourd'hui, l'aspect de l'édifice, transformé en une chapelle tout à fait nue et abandonnée, inspire une tristesse profonde. Les bases massives de ses piliers baissent dans la fange d'un marécage. Ses portes sont verdies par l'humidité ; la coupole qui le surmonte a été fendue par la foudre, et dans la crypte, pleine d'une eau moisié, s'agissent des animaux immondes.'—*Dantier, 'L'Italie.'*

'I know few monuments so interesting as the Tomb of Theodoric, and it is highly picturesque externally. The body of the structure is round and elevated high in the air on a decagonal basement supported by circular arches, now filled nearly to the soffit with water ; the interior is lighted by ten small loop-holes only ; the sarcophagus is gone ; the roof is of one solid stone, or rather rock, hollowed into the shape of a cupola, and dropped as it were from heaven—three feet thick, more than thirty in diameter, and weighing two hundred tons—the broad loops or rings, by which it was lowered, jutting out, externally, like ragged battlements, having never been smoothed away. The whole building, though not large, has a rugged, craggy, eternal character about it—weeds tuft themselves among the masonry, and the breeze dallies with them as on the mountain-side, and the scene is nearly as lonely. This monument, although unquestionably of Roman masonry, is the sole relic of what alone can pretend to the title of Gothic architecture—and most eminently characteristic it is of the indomitable race of the north ; one would think they feared that neither Alaric nor Theodoric could be held down in their graves except by a river rolling over the one and a mountain covering the other.'—*Lindsay's 'Christian Art.'*

'The dome is 36 ft. in diameter, and consists of a single stone. This stone was brought from the quarries of Istria. It is excavated within, and worked to the proper convexity without ; but how so enormous a mass was raised to its present position, it is difficult to conjecture. The achievement would seem to be beyond the scope of mechanical power ; and we are left to the supposition that an inclined plane was employed, rising from the ground at some distance from the building, and terminating at the level of the walls. The singular handles, carved in the outer circumference, are believed to have assisted in moving the stone.'

'From an examination of the upper story of the mausoleum, it appears that it was once encircled by a decagonal arcade ; upon which, probably, stood the statues of the Twelve Apostles, which Louis XII. carried off into France. The construction of the arch of the original entrance is peculiar. The stones are dove-tailed into each other, in a manner which was afterwards much employed by the architects of the Middle Ages.'—*H. Gally Knight.*

'The spirit of Theodoric, after some previous expiation, might have been permitted to mingle with the benefactors of mankind, if an

Italian hermit had not been witness in a vision to his damnation, when his soul was plunged, by the ministers of divine vengeance, into the volcano of Lipari, one of the flaming mouths of the infernal world.'—*Gibbon.*

About 3 miles beyond the Porta Nuova, at the other end of the Corso Garibaldi, is the wonderful *Basilica of S. Apollinare in Classe*. The country will recall that near Yarmouth to English travellers, and, partly for the same reason, being reclaimed from the sea.

'There is little enough in the country to delight the eye. The fields in the immediate neighbourhood of the city are cultivated and not devoid of trees. But the cheerfulness thence arising does not last long. Very soon the trees cease, and there are no more hedgerows. Large flat fields, imperfectly covered with coarse rank grass, and divided by the numerous branches of streams, all more or less dyked to save the land from complete inundation, succeed. The road is a causeway raised above the level of the surrounding district ; and presently a huge lofty bank is seen traversing the desolate scene for miles, and stretching away towards the shore of the neighbouring Adriatic. This is the dyke which contains the sulkily torpid but yet dangerous Montone.

'Gradually, as the traveller proceeds, the scene grows worse and worse. Soon the only kind of cultivation to be seen from the road consists of rice-grounds, looking like—what in truth they are—poisonous swamps. Then come swamps pure and simple, too bad perhaps to be turned into rice-grounds—or rather simply swamps impure ; for a stench at most times of the year comes from them, like a warning of their pestilential nature, and their unfitness for the sojourn of man. A few, shaggy, wild-looking cattle may be seen wandering over the flat waste, muddy to the shoulders from wading in the soft swamps. A scene of more utter desolation it is hardly possible to meet with in such close neighbourhood to a living city.

'The raised causeway, however, keeps on its course amid the low-lying marshes on either side of it ; and presently the peculiar form of outline belonging to a forest composed entirely of the mountain-pine is distinguishable on the horizon to the left. The road quickly draws nearer to it ; and the large heavy, velvet-like masses of dark verdure become visible. In a forest such as the famous Pineta, the lines, especially when seen at a distance, have more of horizontal and less of perpendicular direction than in any other assemblage of trees. And the effect produced by the continuity of spreading umbrella-like tops is peculiar.

'Then, soon after the forest has become visible, the road brings the wayfarer within sight of a vast lonely structure, bearing its huge long back against the low horizon, like some monster antediluvian saurian, the fit denizen of this marsh world. It is the venerable Basilica of S. Apollinare in Classe.'—*T. Adolphus Trollope.*

The *Cross*, which we pass about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from the city, surmounting a little marble column, and called *La Crocetta*, marks the site of the great Basilica of S. Lorenzo in Cesarea, built A.D. 396, by Lauritius, Chamberlain of the Emperor Honorius, and destroyed by the barbarism of 1553. This church was the last relic of the ancient city of Cesarea, though the whole soil is full of marbles, and scarcely a sod is turned up without what in other places would be considered a precious fragment being discovered.

The grand Basilica of S. Apollinare was begun in 534 by 'Julianus Argentarius,' and consecrated in 549 by Archbishop Maximianus. It is supposed to occupy the site of a temple of Apollo, and to have been built on the spot where S. Apollinaris suffered martyrdom 455 years before.

'It is related of Apollinaris that he accompanied the Apostle Peter from Antioch, and was for some time his companion and assistant at Rome; but, after a while, S. Peter sent him to preach the Gospel on the eastern coast of Italy, having first laid his hands on him and communicated to him those gifts of the Hely Spirit which were vouchsafed to the apostles.'

'Apollinaris, therefore, came to the city of Ravenna, where he preached the faith of Christ with so much success that he collected around him a large congregation, and performed miracles, silencing, wherever he came, the voice of the false oracles, and overcoming the demons; but the heathens, being filled with rage, threw him into prison, whence escaping by the favour of his jailer, he fled from the city (July 23, 79) by the gate which leads to Rimini. His enemies pursued him, and having overtaken him about three miles from the gate, they fell upon him and beat him, and pierced him with many wounds, so that when his disciples found him soon afterwards he died in their arms, and his spirit fled to heaven.'—Jameson's '*Sacred Art.*'

The vast church rises, like S. Paolo fuori le Mura, in the solemn silence of the Campagna, and its utter desolation gives it an indescribable interest, which is enhanced by its

ancient associations, combined with the truth conveyed in its own inscription—‘*Sanguis martyris semen fidēi*.’

‘Between the Bosco, as the people of Ravenna call the pine-wood, and the city, the marsh stretches for a distance of about three miles. It is a plain intersected by dykes and ditches, and mapped out into innumerable rice-fields. For more than half a year it lies under water, and during the other months exhales a pestilential vapour, which renders it as uninhabitable as the Roman Campagna ; yet in spring time this dreary flat is even beautiful. The young blades of the rice shoot up above the water, delicately green and tender. The ditches are lined with flowering rush and golden flags, while white and yellow lilies sleep in myriads upon the silent pools. Tamarisks wave their pink and silver tresses by the road, and wherever a plot of mossy earth emerges from the marsh, it gleams with purple orchises and flaming marigolds ; but the soil beneath is so treacherous and spongy, that these splendid blossoms grow like flowers in dreams or fairy-stories. You try in vain to pick them ; they elude your grasp, and flourish in security beyond the reach of arm or stick.



S. Apollinare in Classe.

‘Such is the site of the old town of Classis. Not a vestige of the Roman city remains, not a dwelling or a ruined tower, nothing but the ancient church of St. Apollinare in Classe. Of all desolate buildings this is the most desolate. Not even the deserted grandeur of San Paolo beyond the walls of Rome can equal it. Its huge round campanile gazes at the sky, which here vaults only sea and plain—a perfect dome, star-spangled, like the roof of Galla Placidia’s tomb. Ravenna lies low to west, the pine-wood, immeasurably the same, to east. There is nothing else to be seen except the spreading marsh, bounded by dim snowy Alps and purple Apennines, so very far away that the level rack of summer clouds seems more attainable and real. What sunsets and sunrises that tower must see ; what glaring lurid after-glow in August, when the red light scowls upon the pestilential fen ; what sheets of sullen vapour rolling over it in autumn ; what

breathless heats and rain-clouds big with thunder ; what silences ; what unimpeded blasts of winter winds ! One old monk tends this deserted spot. He has the huge church with its echoing aisles, and marble columns, and giddy bell-tower, and cloistered corridors, all to himself. At rare intervals, priests from Ravenna come to sing some special mass at these cold altars ; pious folks make vows to pray upon their mouldy steps, and kiss the relics which are shown on great occasions. But no one stays ; they hurry, after muttering their prayers, from the fever-stricken spot, reserving their domestic pieties and customary devotions for the brighter and newer chapels of the fashionable churches in Ravenna. So the old monk is left alone to sweep the marsh water from his church floor and to keep the green moss from growing too thickly on the monuments. A clammy conserva covers everything except the mosaics upon tribune, roof, and clerestory, which defy the course of age. Christ on his throne *sedet, eternumque sedebit*, the saints around him glitter with their pitiless uncompromising eyes and wooden gestures, as if twelve centuries had not passed over them, and they were nightmares only dreamed last night, and rooted in a sick man's memory. For those gaunt and solemn forms there is no change of life or end of days. No fever touches them ; no dampness of the wind and rain loosens their firm cement. They stare with senseless faces in bitter mockery of men who live, and die, and moulder away beneath. Their poor old guardian told us it was a weary life. He has had the fever three times, and does not hope to survive many more Septembers. The very water that he drinks is brought to him from Ravenna, for the vast fen, though it pours its overflow upon the church floor and spreads like a lake around, is death to drink. The monk had a gentle woman's voice and mild brown eyes. What terrible crime had consigned him to this living tomb ! For what past sorrow is he weary of his life ? What anguish of remorse has driven him to such a solitude ? Yet he looked placid and simple ; his melancholy was subdued and calm, as if life were over for him, and he were waiting for death to come with a friend's greeting upon noiseless wings some summer night across the fen-lands in a cloud of soft destructive fever-mist.'—*J. A. Symonds.*

'The appearance of S. Apollinare di Fuori is injured by a large mass of modern workmanship added in front, but the interior is spacious and beautiful, and was still more so before the poverty of the chapter¹ occasioned its being despoiled of the rich marbles which originally incased the walls. You will especially admire the broad and airy aisles, and their freedom from chapels or interruption of any sort, except the characteristic ornament of a line of (moveable) sarcophagi, containing the bones of the early archbishops. This church, like a rock deserted by the tide, is the solitary vestige of the suburb formerly

¹ As far back as the 15th century.

designated "Classis," from the fleet that anchored under its walls ; the spot is now four miles distant from the sea, and most dreary and desolate, and the tide of population ebbed for ever. But the church is not the less interesting, both on account of its architecture and its mosaics, and an hour's ride to the north of it will carry you into the depth of the Pineta, which supplied the ships that wafted Augustus to Actium, and the Crusaders to Palestine, and where, if you watch in vain for the spectre Theodore and the scornful Honoria, you may at least hear the birds singing as sweetly to the accompaniment of breeze and bough as they did in Dante's ear when he wrote those lovely lines in the Purgatorio, introductory of Matilda ; the whole description indeed, and not one simile only, breathes of the Pineta.'—*Lindsay's Christian Art.*'

The *Interior* is 172 feet long by 93 wide. The nave is divided from its aisles by twenty-four columns of cippollino with Corinthian capitals—the columns probably taken from Pagan edifices. The roof is of wood. At the east end a flight of steps leads to the tribune, beneath which is the crypt containing the sarcophagus of S. Apollinaris. On either side the entrance are two huge sarcophagi richly sculptured with early Christian emblems, and four more stand in each of the aisles, containing the remains of Archbishops of the 7th and 8th centuries. In the left aisle is an inscription (modern) stating that the Emperor Otho III., having walked barefoot from Rome to Monte Gargano, passed forty days in penance of sackcloth and scourging in this church—'ob patrata crimina'—i.e. for the murder of Crescentius. At the end of this aisle, in the chapel of the Holy Cross, is a tabernacle of the 9th century, over the altar of S. Felicola. In the centre of the nave is a little altar.

'The little low altar, of an antiquity coeval with that of the church, which stands in the centre of the nave, is the sole exception to the entire and utter emptiness of the place. There are, indeed, ranged along the walls of the side aisles, several ancient marble coffins, curiously carved, and with semi-circular covers, which contain the bodies of the earliest Bishops of the See. But the little altar is the sole object that breaks the continuity of the open floor. The body of S. Apollinare was originally laid beneath it, but was in a subsequent age removed to a more specially honourable position under the high altar at the eastern end of the church. There is still, however, the

slab deeply carved with letters of ancient form, which tells how S. Romuald, the founder of the Order of Camaldoli, praying by night at that altar, saw in a vision S. Apollinare, who bade him leave the world and become the founder of an order of hermits.'—*A. Trollope.*

Most of the walls of the nave are occupied by the (chiefly imaginary) portraits of the unbroken succession of 130 Archbishops of Ravenna. But the tribune, and the triumphal arch in front of it, still retain their precious mosaics of the 6th century, when they were erected by Archbishop S. Agnellus—being 'the first picture of the Transfiguration which Italy knew, and that eight centurics before Raphael.'

'From 671 to 677 were probably erected these last mosaic decorations of importance at Ravenna, which, now that the history of art has sustained an irreparable injury in the destruction of St. Paul's at Rome by fire, alone give us any idea of the manner in which whole rows of pictures and symbols in mosaic were employed to ornament the interior of churches. In the spandrels, between the arches of the centre aisle, we observe an almost perfect collection of those earliest symbols of Christian art, from the simple monogram to the Good Shepherd and the Fisherman, while above the arch in a row of medallions are the portraits of the Archbishops of Ravenna: of course not the original works—which, owing to the destruction of the surface of these walls by that enemy of art Sigismund Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, were entirely lost—but apparently correct copies. The heads here, as formerly in the pictures of the Popes in S. Paul's, are given full in front, the profile being totally unknown to that art.'

'The mosaics, however, in and above the apsis are old and genuine—remarkable relics of that time when the church of Ravenna, in league with Byzantium, once more declared itself upon an equality with the Roman Church, and sought by paying honour to its own patron saint, S. Apollinaris (the scholar of S. Peter), to place him upon a level with that apostle. The order and arrangement of these mosaics declare this intention in the clearest way. They exemplify, namely, the glorification of the Church of Ravenna. In the semi-dome of the apsis, upon a blue ground, with light pink and light blue clouds, appears a blue circle studded with gold stars and set in jewels, and, within this, a splendidly decorated cross with a half-length figure of Christ in the centre. On each side of the circle are the half-length figures of Moses and Elijah emerging from the clouds, both, on account of their transfiguration, very youthfully depicted. Far below, upon a meadow with trees, in the centre of the whole, stands S. Apollinaris, his arms raised in benediction, surrounded by fifteen sheep. On the lower walls appear four Ravenna bishops, on a blue ground, under

canopies with draperies and chandeliers, and on each side are two larger pictures of the sacrifices of Abel, Melchizedek, and Abraham, and, but little in character with the foregoing, the granting of the Privileges to the Church of Ravenna. In all these works the drawing is in every way inferior to those of the sixth century ; the execution, however, very careful, with more middle tones than usual ; the four bishops excepted, who are rudely and sketchily treated, and are only distinguished by more powerful and less conventional heads.

' The two side pictures of the lower wall merit a close examination, especially the three sacrifices, which are here combined in one really spirited composition, and in point of execution are decidedly the best. Beneath an open curtain, behind a covered table, sits the venerable white-haired Melchizedek, in diadem and crimson mantle, in act of breaking the bread. On the left, Abel is seen advancing, in figure of a half-naked youth in linen clamys, carrying a lamb. On the right, Abraham, an old man in white robes, is seen leading his son, who wears a yellow robe. The corresponding picture, the granting of the Privileges, is slighter and inferior in drawing and execution, so that, for example, the outlines of the heads are rudely conspicuous. Three imperial youths, with nimbus, are advancing from a curtained door of the palace—Constantinus, who is clad in the crimson mantle, Heraclius, and Tiberius. On the right, quietly looking on, stands the Archbishop of Ravenna, surrounded by four ecclesiastics, one of whom is receiving from Constantine a roll with a red inscription, *Privilegia*. Here an obvious Byzantine stiffness is apparent, as compared with the two ceremonial pictures in S. Vitale. Upon the wall above the tribune, upon a strip of blue ground, may be seen, glimmering through the dust of a thousand years, a half-length of Christ with the signs of the Evangelists. These are succeeded by the twelve sheep, which are advancing up both sides of the arch of the tribune ; two palm-trees are placed lower down. Neither animals nor trees are superior to those within the tribune. On the other hand, in the figures of the Archangels Michael and Gabriel, which are introduced lower down at the side of the tribune, we find traces of a good antique taste. Each is holding in his right hand the flag of victory (the *Labarum*), while the left so grasps the crimson mantle, which is faced with embroidered cloth of gold, that a part of the white tunic is visible. The heads are of youthful beauty.'—*Kugler*.

It will be observed in this mosaic that the figure of S. Apollinare occupies the central space, hitherto assigned only to Christ.

' He is in the habit of a Greek bishop, that is, in white, the pallium embroidered with black crosses, no mitre, and with grey hair and beard. He stands, with hands outspread, preaching to his congregation

of converts, who are represented by several sheep—the common symbol.'—Jameson's '*Sacred Art*.'

Nothing remains of the ancient town of Classis, destroyed by Luitprand, king of the Lombards, in 728. The name Classis remained in that of Chiassi, which was applied to the part of the Pineta near this.

Those who only pay a hurried visit to Ravenna may form some idea of the *Pineta* by entering it near S. Apollinare. Of this most ancient forest no mere verbal description can give an idea. Yet how many have been written, beginning with that of Dante, who must constantly have walked here while the guest of the Polentani :—

‘Vago già di cercar dentro e dintorno
 La divina foresta spessa e viva,
 Ch’ agli occhi temperava il nuovo giorno,
 Senza più aspettar lasciai la riva,
 Prendendo la campagna lento lento,
 Su per lo suol che d’ ogni parte oliva.
 Un’ aura dolce, senza mutamento
 Avere in sè, mi ferla per la fronte
 Non di più colpo che soave vento :
 Per cui le fronde, tremolando pronte,
 Tutte quante piegavano alla parte
 U’ la prim’ ombra gitta il santo monte ;
 Non però dal lor esser dritto sparre
 Tanto, che gli augelletti per le cime
 Lasciasser d’ operare ogni lor arte ;
 Ma con piena letizia l’ ore prime,
 Cantando, ricevean intra le foglie,
 Che tenevan bordone alle sue rime,
 Tal, qual di ramo in ramo si raccoglie
 Per la pineta, in sul lito di Chiassi,
 Quand’ Eolo Scirocco fuor disciolge.
 Già m’ avean trasportato i lenti passi
 Dentro all’ antica selva, tanto ch’ io
 Non potea rivedere ond’ io m’ entrassi.
 Ed ecco più andar mi tolse un rio,
 Che ’nver sinistra con sue picciol’ onde
 Piegava l’ erba che ’n sua ripa uscìo.
 Tutte l’ acque, che son di quà più monde
 Parrieno avere in sè mistura alcuna,
 Verso di quella che nulla nasconde ;

Avvegna che si muova bruna bruna
 Sotto l'ombra perpetua, che mai
 Raggiar non lascia Sole ivi, nè Luna.'

'Purgatorio,' xxviii.

Boccaccio chose the Pineta as the scene of his tale of the *Nastagio degli Onesti*, versified by Dryden in his 'Theodore and Honoria.' Byron, who lived at Ravenna for two years, made it his constant ride. The inscription on his house speaks of it as one of the attractions which drew him to



Pineta, Ravenna.

Ravenna—'Impaziente di visitare l'antica selva, che inspirò già il Divino et Giovanni Boccaccio.' He has himself bequeathed us his impression of it :—

'Sweet hour of twilight,—in the solitude
 Of the pine-forest, and the silent shore
 Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
 Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,
 To where the last Cesarean fortress stood,
 Evergreen forest ! which Boccaccio's lore
 And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
 How have I loved the twilight hour and thee !

The shrill cicadas, people of the pine,
 Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
 Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
 And vesper bells that rose the boughs along :
 The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
 His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng
 Which learn'd from his example not to fly
 From a true lover,—shadow'd my mind's eye.'

'Don Juan,' canto iii.

'As early as the sixth century the sea had already retreated to such a distance from Ravenna that orchards and gardens were cultivated on the spot where once the galleys of the Cæsars rode at anchor. Groves of pine sprung up along the shore, and in their lofty tops the music of the wind moved like the ghost of waves and breakers plunging upon distant sands. This Pinetum stretches along the shore of the Adriatic for about forty miles, forming a belt of variable width between the great marsh and the tumbling sea. From a distance the bare stems and velvet crowns of the pine-trees stand up like palms that cover an oasis on Arabian sands ; but at a nearer view the trunks detach themselves from an inferior forest-growth of juniper, and thorn, and ash, and oak, the tall roofs of the stately firs shooting their breadth of sheltering greenery above the lower and less sturdy brushwood. It is hardly possible to imagine a more beautiful and impressive scene than that presented by these long alleys of imperial pines. They grow so thickly one behind another, that we might compare them to the pipes of a great organ, or the pillars of a Gothic church, or the basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway. Their tops are evergreen and laden with heavy cones, from which Ravenna draws considerable wealth. Scores of peasants are quartered on the outskirts of the forest, whose business it is to scale the pines and rob them of their fruit at certain seasons of the year. Afterwards they dry the fir-cones in the sun, until the nuts which they contain fall out. The empty husks are sold for fire-wood, and the kernels in their stony cells reserved for exportation. You may see the peasants, men, women, and boys, sorting them by millions, drying and sifting them upon the open spaces of the wood, and packing them in sacks to send abroad through Italy. The pinocchi or kernels of the stone-pine are used largely in cookery, and those of Ravenna are prized for their good quality and aromatic flavour. When roasted or pounded they taste like a softer and more mealy kind of almonds. The task of gathering this harvest is not a little dangerous. They have to cut notches in the straight shafts, and having climbed, often to the height of eighty feet, to lean upon the branches, and detach the fir-cones with a pole,—and this for every tree. Some lives, they say, are yearly lost in the business.

'As may be imagined, the spaces of this great forest form the haunt

of innumerable living creatures. Lizards run about by myriads in the grass. Doves coo among the branches of the pines, and nightingales pour their full-throated music all day and night from thickets of white-thorn and acacia. The air is sweet with aromatic scents ; the resin of the pine and juniper, the may-flowers and acacia-blossoms, the violets that spring by thousands in the moss, the wild roses and faint honeysuckles which throw fragrant arms from bough to bough of ash or maple, join to make one most delicious perfume. And, though the air upon the neighbouring marsh is poisonous, here it is dry, and spreads a genial health. The sea-wind, murmuring through these thickets at night-fall or misty sunrise, conveys no fever to the peasants stretched among their flowers. They watch the red rays of sunset streaming through the columns of the leafy hall, and glaring on its fretted rafters of entangled boughs ; they see the stars come out, and Hesper gleam, an eye of brightness, among dewy branches ; the moon walks silver-footed on the velvet tree-tops, while they sleep beside the camp-fires ; fresh morning wakes them to the sound of birds and scent of thyme and twinkling of dew-drops upon the grass around. Meanwhileague, fever, and death have been stalking all night long about the plain, within a few yards of their couch, and not one pestilential breath has reached the charmed precincts of the forest.

' You may ride or drive for miles along green aisles between the pines in perfect solitude ; and yet the creatures of the wood, the sunlight, the birds, the flowers, and tall majestic columns at your side, prevent all sense of loneliness or fear. Huge oxen haunt the wilderness,—grey creatures, with wild eyes and branching horns and stealthy tread. Some are patriarchs of the forest, the fathers and mothers of many generations who have been carried from their sides to serve in ploughs or waggons on the Lombard plain. Others are yearling calves, intractable and ignorant of labour. In order to subdue them to the yoke, it is necessary to take them very early from their native glades, or else they chafe and pine away with weariness. Then there is a sullen canal, which flows through the forest from the marshes to the sea ; it is alive with frogs and newts and interminable snakes. You may see these serpents basking on the surface amid thickets of the flowering rush, or coiled about the lily-leaves and flowers,—huge monsters, slippery and speckled, the tyrants of the fen.'—*J. A. Symonds.*

From S. Apollinare one may return to the town by the Porta Sisi, passing the *Colonna dei Francesi*, on the banks of the river Ronco, erected in 1557 to commemorate the great battle gained April 11, 1512, by the troops of Louis XII. and the Duke of Ferrara over those of Julius II. The

victory was marred by the death of Gaston de Foix, who fell in the moment of victory. 20,000 dead were left upon the field.

' I canter by the spot each afternoon
 Where perish'd in his fame the hero-boy
 Who lived too long for men, but died too soon
 For human vanity, the young De Foix !
 A broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,
 But which neglect is hastening to destroy,
 Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,
 While weeds and verdure rankle round the base.

' I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid ;
 A little cupola, more neat than solemn,
 Protects his dust, but reverence here is paid
 To the bard's tomb, and not the warrior's column ;
 The time must come when both, alike decay'd,
 The chieftain's trophy and the poet's volume,
 Will sink where lie the songs and wars of earth,
 Before Pelides' death, or Homer's birth.

' With human blood that column was cemented,
 With human filth that column is defiled,
 As if the peasant's coarse contempt were vented
 To show his loathing of the spot he soil'd :
 Thus is the trophy used, and thus lamented
 Should ever be those bloodhounds from whose wild
 Instinct of gore and glory earth has known
 Those sufferings Dante saw in hell alone.'

Byron, 'Don Juan.'

In the Strada di Porta Sisi (No. 225) Lord Byron lived in 1819, as is commemorated by an inscription. He moved hence to the Palazzo Guiccioli, 328 Via di Porta Adriana, where many of his poems were written.

The present harbour of Ravenna, only used by small coasting vessels, is about four miles distant, and connected with the port at Porta Alberoni by a canal. Near it is a hut where the visionary but disinterested patriot Garibaldi concealed himself from the Austrians during his flight from Rome in 1849, and here his beloved Anita died from the privations to which she had been exposed, and was buried.

‘ The least
Dead for Italia not in vain has died.
 . . . Forlorn
Of thanks be, therefore, no one of these graves,
 Not hers,—who, at her husband’s side, in scorn,
Outfaced the whistling shot and hissing waves,
 Until she felt her little babe unborn
Recoil, within her, from the violent slaves
 And bloodhounds of this world,—at which, her life
Dropt inwards from her eyes, and followed it
 Beyond the hunters. Garibaldi’s wife
And child died so. And now, the sea-weeds fit
 Her body, like a proper shroud and coif,
And murmurously the ebbing waters quit
 The little pebbles while she lies interred
In the sea-sand.’

E. Barrett-Browning.

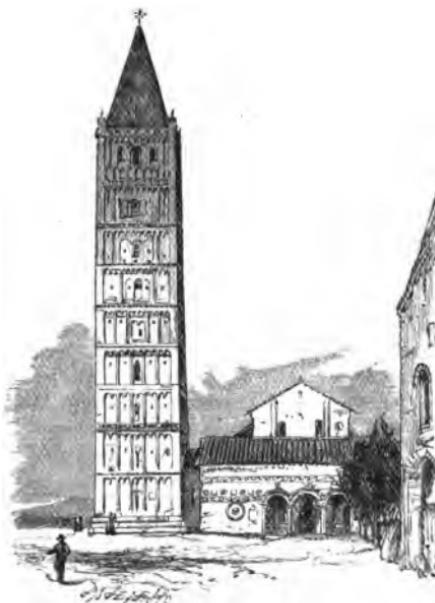
It is strongly to be recommended that those who proceed from Ravenna to Rimini should drive thither in a carriage (about five hours, and for a party not nearly so expensive as the railway). The road skirts the Pineta, passes through the picturesque little town of *Cesenatico*, and, about nine miles before entering Rimini, crosses (near Sant’ Archangelo, the birthplace of Clement XIV.) the stream of the Uso. This is generally considered to be the *Rubicon*,¹ which, though a small river, had once a great importance, as from forming the boundary between Umbria and Cisalpine Gaul, it came, when the limits of Italy were considered to extend only to the frontiers of Cisalpine Gaul, to be regarded as the northern boundary of Italy. This it was which caused the passage of the Rubicon by Caesar to be regarded as so momentous an event. Here the Genius of Rome arose to restrain her son.

‘ Ut ventum est parvi Rubiconis ad undas,
Ingens visa duci patriae trepidantis imago,

¹ For a long time the identification of the Rubicon was a matter of controversy, and the Pisatello, two miles from Cesena, was regarded as having the principal claim to the name. An action which involved the inquiry was instituted at Rome, and in 1756 the decision of the ‘Rota’ was given in favour of the Uso.

Clara per obscuram vultu maestissima noctem
Turriger canos effundere vertice crines.'—*Lucan*, i. 185.¹

The smallness of this and other historic streams in Italy will produce almost a shock—



S. Maria Pomposa.

' Sometimes misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalized in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie
(Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry),
Yet run for ever by the muses' skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.'—*Eustace*.

¹ 'Now near the banks of Rubicon he stood ;
When lo ! as he survey'd the narrow flood,
Amidst the dusky horrors of the night,
A wondrous vision stood confess to sight
Her awful head Rome's rev'rend image rear'd.
Trembling and sad the matron form appear'd ;
A tow'ry crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around.'—*Rowe*.

Equally distant from Ravenna and Ferrara, but a long day's journey from either place, and most difficult to visit, as there is no sleeping accommodation possible in the dismal marches of Comacchio, is the strangely grand and utterly desolate *Church of S. Maria Pomposa*. Its second consecration was in 1027. It is of the same class with the noblest of the Ravenna churches, and has sculptured capitals which rival those of S. Vitale in their richness and delicacy. The mosaics with which the walls were once covered were replaced by paintings by *Cocco da Firenze*, 1316. In the chapter-house, which is the property of Count Guiccioli, are some frescoes by the rare master Pietro da Rimini ('Petrus de Arimino'), who lived in the early part of the 14th century.

CHAPTER XVII.

FAENZA AND FORLI.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ hr. by rail (7 frs. 25 c. ; 5 frs. 10 c.) from Bologna brings travellers through the ugly, marshy Emilia to Forli, 20 min. before reaching which we pass—

F AENZA (*Inn, Corona*), which by tradition derives its name from Phaëton.

‘Ecco l’eccelsa
Città che prese nome da colui
Che si mal careggìò la via del sole,
E cadde in Val di Po.’—*Carlo Pepoli, ‘L’Eremo,’ c. ii.*

Faenza occupies the site of the ancient Faventia, where Carbo and Norbanus were defeated by Metellus, the general of Sulla, B.C. 82. In 1376 the mediæval town was pillaged with a horrible massacre of 4,000 inhabitants by the Papal troops under the English *condottiere* Sir John Hawkwood. Dante alludes to the signory of the Pagani at Faenza, who bore as their arms a lion on a silver field.

‘La città di Lamone e di Santerno
Conduce il leoncel dal nido bianco,
Che muta parte dalla state al verno.’—*‘Inf.’ xxvii. 49.*

From the station a straight street leads into the heart of the town, passing (left) the Piazza S. Francesco, containing a modern statue of Evangelista Torricelli, a native of Faenza, by whom the barometer was invented.

The once picturesque *Piazza Grande* was completely modernised in 1873. It has a pretty fountain with bronze ornaments. There is little in front to mark (right!) the old Palace of the Manfredi, sovereign lords of Faenza, but a

curious window may be seen in the court behind. This palace was the scene of the famous tragedy of Vincenzo Monti—‘Galeotto Manfredi’—but the facts were not as he recounts them. A monk, who was an astrologer, had told Galeotto that he would be supplanted by his brother, and one day his wife, who was Francesca Bentivoglio, daughter of the Lord of Bologna, taunted him with this. In his irritation he gave her a blow, which she never forgave. Some time after, she feigned to be ill, and sent for her husband, and an assassin concealed in the curtains fell upon him. Being a strong man, Galeotto was getting the better of his murderer and throttling him, when Francesca, springing from the bed, stabbed him in the stomach and he fell. Francesca was afterwards imprisoned by the people of Faenza, but was released at the instance of Lorenzo de’ Medici.

Left of the piazza rises the rugged brick front of the *Cathedral*, dedicated to S. Constantius, 1st bishop of Faenza, 313. It contains :—

Right, 4th Chapel. Innocenzo da Imola, 1526. Holy Family and saints—one of the best pictures of the master.

Left of High Altar. Tomb of S. Sabinus, Bishop of Faenza, with reliefs relating to the story of his life by *Benedetto da Majano*.

Left 3rd Chapel. Tomb of S. Pietro Damiano of Ravenna, who died at Faenza.

A street leads (left) to the *Archiginasio*, containing the *Pinacoteca*, a small gallery, but interesting as illustrating the once numerous and remarkable school of Faenza.

The best pictures are :—

1st Hall :

- C. 1. *Gianbattista Bertucci, 1516.* Virgin and Child, with S. John and angels.
- C. 6. *Id.* God the Father.
- C. 4. *Id.* S. Lorenzo and S. Romualdo.
- C. 5. *Id.* S. Ippolito and S. Benedetto (1506).

These pictures are most beautiful works of a very rare master, on no account to be confused with another and very inferior Gianbattista Bertucci, his grandson.

- D. 2. *Marco Palmezzano.* The Bearing of the Cross.

D. 10. S. Bernardino da Feltre with the little Astorgio III. Manfredi, last sovereign of Faenza. A very interesting picture. Astorgio, son of the murdered Galeotto by Francesca Bentivoglio, was taken to Rome by Caesar Borgia, and drowned by him in the Tiber at the age of 16.

2nd Hall :

- E. 32. *Innocenzo da Imola.* Holy Family.
- E. 34. *Id.* Holy Family, with SS. John and Catherine.
- F. 1. *Giacomo Bertucci*, son of Gianbattista, signed 1565. Coronation of the Virgin, with saints beneath.
- F. 2. *Guido Reni* (from the Cappuccini). Virgin and Child, with SS. Francis and Christina—a very fine picture.
- F. 3. *Giacomo Bertucci*, 1552. The Deposition.
- G. 13. *Antonio di Mazzone*, 1500. Virgin and Child, with SS. Peter, Paul, Domenic, Mark, and Luke.
- G. 24. *Michele Manzoni*, 1666. The Martyrdom of S. Eutropius.
- H. 3. *Marco Manchetti.* Christ in the Pharisee's House.

In a street some distance on the other side of the piazza, is the *Church of S. Maglorio* (a bishop of Faenza), which contains :—

**Left, 2nd Altar.* *Girolamo da Treviso* (sometimes attributed to Giorgione). A most lovely Holy Family, with SS. Severo and Gregorio. The Holy Child holds a bird.

At the further end of the town, in the *Church of the Commenda in Borgo*, is another fresco by the same master, 1533. In the adjoining priest's house a bust of the Baptist by *Donatello*, 1420—‘singularly refined, as well as simple, true, and natural in expression.’

A quarter of an hour more of railway brings us to *Forli* (*Inn, Posta, on the Corso*).

Forli occupies the site of the ancient Forum Livii founded by the Consul Livius Salinator after the defeat of Hasdrubal on the Metaurus. Here Galla Placidia married Ataulpus, King of the Visigoths, in 410. Forli was an independent Guelph city till 1315, when the sovereignty was usurped by the Ordelaffi.

In 1438 Forli was the birthplace of the great painter Melozzo ; in 1682 of Morgagni, the founder of Pathologic Anatomy.

The town is prosperous and busy, and the Corso a very handsome street. It ends in the Piazza. Here stood the palace in which Girolamo Riario, nephew of Sixtus IV., was murdered.

'On the evening of April 14, 1488, Checco d' Orsi (to whom he had long refused to pay his debts, presented himself at the prince's usual hour of granting audiences. It was after supper, and the Duchess Caterina Sforza had retired to her secret bower, a point of much importance to Checco and his friends. Entering the palace they made quite sure that the business in hand should not be interrupted by any interference of hers, by placing a couple of their number at the foot of the stair which led to her private apartments. The others passing on to the great hall—Sala dei Nini—found Girolamo leaning with one elbow on the sill of the great window looking on to the Piazza Grande, and talking with his Chancellor. There was one servant also in the further part of the hall.

"How goes it, Checco mio?" said he, putting out his hand kindly.

"That way goes it!" replied his murderer, stabbing him mortally as he uttered the words.

'So Catherine became a widow with six children at twenty-six years of age.'—*T. A. Trollope.*

In the Piazza itself, a month afterwards, the minor conspirators were publicly torn to pieces, and Count Orsi, in his 85th year, after being forced to witness the total destruction of his family palace—the greatest indignity an Italian noble could suffer—was dragged to death at a horse's tail, after which his side was opened and his heart torn out before the people. Some arches and a Gothic colonnade are probably remains of the palace of Riario Sforza.

Facing upon the Piazza, stands the *Church of S. Mercuriale*, with a grand brick campanile. Over the entrance is a curious group of the Adoration of the Magi. First, the Three Kings are seen in bed and the angel appears to them; afterwards they are portrayed again, taking off their crowns before the Virgin. In the interior are:—

Right, 5th Chapel. Marco Palmerano. Virgin and Child, with SS. John and Catherine. Signed.

Left, 4th Chapel (Cappella de' Ferri). *Id.* A group of saints kneeling, to whom God the Father appears with a multitude of angels.

A very grand picture (signed). In the lunette is the Resurrection. The execution recalls Cima and the Bellini.

From S. Mercuriale a street leads direct to The *Cathedral of Santa Croce*, which has a good brick campanile. In the left transept is the famous chapel of *La Madonna del Fuoco*, of which the cupola is the masterpiece of *Carlo Cignani*.

* He spent the closing years of a long life at Forli, where he established his family, and left the proudest monument of his genius in that grand cupola, perhaps the most remarkable of all the pictorial productions of the eighteenth century. The subject is the Assumption of our Lady, the same as in the cathedral at Parma; and here, too, as there, it exhibits such a real paradise, that the more we contemplate it, the more it delights us. Near twenty years were devoted to its production, from time to time; the artist, occasionally, during that period, visiting Ravenna, to consult the cupola by Guido, from whom he took his fine figure of S. Michael, and some other ideas. It is reported that the scaffolds were, against his wish, removed, as he appeared never to be satisfied with retouching and bringing the work to his usual degree of finish.—*Lanzi*.

Cignani and Torricelli are buried in this church. It contains a ciborium from a design of *Michelangelo*, an altarpiece (last chapel right) by *Marco Palmezzano*, 1506, and (under glass) 'La Madonna delle Grazie,' by *Guglielmo degli Organi*, a disciple of Giotto.

The street which faces the west end of the Duomo will lead, right, to the *Church of S. Girolamo*, which contains:—

Right, 1st Chapel, covered with much injured but beautiful frescoes by *Melozzo da Forli*, who painted 1472–1475, and his pupil *Marco Palmezzano*. The kneeling figures of pilgrims in the lunette are portraits of Girolamo Riario and Caterina Sforza.

**2nd Chapel*. The exquisitely beautiful tomb of Barbara Ordelaffi, wife of Piero, lord of Faenza, ob. 1466.

'The history of this ambitious and wicked woman is singularly at variance with the lovely and beautiful image upon the sarcophagus in which she is buried; and with the epithet 'ottima,' which is applied to her in the epitaph upon it.

'The daughter of Astorgio Manfredi, she was betrothed when seven years old to Piero Ordelaffi, and became his wife in 1462. Thirsting for power, she, with her father's connivance, persuaded her husband to

seize and imprison his elder brother Cecco, lord of Forli, and thus make himself master of the city; but feeling their position insecure while the prisoner lived, she mixed poison with the food which she sent him in the Torre del Orologio. He escaped this danger, thanks to his wife Elisabeth, who shared his prison, and who bore about her person a ring which had the virtue of detecting poisons, but was soon after killed by a band of assassins, employed by Barbara. The plague having broken out at Forli, she removed to Forlimpopoli with her husband, who left her there and went to Florence. She would have followed him, had she not shortly been taken ill, and died, as it is supposed, from the effects of poison, which he, "for reasons unknown," caused to be administered to her.'—*Perkins*.

*3rd Chapel. *Guido Reni*. The Conception. One of the best works of the master. Right, the tomb of Morgagni, the anatomist.

4th Chapel. Injured cupola, with angels attributed to *Palmezzano*.

Left, 1st Pillar. A recently discovered fresco of the Virgin and Child throned between SS. Jerome and Francis.

The other churches of Forli are little worth visiting. All their good pictures have been removed to the Pinacoteca, and many of them are now turned into barracks.

A street on the right of the Corso, opposite the Hotel La Posta, leads to the Piazza San Pellegrino. Here is the *Church of the Servi*, which contains (right of entrance) a tomb with a relief of the Adoration of the Shepherds, executed in his life-time by Luffo Numai, as his own monument and that of his wife Caterina Paolucci. In the Sacristy is an Annunciation by *Marco Palmezzano*.

Opposite this, in the former convent of the Frati della Missione, are the *Public Library* and the *Pinacoteca*, which is deeply interesting as deriving all its wealth from native art. Here alone can be studied the grand works of Melozzo da Forli and his pupil Marco Palmezzano—the latter of whom founded a numerous school. Indeed, except the fresco in the Vatican and a fragment on the staircase of the Quirinal, there are no important works of Melozzo out of Forli. It is a peculiarity of the masters of this school that they always signed their works in full, on a parchment brought by some means into the picture. In their sacred subjects they also always endeavoured to introduce the

patron saints of the city, the Bishop Mercuriale and the warrior Valeriano. It is remarkable that Melozzo and his followers associate themselves entirely with the school of Mantegna, and have nothing whatever in common with the neighbouring school of Bologna. We may notice in the gallery—

79. *Damiano da Zotto da Forli*. S. Sebastian.
80. *Francesco Menzocchi da Forli*, a pupil of Palmezzano, 1502-1574. Portrait of Cesarina, daughter of the famous Francesco Herculani.
86. *Guercino*. A beautiful picture from the Church of S. Filippo Neri. Above, Gabriel receives the Message of the Annunciation from the Almighty; below, the Virgin, a sweet country girl, kneels, reading.
87. *Livio Agresti da Forli*, c. 1580. The Presentation in the Temple.
89. *Id.* The Crucifixion.
90. *Niccolò Rondinelli*. Virgin and Child.
92. *F. Francia*. The Nativity.
94. *Bagnacavallo*. Holy Family.
- *96. *Marco Palmezzano*, 1456-1540. Portrait of Caterina Sforza.
98. *Baldassare Carrari da Forli*. Coronation of the Virgin. Beneath, on the left, S. Benedict and S. Mercuriale with the town of Forli; on the right, S. Giovanni Gualberto and S. Bernardo.
104. *Francesco Menzocchi*. Crucifixion, with S. Bernardino and S. Roch.
110. *Pier Paolo Menzocchi da Forli*. The Donation of the Rosary.
- *112. *Marco Palmezzano*. A most interesting triptych. In the centre, the Madonna and Child, with Girolamo and Caterina Sforza kneeling at their feet; at the sides, saints; in the predella, Christ and the Apostles.
113. *Marco Valerio Morolini da Forli*, a pupil of Palmezzano. The Annunciation.
- 113 bis. *Bartolommeo da Forli*. The Deposition.
115. *Marco Palmezzano*. The Crucifixion—a fresco.
116. *Carlo Cignani*. The Madonna crowning S. Rosa.
- *117. *Francesco Zaganelli (Il Cotignola)*, 1471-1540. God the Father, with kneeling saints. A very beautiful picture.
124. *Bagnacavallo*. Holy Family and donor.
- *126. *Marco Melozzo da Forli*. S. Antonio throned between S. Sebastian and S. John the Baptist. The pig appears beneath. On the throne are the arms of the Austoli family,

- for whom the picture was painted. God the Father is in a lunette above. This was formerly in the Church of the Carmine. The colouring is quite magnificent.
- *128. *Marco Palmezzano*. The Annunciation. The Angel with his lily kneels before the Virgin, who is seated under an arch. Behind, is a lovely Umbrian landscape, with figures hawking and fishing : the Dove of the Holy Spirit appears on a cloud.
130. *Giuseppe Galeppini da Forli* (1625-1650). Marriage of S. Catherine.
131. *Livio Agresti*. The Deposition.
132. *Paolo Cignani* (1709-1764). The Miracle of S. Domenico.
136. *Barbara Longhi* (of Ravenna). Virgin and Child, with SS. Mercuriale and Valeriano.
- *141. *Fr. Albani*. S. Sebastian.
- *144. *Scuola di Melozzo*. Virgin and Child throned with SS. Biagio and Valeriano. A grand picture, the face of the young warrior Valeriano quite beautiful.
- *145. *Marco Palmezzano*. The Bearing of the Cross. The heads are full of expression and grandeur. Were it not signed, this picture would be taken for a *Bellini*. The rich ornamentation on the robe of the Saviour is quite his. This is the favourite subject of the master : it is repeated in the gallery at Faenza.
146. *Fr. Menzocchi*. Virgin and Child, with SS. Mercuriale and Valeriano.
- *147. *Marco Palmezzano*. The Last Supper, represented as a Sacrament. A most noble picture. The scene is a rich portico, backed by wild Umbrian mountains. The Saviour, in a long blue robe, with an expression of awful solemnity and sympathy, administers the wafer to S. Peter ; S. John stands by as a deacon with the chalice. The other disciples kneel behind rapt in devotion, except Judas, who kneels behind Christ with an expression careless and pre-occupied. Behind, like a vision, is seen the rejection of the Temptation.
- *148. *Marco Palmezzano*. A grand portrait of the artist painted (like all his pictures on wood) in his 80th year for his tomb in S. Domenico, where it long remained. It was withdrawn by his family and sold to the Commune. Florence and other galleries have offered immense sums for this picture.
150. *Guercino*. S. John Baptist.
- *151. *Niccold Rondinelli* (sometimes attributed to Giorgione and even to Raffaelle). Portrait said to represent Caesar Borgia, Duke of Valentinois. A simple and beautiful picture.

154. *Marco Palmerzano*. Presentation in the Temple.
 155. *Id.* The Flight into Egypt. These two pictures are very small, but full of character and beauty.
 *160. *Francesco Menzocchi*. Portrait of Cesare Hercolani, warrior of Forli, one of those who took Francis I. prisoner at Pavia. The saddle-cloth of the king was always preserved in this family, lately extinct.
 161. *Damiano di Zotto*. S. Roch.
 162. *Guido Reni*. Head of the Madonna. A study for the picture of the Conception in S. Girolamo.

(Over the Entrance) *Guido Cagnacci*. Two pictures of saints of local interest, as having been carried as standards at the translation of La Madonna del Fuoco.

The *Citadel*, begun by Cardinal Alborno in 1359, was enlarged under the Ordelaffii and the Riarii.

Forli is the residence of the disinterested patriot Aurelio Saffi, Roman triumvir in 1849, with Mazzini and Armellini. He is remarkable for the heroism with which he has endured many vicissitudes of fortune, not the least that of his arrest at Rimini in 1874 (to prevent his possible influence in the elections), with 23 of his friends, when, after a month's incarceration in the malefactors' prison at Spoleto, and two months of solitary confinement at Perugia, they were released (hurried from their cells secretly at night for fear of a demonstration), the Government simply saying that they had 'made a mistake, and that there was no longer any occasion to proceed against them.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

RIMINI AND S. MARINO.

IT is a little more than an hour by rail (5 frs. 30 c.; 3 frs. 70 c.) from Forli to Rimini, passing—

Forlimpopoli (Stat.). The ancient Forum Popilii.

Cesena (Stat.). Cesena was the last town of Cisalpine Gaul on the Via Emilia. Its situation on the Savio is described by Dante :—

‘E quella, a cui il Savio bagna il fianco,
Così com’ ella si è tra ’l piano e ’l monte,
Tra tirannia si vive e stato franco.’—‘*Inf.*’ xxvii.

It is very picturesque from a distance, surmounted by its rock-built castle. The bishopric of Cesena is one of the oldest in Italy, and is said to have been founded by S. Philemon, A.D. 92. The town was pillaged and its inhabitants cruelly massacred to the number of 3,000 persons by the Legate, Cardinal Robert of Geneva, afterwards the Anti-pope Clement VII. Pius VI. (Giov. Angelo Braschi) and Pius VII. (Gregorio Barnabe Chiaramonte) were both natives of this town, and there is a statue of the former in the *Palazzo Pubblico* which contains a fine fresco of *Francesco Francia*—a Madonna and Saints. In front of the Palazzo is a handsome fountain. The *Library*, founded by Malatesta Novello, 1452, contains much that is interesting.

The *Cathedral* contains :—

Right Aisle, 3rd Altar. The Risen Saviour between the Baptist and S. John the Evangelist.

‘Behind the Baptist there kneels an elderly man with an expression of mild piety, according to the inscription described as Camillus Verardus, eques Pontificius. The hands of the kneeling figure are

designed with admirable life. The style of the entire work is, it is true, affected by the naturalism which marked the entire fifteenth century, but it is softened by a decided sense of the beautiful. The drapery, with its delicate folds, is treated as a thin material which clings to the body almost transparently, as though it had been put on wet. Altogether all the figures display in their attitude and action, and in their type of countenance and expression, the general character common to the Lombardic School, but the execution is unusually tender and perfect in the smallest detail ; the hands are full of life, the hair displays masterly freedom, and S. John the Evangelist especially is among the most beautiful inspirations of the period.'—*Lübke, 'History of Sculpture.'*

Left Aisle, 1st Altar. A relief by *Alfonso Lombardi da Ferrara, 1488-1537.*

'In the centre is S. Leonardo in a monk's cowl, which falls down in large simply arranged masses, and holding a chain with which he is raising his right hand. A thick curling beard encircles the beautiful head. To the left is S. Christopher, with the lovely infant Christ, who is playing with his full beard. He is represented in an advancing attitude, the short light garment leaving the powerful and beautifully formed thigh almost free ; his hand is resting on the rude stem of a tree. On the right is S. Eustachius in the attire of a Roman warrior, rather indicated than fully detailed ; the upper part of the figure is bare and the arms are naked, and the mantle has fallen down over the shoulders in rather elegant than grand folds. The head is charming in its youthful splendour, and is surrounded with long curls ; in form and expression it calls to mind the splendid heads of Sodoma, and is one of the most exquisite creations of this golden age. The artist of these three figures still adheres in the fine and careful treatment of the drapery, which affords an effective contrast to the simple monkish habit of S. Leonardo, to the tradition of the fifteenth century ; but the figures, in their vigorous organisation, mature and beautiful forms, and perfect understanding of structure, give the impression of an art which had arrived at the height of perfection. The head of S. Eustachius is equal to the finest works of Andrea Sansovino.'—*Lübke.*

On a hill a short distance from the town are the Benedictine Church and Convent of the *Madonna del Monte*, where Pius VII. ('Padre Chiaramonte') was a monk.

Savignano (Stat.). The birthplace of the Archæologist Borghese, 1781. Soon after leaving this, the blue over-hanging mountain of S. Marino comes in sight upon the right. It is just such a mountain as we see in the backgrounds of Palmezzano and other painters.

San^p Angelo in Vado (Stat.). The birthplace of Pope Clement XIV. (Lorenzo Ganganelli), 1705.

Rimini (Stat.). *Inns*—*Tre R^e*, close to the station, a most comfortable small Italian inn; *Aquila d' Oro*, in the town, very inferior.

For those who are not in a hurry, or wish to rest, Rimini is a most pleasant place to stay at for a few days, and the air is delicious and invigorating.

'No one with any tincture of literary knowledge is ignorant of the fame at least of the great Malatesta family—the house of the Wrong-heads, as they were rightly called by some prevision of their future part in Lombard history. The readers of the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth cantos of the "Inferno" have all heard of

“ E il mastin vecchio e il nuovo da Verucchio
Che fecer di Montagna il mal governo ; ”

while the story of Francesca da Polenta, who was wedded to the hunch-back Giovanni Malatesta and murdered by him with her lover Paolo, is known not merely to students of Dante, but to readers of Byron and Leigh Hunt, to admirers of Flaxman, Ary Scheffer, Doré—to all, in fact, who have of art and letters any love.

'The history of these Malatesti, from their first establishment under Otho III. as lieutenant for the Empire in the Marches of Ancona, down to their final subjugation by the Papacy in the age of the Renaissance, is made up of all the vicissitudes which could befall a mediæval Italian despotism. Acquiring an unlawful right over the towns of Rimini, Cesena, Sogliano, Ghiacciuolo, they ruled their petty principalities like tyrants by the help of the Guelf and Ghibelline factions, inclining to the one or the other as it suited their humour or their interest; wrangling among themselves, transmitting the succession of their dynasty through bastards or by deeds of force, quarrelling with their neighbours the Counts of Urbino, alternately defying and submitting to the Papal legates in Romagna, serving as condottiere in the wars of the Visconti and the State of Venice, and by their restlessness and genius for military intrigues contributing in no slight measure to the general disturbance of Italy. The Malatesti were a race of strongly-marked character: more, perhaps, than any other house of Italian tyrants, they combined for generations those qualities of the fox and the lion, which Machiavelli thought indispensable to a successful despot. Their power, based on force, was maintained by craft and crime, and transmitted through tortuous channels by intrigue, and while false in their dealings with the world at large, they were diabolical in the perfidy with which they treated one another.

'As far as Rimini is concerned, the house of Malatesta culminated in Sigismondo Pandolfo, son of Gian Galeazzo Visconti's general, the perfidious Pandolfo. It was he who built the Rocca and remodelled the Cathedral. He was one of the strangest products of the earlier Renaissance. To enumerate the crimes which he committed within the sphere of his own family would violate the decencies of literature. It is enough to mention that he murdered three wives in succession, Bussoni di Carmagnuola, Guinipera d'Este, and Polixena Sforza.'—*J. A. Symonds.*

The broad road from the station leads to the gate of the town, beyond which it becomes Via Principe Umberto. Hence, on the left, the Via al Tempio Malatestiano leads to the famous *Church of S. Francesco*, generally called *Tempio dei Malatesti*, a Gothic church entirely transmogrified by *Alberti*.

'By introducing the joint initials of Sigismund Pandolfo and his mistress Isotta degli Atti into the ornamentation of the building, by inscribing Sigismund's name upon the façade, and by placing sarcophagi in which the eminent men of the court of Rimini were buried, under the arches upon the side of the building, Alberti made it a great mausoleum to the memory of Sigismund and his friends, and much more like a Pagan temple than a Christian church. Nor is this illusion dispelled by the interior, which with its heathen emblems, its deification of Sigismund and Isotta in the statues of SS. Sigismund and Michael, its medallions, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions in Latin and Greek, has so heathen an aspect, that we involuntarily look towards the altar for a train of chaplet-crowned priests and augurs, about to offer a milk-white heifer in sacrifice to the god and goddess of Rimini.

'The woman who shares this homage with Sigismund, as she shared his life, was the daughter of Francesco di Atto, of the noble family of the Atti; her *liaison* with Sigismund Pandolfo commenced during the lifetime of his wife Polixena, daughter of Francesco Sforza, whom he is said to have strangled. The Neapolitan poet Porcellio, who lived at the court of Rimini, states that Isotta's father strongly condemned her conduct, and makes this the argument of three Elegiac Epistles, one of which (feignedly written by Isotta) pleads the irresistible power of love as an excuse for her fault, and the other (put into her father's mouth) replies, that the love which has subdued her is a false god, and that duty demands of her to leave her lover, and conduct herself henceforth like a virtuous woman.

'This account conflicts with Tito Strozzi's statement that Francesco di Atto, Isotta's father, was Sigismund's faithful friend and counsellor, and can only be made to agree with it if we believe that the lovers

were married after the death of Polixena Sforza, and that Isotta's father was reconciled to her. Besides these two elegies, other "Isottaei" are to be found in a rare book of poems, treating of the imaginary love of Jupiter for Isotta, which she repulses on account of her passion for Sigismund, and exalting her as more beautiful than Tyndaris, a better poetess than Sappho, and more constant than Penelope.

'She was really but moderately handsome, judging from models, busts, and pictures, was clever as a writer of Latin verses, learned in physics and moral philosophy, and, as far as we know, constant to one lover. Through her influence, Sigismund was led to repent of his sins and to expiate by benefits and kind actions the injuries which he had formerly inflicted upon so many of his subjects; and so great was his confidence in her judgment and experience, that at his death he left her joint ruler of Rimini with his natural son Sallustio. Fearful, however, that the Romish Church would seize upon her dominions on the plea of Sallustio's never having been legitimatized, she called Roberto, another illegitimate son of her husband, to a share in the government, who, being ambitious and wicked, caused Sallustio to be assassinated, and is said to have assisted by poison the progress of a slow fever, which attacked Isotta in 1470 and quickly carried her to the grave.'

—Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'

The incompleteness of the *Interior*, and its barn-like roof, prevent S. Francesco from being beautiful, but the rich adornment of its chapels is deserving of careful examination. The transformation of the church by Sigismondo Malatesta was arrested at the fourth chapel. On the right of the entrance is the tomb of Sigismondo himself, ob. 1468, the simplest in the family mausoleum.

Right. The 1st Chapel, of S. Sigismund, has his statue over the altar. The beautiful pillars of the arch are supported by elephants, the Malatesta crest. The statues are by Ciuffagni. The low reliefs of angels on the inner wall are by Simone da Firenze, whose works resemble those of Donatello. The altar-piece of the Holy Family is by Luca Longhi da Ravenna.

*The 2nd Chapel (of the Relics) contains a most beautiful fresco by Piero della Francesca, representing Sigismondo kneeling at the feet of his patron saint, S. Sigismund, king of Hungary. Behind him, are his favourite greyhounds, and the castle which he built at Rimini is introduced. The fresco is signed 'Pietri de Burgo opus, 1481.'

The 3rd Chapel is especially devoted to Isotta. Here, raised high against the wall, supported by elephants, is her sarcophagus, and over the altar is her statue as S. Michael vanquishing the Devil! One of

the shields which are held by the angels on the screen bears the portraits of the three Malatesta brothers, Sigismondo, Paolo, and Lanciano. The low reliefs by *Simone* in this and the opposite chapel on a blue ground look like works of Luca della Robbia, but are certainly not by him.¹

Left. The 1st Chapel (spoilt by modern gilding) has a magnificent sarcophagus containing the remains of the 'Famiglia Malatesta.' It is adorned with reliefs by *Ghiberti*. The beautiful statuettes of the Sibyls on the pillars are by *Simone*.

'This church is the chief monument of Sigismondo's fame. It is here that all the Malatesta lie. Here too is the chapel dedicated to Isotta—"Divae Isottae Sacrum;" and the tomb of the Malatesta ladies, "Malatestorum domus heroidum sepulchrum;" and Sigismondo's own grave with the cuckold's horns and the scornful epitaph—

"Porto le corna ch' ognuno le vede,
E tal le porta che non se le crede."

Nothing but the fact that the church is duly dedicated to S. Francis, and that its outer shell of classic marble encases an old Gothic edifice, remains to remind us that it is a Christian place of worship.² It has no sanctity, no spirit of piety. The pride of the tyrant whose legend—"Sigismundus Pandulphus Malatesta Pan F. Fecit Anno Gratiae MCCCL"—occupies every arch and string-course of the architecture, and whose coat-of-arms and portrait in medallion, with his cipher and his emblems of an elephant and a rose, are wrought in every piece of sculptured work throughout the building, seems so to fill this house of prayer that there is no room left for God. Yet the cathedral of Rimini remains a monument of first-rate importance for all students who seek to penetrate the revived Paganism of the fifteenth century. It serves also to bring a far more interesting Italian of that period than the tyrant of Rimini himself before our notice. For, in the execution of his design, Sigismondo received the assistance of one of the most remarkable men of this or any other age, Leo Battista Alberti. . . . All that Alberti could do was to alter the whole exterior of the church, by affixing a screen-work of Roman arches and Corinthian pilasters, so as to hide the old design and yet leave the main features of the fabric, the windows and doors especially, *in statu quo*. With the interior he dealt upon the same general principle, by not disturbing its structure, while he covered every available square inch of surface with decorations alien to the Gothic manner. Externally, San Francesco is perhaps the most

¹ Luca della Robbia is said by Vasari to have worked at fifteen on the tomb of Isotta. This is a mistake: Isotta died in 1470, Luca was born in 1399.

² The account of this church given by Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini ('Pii Secundi Comment.' ii. 92) deserves quotation: 'Aedificavit tamen nobile templum Arimini in honorem divi Francisci, verum ita gentilibus operibus implevit, ut non tam Christianorum quam infidelium daemones adorantium templum esse videatur.'

original and graceful of the many attempts made by classic builders to fuse the mediæval and the classic styles. For Alberti attempted nothing less. Internally, the beauty of the church is wholly due to its exquisite wall-ornaments. They consist for the most part of low reliefs in a soft white stone, many of them thrown out by a blue ground in the style of Della Robbia. Allegorical figures designed with the purity of outline we admire in Botticelli, draperies that Burne Jones might copy, troops of singing boys in the manner of Donatello, great angels traced upon the stone so delicately that they seem to be rather drawn than sculptured, statuettes in niches, personifications of all arts and sciences alternately with half-bestial shapes of satyrs and sea-children :—such are the forms that fill the spaces of the chapel walls, and climb the pilasters, and fret the arches, in such abundance that had the whole church been finished as it was designed, it would have presented one splendid though bizarre effect of incrustation. Heavy screens of Verona marble, emblazoned in open arabesques with the ciphers of Sigismondo and Isotta, with coats-of-arms, emblems, and medallion-portraits, shut the chapels from the nave. Whatever be the merits of the reliefs, there is no doubt that they fairly represent one of the most interesting moments in the history of modern art. Gothic inspiration had failed ; the early Tuscan school of the Pisani had been worked out ; Michelangelo was yet far distant, and the abundance of classic models had not overwhelmed originality. The sculptors of the school of Ghiberti and Donatello, who are represented in this church, were essentially pictorial, preferring low to high relief, and relief in general to detached figures. Their style, like the style of Boiardo in poetry, of Botticelli in painting, is specific to Italy in the middle of the fifteenth century. Mediæval standards of taste were giving way to classical, Christian sentiment to Pagan ; yet the imitation of the antique had not been carried so far as to efface the spontaneity of the artist, and enough remained of Christian feeling to tinge the fancy with a grave and sweet romance. The sculptor had the skill and mastery to express his slightest shade of thought with freedom, spirit, and precision. Yet his work showed no sign of conventionality, no adherence to prescribed rules. Every outline, every fold of drapery, every attitude, was pregnant, to the artist's own mind at any rate, with meaning. In spite of its symbolism, what he wrought was never mechanically figurative, but gifted with the independence of its own beauty, vital with an inbreathed spirit of life. It was a happy moment, when art had reached consciousness, and the artist had not yet become self-conscious. The hand and the brain then really worked together for the procreation of new forms of grace, not for the repetition of old models, or for the invention of the strange and startling. "Delicate, sweet, and captivating" are good adjectives to express the effect produced upon the mind by the contemplation even of the average work

of this period. To study the flowing lines of the great angels traced upon the walls of the Chapel of Saint Sigismund in the Cathedral of Rimini, to follow the undulations of their drapery that seems to float, to feel the dignified urbanity of all their gestures, is like listening to one of those clear early compositions for the voice, which surpasses in suavity of tone and grace of movement all that Music in her full-grown vigour has produced. There is indeed something infinitely charming in the crepuscular movements of the human mind. Whether it be the rath loveliness of an art still immature, or the wan beauty of art upon the wane—whether, in fact, the twilight be of morning or of evening, we find in the masterpieces of such periods a placid calm and chastened pathos, as of a spirit self-withdrawn from vulgar cares, which in the full light of meridian splendour is lacking. In the Church of San Francesco at Rimini the tempered clearness of the dawn is just about to broaden into day.'—*J. A. Symonds.*

From the piazza in front of S. Francesco, the Via Patara leads to the *Piazza Giulio Cesare*, which was the forum of ancient Ariminum. Here is a stone on which an inscription of 1855 tells that from thence Caesar harangued his troops after the passage of the Rubicon—

'Constitit ut capto jussus deponere miles
Signa foro, stridor lituūm, clangorque tubarum
Non pia concinuit cum rauco classica cornu.
Rupta quies populi, stratisque excita juventus
Diripiunt sacris affixa penatibus arma.

Ut notae fulsere aquilæ, Romanaque signa,
Et celsus medio conspectus in agmine Caesar,
Diriguere metu, gelidos pavor occupat artus.'

Lucan, i. 236.

Near this is a chapel on the spot where S. Anthony of Padua preached to the inattentive inhabitants of Rimini. Another chapel, on the canal, commemorates his sermon to a more deserving congregation.

'S. Anthony being come to the city of Rimini, where there were many heretics and unbelievers, preached to them repentance and a new life; but they stopped their ears, and refused to listen to him. Whereupon he repaired to the shore, and stretching forth his hand, he said, "Hear me, ye fishes, for these unbelievers refuse to listen!" and, truly, it was a marvellous thing to see how an infinite number of fishes, great and little, lifted their heads above water, and listened attentively to the sermon of the saint.'—*Legend of S. Anthony.*

Addison gives a translation of the Sermon of S. Anthony to the Fishes, as sold at Rimini and Padua. It is perhaps worth extracting :—

' Do you think that, without a mystery, the first present that God Almighty made to man was of you, O ye fishes ? Do you think that, without a mystery, among all creatures and animals which were appointed for sacrifices, you only were excepted, O ye fishes ? Do you think there was nothing meant by our Saviour Christ, that next to the paschal lamb he took so much pleasure in the food of you, O ye fishes ? Do you think it was by mere chance, that, when the Redeemer of the world was to pay a tribute to Caesar, he thought fit to find it in the mouth of a fish ? These are all of them so many mysteries and sacraments, that oblige you in a more particular manner to the praises of your Creator.

' In what dreadful majesty, in what wonderful power, in what amazing providence, did God Almighty distinguish you among all the species of creatures that perished in the universal deluge ! you only were insensible of the mischief that laid waste the whole world.

' All this, as I have already told you, ought to inspire you with gratitude and praise towards the Divine Majesty that has done so great things for you, granted you such particular graces and privileges, and heaped upon you so many distinguished favours. And since for all this you cannot employ your tongues in the praises of your Benefactor, and are not provided with words to express your gratitude ; make at least some sign of reverence ; bow yourselves at His name ; give some sign of gratitude, according to the best of your capacities ; express your thanks in the most becoming manner you are able, and be not unmindful of all the benefits He has bestowed upon you.'

And, says the authorised Life of the Saint :—

' He had no sooner done speaking, but, behold a miracle ! the fish, as though they had been endued with reason, bowed down their heads with all the marks of a profound humility and devotion, moving their bodies up and down with a kind of fondness, as approving what had been spoken by the blessed father, Antonio.'

The *CORSO d' AUGUSTO*, which runs through the Piazza Giulio Cesare, leads to the fine old Arch of Augustus, called the *Porta Romana*, though it was not built as a gate of the city, but was only commemorative. Scala battlements show that it was afterwards used for purposes of defence.

The Fortifications of Paul V. are still very complete, and

there is a delightful walk along them to the left, with charming views of mountains and sea. Here (reached from the Corso by the Via del Anfiteatro) are some obscure and quite indefinable remains of a *Roman Amphitheatre*.

In returning from the Porta Romana, the first street on the left leads to the *Church of S. Chiara*, which contains a modern picture of the Virgin, greatly esteemed here as miraculous, and liable to wink its eyes. It is a beautiful picture, delicately and softly painted. It may be examined



Arch of Augustus, Rimini.

all round, yet, when the candles beneath it are lighted, its eyes certainly *do* seem to move. It is an illusion of painting, like that of many old family-pictures in England, whose eyes, without any intention of the artist, follow you round the room.

On the left of the Corso is the Piazza Cavour, ornamented with a bronze statue of Paul V. Here is the *Palazzo del Comune*, containing :—

Dom. Ghirlandaio. A most beautiful altar-piece, representing S.

Domenic between S. Sebastian and other saints, with a very interesting predella of events in the life of the saint.

Giov. Bellini, 1470. A Pietà.

'Early and severe.'—Burckhardt.

From hence opens the Via Gambalunga, where there is a fine *Library* of 30,000 vols., founded by the Jurist Count Gambalunga in 1617. Behind the Theatre are the poor remains of the *Rocca Malatestiana*, commemorated by a medal of Matteo da Pasti, known to be one of the most striking examples of military engineering of the 15th century, minutely described by Valturio in his treatise 'De Re Militari,' commended by Leonardo da Vinci. This building, which was, withal, a pile of the most marvellous picturesqueness, has been wantonly ruined within the present century. Its moats are filled up, its drawbridges destroyed, and its great tower pulled down to make room for a wretched house, inefficient for the office of a prison, for which it is intended.¹

The *Palazzo Ruffo* (now Cisterna) is pointed out as the home of the ill-fated Francesca da Rimini, whose story, as narrated by herself in the *Inferno*, is told by Dante, and translated by Byron—

‘We read one day for pastime seated nigh,
 Of Lancilot, how love enchain'd him too.
 We were alone, quite unsuspiciously.
But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue
 All o'er discolour'd by that reading were ;
 But one point only wholly us o'erthrew ;
When we read the long-sighed-for smile of her,
 To be thus kiss'd by such devoted lover,
 He who from me can be divided ne'er
Kiss'd my mouth, trembling in the act all over.
 Accursed was the book and he who wrote !
 That day no further leaf we did uncover.’

At the lower end of the Corso is the five-arched *Bridge of Augustus*. Its arches are of the best Roman masonry. An imperfect inscription remains, commemorating the names and offices of Augustus and his stepsons.

¹ See *Un Condottiere au xv^e siècle*. Par Charles Vriarte.

Outside the town is the *Church of S. Giuliano*, the patron of Rimini,¹ a Greek martyr, whose cruel sufferings are described at length by S. Chrysostom. In the church are pictures by *Bettino*, 1408, representing him as thrown into the sea in a sack full of serpents, and his body guided to the shore of Rimini by angels. There is a picture of his martyrdom by *Paul Veronese*.

There are excellent *Sea-baths* at Rimini. The 'Stabilimento' opens June 28, after which the place is crowded with visitors from Rome and Bologna; but at all times the shore is delightful, and the little port is very picturesque



Bridge of Rimini.

from the brilliant sails of its fishing-boats. It is reached by a walk of 6 min. down an avenue, from the Inn of the *Tre Re*.

On the right bank of the river Manecchia, some 6 m. from the town, is *Verruchio*, a fortress of the Malatestas, which has perhaps witnessed more dreadful crimes than the stronghold of any other dynasty.

No one should leave Rimini without making an excursion to *San Marino*, about 13 miles distant. A carriage thither (i.e. to *Borgo*), with 1 horse, costs 20 frs. for the day ; to

¹ United with S. Giuliano as patron is S. Gaudenzio, an early bishop of Rimini, scourged and stoned to death by the Arians, Oct. 14, 359. His effigy is on the early coinage.

S. Marino and S. Leo, 35 frs. A *baroccino* may be had for 30 frs. Both places may be visited in a day by setting out not later than 6½ A.M.

S. Marino is in some points one of the most curious places in Italy—indeed, in Europe—having maintained itself as a Republic ever since the earliest times of Christianity. Its foundation is ascribed to S. Marinus, a converted stone-mason, who, after working for thirty years at his trade at Rimini, fled to a mountain solitude to escape the persecution under Diocletian. Numbers of other Christians collected around him, and, on the owner of the rock on which they dwelt giving it up to Marinus, he founded a Republic there. ‘So that,’ says Addison, ‘the commonwealth of Marino may boast at least of a nobler origin than that of Rome, the one having been at first an asylum for robbers and murderers, the other of persons eminent for piety and devotion.’ In spite of the neighbourhood of the Malatestas, San Marino maintained its independence through the Middle Ages. It was threatened by Cardinal Alberoni, Legate of the Romagna, but successfully appealed to Clement XII., and in the presence of Napoleon and at the Congress of Vienna it was defended by the simple patriotism of one of its citizens—Antonio Onofri. The Republic contains about 8,000 souls, and extends over three villages—Serravalle, Faetano, and Monte Giardino, besides the upper and lower towns of S. Marino itself. Napoleon wished to increase it, but S. Marino wisely answered that it was much obliged, but that it had always been small and wished to remain small.

It is a pleasant drive from Rimini through a fruitful plain. On crossing a rivulet about 10 miles from Rimini, we enter the Republic. The malefactor who crosses the bridge over this stream cannot be pursued and is free for three days; after that, if he remains, he is given up to justice. The first village is *Serravalle*, with its *Caffè Repubblicano*. Here oxen must be taken, for the steep winding road, with fine views over the sea, which ascends to *Borgo* (*Inn*, *Osteria Minghetti*), the aristocratic and commercial centre of San

Marino, where all the richer inhabitants reside. Here we find the money coined in the Republic (with its arms) in circulation. Borgo stands just under the perpendicular cliffs upon which the upper town is built, and, in looking at their strange forms, we learn that the extraordinary mountains and rocks introduced in the backgrounds of Raffaelle, Perugino, Melozzo, and many other early painters, were taken from Nature and were not nightmares. Any one who is unable to walk may see all that is most worth while by driving to Borgo. Hence, a very steep winding path leads to the rock-built *Città* (*Inn, Albergo Bigi*), which has its piazza, five churches, a theatre, and a council-chamber containing



S. Marino.

a Holy Family by *Giulio Romano*. In the Church of S. Marino is his marble statue, and the cell of the saint is shown, with his stone bed and pillow. From the castle on the highest point of the crags, there is a magnificent view over sea and land, and even the coast of Dalmatia is visible in the sunrise. The town contains about 1,000 inhabitants. Count Bartolommeo Borghesi, the well-known archæologist and numismatist, resided here for some years. It is symbolic of the primitive state of affairs still existing in S. Marino, that the post never ascends the rock ; when it arrives a great bell rings in Borgo, and any one who wants his letters may come down and be present at the opening

of the bag: if he fails to do so, he must wait till the next day.

'This petty Republic has lasted thirteen (now fourteen) hundred years, while all the other states of Italy have several times changed their masters and forms of government. Their whole history is comprised in two purchases, which they made of a neighbouring prince, and in a war in which they assisted the Pope against a Lord of Rimini. In the year 1100 they bought a castle in the neighbourhood, as they did another in the year 1170. The papers of the conditions are preserved in their archives, where it is very remarkable that the name of the agent for the commonwealth, of the seller, of the notary, and the



Castle of S. Marino.

witnesses, are the same in both the instruments, though drawn up at seventy years' distance from each other. Nor can it be any mistake in the date, because the Popes' and Emperors' names, with the years of their respective reigns, are both punctually set down. About two hundred and ninety years after this, they assisted Pope Pius II. against one of the Malatestas, and when they had helped to conquer him, received from the Pope, as a reward for their assistance, four little castles. This they represent as the flourishing time of the commonwealth, when their dominions reached half-way up a neighbouring hill; but at present they are reduced to their old extent. They would probably sell their liberty as dear as they could to any that attacked them; for

there is but one road by which to climb up to them, and they have a very severe law against any of their own body that enters the town by another path, lest any new one should be worn on the sides of their mountain. All that are capable of bearing arms are exercised, and ready at a moment's call.

'The sovereign power of the Republic was lodged originally in what they call the Arengo, a great council in which every house had its representative. But because they found too much confusion in such a multitude of statesmen, they devolved their whole authority into the hands of a council of sixty. The Arengo, however, is still called together in cases of extraordinary importance ; and if, after due summons, any member absents himself, he is to be fined to the value of about a penny English, which the statute says he shall pay *sine aliqua diminutione aut gratia*. In the ordinary course of government, the council of sixty (which, notwithstanding the name, consists but of forty persons) has in its hands the administration of affairs, and is made up half out of the noble families, and half out of the plebeian. They decide all by balloting, are not admitted until five-and-twenty years old, and choose the officers of the commonwealth.

'Thus far they agree with the great council of Venice ; but their power is much more extended ; for no sentence can stand that is not confirmed by two-thirds of this council. Besides that, no son can be admitted into it during the life-time of his father, nor two be in it of the same family, nor any enter but by election. The chief officers of the commonwealth are the two *Capitaneos*, who have such a power as the old Roman consuls had, but are chosen every six months. Some have been *Capitaneos* six or seven times, though the office is never to be continued to the same person twice successively. The third officer is the commissary, who judges in all civil and criminal matters. But because the many alliances, friendships, and intermarriages, as well as the personal feuds and animosities, that happen among so small a people, might obstruct the course of justice, if one of their own number had the distribution of it, they have always a foreigner for this employ, whom they choose for three years, and maintain out of the public stock. He must be a doctor of law and a man of known integrity. He is joined in commission with the *Capitaneos*, and acts something like the Recorder of London under the Lord Mayor. The fourth man in the State is the physician, who must likewise be a stranger, and is maintained by a public salary. He is obliged to keep a horse, to visit the sick, and to inspect all the drugs that are imported. He must be at least thirty-five years old, a doctor of the faculty, and eminent for his religion and honesty, that his rashness or ignorance may not unpeople the commonwealth. That they may not suffer long under any bad choice, he is elected only for three years. Another person, who makes no ordinary figure in the Republic, is the schoolmaster.

I had the perusal of a Latin book *in folio*, entitled *Statuta Illustrissimae Reipublicae Sancti Marini*, printed at Rimini by order of the commonwealth. The chapter on the public ministers says, that when an Ambassador is despatched from the Republic to any foreign state, he shall be allowed, out of the treasury, to the value of a shilling a day. The people are esteemed very honest and rigorous in the execution of justice, and seem to live more happy and contented among their rocks and snows, than others of the Italians do in the pleasantest valleys in the world. Nothing indeed can be a greater instance of the natural love that mankind has for liberty, and of their aversion to arbitrary government, than such a savage mountain covered with people, and the Campagna of Rome almost destitute of inhabitants.'—*Addison*.

'A l'ombre du nom de son saint patron, protégée par son peu d'importance, San Marino a subsisté jusqu'à nous, et nous montre cette alliance de la religion et de la liberté qui fut le caractère des communes italiennes au xiii^e siècle. Rien ne saurait exprimer plus vivement une telle alliance que la nouvelle cathédrale de Saint Marin. Les sept mille habitants qui forment la population de ce petit Etat, et qui payent un impôt annuel de quatre sous par tête, sont parvenus à bâtir de leurs économies une fort belle église qui a coûté cent cinquante mille francs. Ils ont placé debout sur le maître-autel la statue du saint national, et dans ses mains un livre ouvert où est écrit ce seul mot : *Liberas*.'—*Amperé*.

From S. Marino a most interesting extension of the excursion may be made to—

San Leo, 18 m. from Rimini, about 3 hours' drive from S. Marino, on account of the constant ascents. Two rivers have to be forded, one of which is dangerous when the snow is melting on the Apennines. The whole scenery is the burnt landscape of Umbria, with the oddly-shaped valleys, the strange knobs and pinnacles of limestone rock, and the hill-set villages, of which the early painters made so much use. Quite unexpectedly, on crossing a mountain ledge, one comes in sight of S. Leo, a tremendous rock with utterly perpendicular sides, forming the most impregnable fortress. It is not strange that it was one of the three places selected by Dante to give an idea of the steepness of the Mount of Purgatory.¹ The town is entered by a ledge in

¹ *Purg.* iv. 25.

the rock and a tunnelled way. Its *Castle*—‘*La Rocca*’—is a prison containing 300 prisoners. Its compartments, from their characteristics, are called *L’Inferno* and *Il Paradiso*. In the end room of the latter the famous Cagliostro died, in 1795. Facing the other side of the rock, standing close together, are the two *Cathedrals*, both of exceeding antiquity. In classical times San Leo bore the name of Mons Ferertrus and was celebrated for a magnificent temple of Jupiter. In the persecution under Diocletian, S. Leone fled hither, a band of disciples gathered around him, and the name was



S. Leo.

changed. The place was the seat of a bishopric in 882, and at this date the earlier cathedral was in existence, for an inscription on a marble tabernacle in the nave, which serves as a canopy for the font, says that it was presented to the church in 882 by Ursus, Duke of Monteferetro. Several pillars with beautifully sculptured capitals in both cathedrals are supposed to be relics of the Temple of Jupiter. The second cathedral stands very finely on the edge of the rocks. It has three aisles; from the centre a staircase descends into a noble crypt; from the sides, staircases ascend into the choir. Two of the pillars in the nave are supported by a basement of animals.

S. Leo was the most important fortress of the Dukes of Urbino, and was three times besieged while in their hands, the last time in 1516, when, in the reign of Duke Guidobaldo, it was captured by the Papal troops under Lorenzo de' Medici.

'The garrison consisted of a hundred and twenty men, one-tenth of whom had fallen in its defence. After three months spent in hopeless assaults, a Florentine carpenter, named Antonio, observing from the opposite height the absence of sentinels over one of the most precipitous parts of the rock, attempted to make his way up the face of it, sometimes aided by plants and bushes in the clefts, but generally driving iron spikes into their crevices, and fastening ropes, ladders, or beams as he advanced. After four nights of this perilous toil he reached the wall, which he found, as he expected, without defenders. Having reported the way accessible, a number of light infantry were entrusted to his guidance, whom he ordered to strap upon their backs their shields, swords, and hatchets. On September 30, under cover of a wet and foggy night, he conducted these safely to the summit, accompanied by a drummer and four pairs of colours. At daybreak, an alarm was given from the watch-tower of an assault upon the gate, towards which the besiegers had sent a party; and, whilst the defenders hurried in that direction, Antonio, with some fifty men, displayed their colours, and beat to arms. Ere the garrison had recovered their presence of mind, the gate was opened by the escalading party to their comrades, and the place was carried.'—Dennistoun's '*Memoirs of the Duke of Urbino*'.

CHAPTER XIX.

PESARO AND FANO.

IT is $1\frac{1}{4}$ hr. by rail (3 frs. 85 c. ; 2 frs. 70 c.) from Rimini to Pesaro. The line runs within sight of the sea, and passes :—

La Cattolica (Stat.). The place which gave shelter to the twenty orthodox bishops who fled from the Arian Council of Rimini.

Pesaro (*Inn, Leone d' Oro*) was the ancient Pisaurum, so called from its foundation upon the Pisaurus, now the Foglia. In the Middle Ages it was in turn ruled by the Popes, the Malatestas, and Sforzas ; then it passed to the Della Rovere, Dukes of Urbino, when it became the residence of a distinguished and intellectual court. It is described by Castiglione in the *Cortegiano*. The residence of Bembo here is mentioned by Ariosto :—

‘ La feltresca corte,
Ove col formator del Cortigiano
Col Bembo e gli altri sacri al divo Apollo
Facea l'esilio suo men duro e strano.’—*Sat. iii.*

Bernardo Tasso was induced to settle at Pesaro by the Duchess Lucrezia d'Este, with his famous son Torquato, who here wrote *L'Amadigi*. In later times Giovacchino Rossini the composer was born here, Feb. 29, 1792, to whom a bronze statue was erected near the station in 1864.

Pesaro is beautifully situated in a rich country, and is a very charming and prosperous place. The old *Palace of the Della Rovere*, which Ariosto called the ‘Asylum of the Muses,’ is now the *Palazzo Prefettizio*. It is a noble work of *Girolamo Genga* and his son *Bartolommeo*, c. 1500. The

great hall is magnificent. A *Casino* in the garden is shown as that in which Tasso lived with his father.

The *Biblioteca Olivieri* contains some Manuscripts of Tasso. The *Cathedral* is of little interest, but almost all the minor churches are worth visiting for some one object.

S. Francesco, which has a splendid portal with sculpture in low relief, contains—

Left, 1st Altar. Giovanni Bellini. The Coronation of the Virgin.

‘A grand important work of the Master, against which has arisen many a storm from outside.’—*Burckhardt*.

‘One of the largest and most important works of the Master out of Venice. The pilasters of the frame and the predella are also adorned with charming little pictures.’—*Kugler*.

At the end of the right aisle are the shrine and tomb of the Beata Michelina da Pesaro, of the 3rd Order of S. Francis, who died June 19, 1356. She is now the patroness of the town, but is far more celebrated from the famous picture in the Vatican of her ecstasy, by Baroccio. Her monument is curious, with projecting lions and watching angels.

S. Domenico (with lions at its entrance) contains :—

Giovanni Sanzio. Marriage of S. Catherine.

In the Sacristy. *Luca della Robbia.* Madonna.

S. Giovanni Battista contains :—

Choir. *Niccold di Pietro Gerini da Florentia,* 1400. Madonna between S. Francis and S. Michael, who is weighing souls.

Sacristy. *Zoppo.* Christ between two Angels.

S. Agostino has a beautiful Gothic portal. In front of its pillars are lions ridden by old men. In a chapel on the right is the extraordinary tomb of Julius Jordanus, 1633, with a huge dancing figure of Death.

Two miles from Pesaro, near the summit of Monte S. Bartolo, is the *Villa Imperiale*, a favourite residence of the Dukes of Urbino, built by the Duchess Leonora Gonzaga as a surprise for her husband Francesco Maria I. It was decorated with frescoes, now much ruined, by *Dosso Dossi*

and *Raffaellino del Colle*. It has a noble marble staircase. The views are lovely. Bembo and Tasso sang the delights of the place.

It is $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. by rail (1 fr. 35 c. ; 95 c.) from Pesaro to *Fano (Inn, Il Moro)*, the ancient Fanum Fortunae.

It is an interesting town, standing near the sea-shore, and completely surrounded by its ancient walls. Its most remarkable features are the Arch of Augustus, the tombs of the Malatestas at S. Francesco, and the pictures at S. Maria Nuova, but there are other objects which deserve notice, and in a walk from the station through the rather complicated streets they may be best visited in the following order :—

Soon after entering the town, the Strada di S. Francesco leads (right) to the *Church of S. Francesco*, which has a splendid round-headed western portal. On the right, in the open portico, is the fine tomb raised by the famous Sigismondo of Rimini to his father Pandolfo Malatesta, in 1460 ; on the left is the tomb of the wife of Pandolfo of 1398. Her beautiful figure rests, slightly turned towards the spectator, on a splendid red marble sarcophagus, with half-figures of saints in high relief in its quatrefoils. Above, under a Gothic canopy, is a crucifix, and around, on brackets and pillars, are figures of the Virgin and saints, all forming part of the monument, which is in good preservation. High up, on the adjoining wall, is a fine bracketed tomb of another member of the Malatesta family.

The neighbouring *Church of S. Pietro* contains :—

Left, 1st Chapel. *Guido Reni.* The Annunciation.

S. Agostino contains :—

Right, End Chapel. *Guercino.* The Guardian Angel.

S. Croce (the Hospital Church) contains :—

High Altar. *Giovanni Sansio.* Madonna enthroned, with four saints.

S. Maria Nuova contains :—

Right, 3rd Altar. *Pietro Perugino, 1497.* Madonna and Child, with six saints. In the lunette, the Resurrection. In the predella, scenes from the life of the Virgin. It is a beautiful picture in a shameful state of neglect.

Left, 1st Altar. *Giovanni Sanzio.* The Salutation.

‘Les figures sont un peu trop élancées, les mains et les pieds trop effilés ; mais le dessin, quoique un peu roide, ne manque cependant pas de correction. En somme, l'exécution de cette peinture annonce encore le tâtonnement et la recherche.’—*Passavant.*

Left, 2nd Altar. *Pietro Perugino, 1498.* The Annunciation—God the Father appears above. Exceedingly neglected and uncared for.



Arco d'Augusto, Fano.

S. Paterniano (dedicated to the 1st bishop of Fano) contains :—

Right, 1st Altar. *Guercino.* Marriage of the Virgin.

Left, 1st Altar. *Cav. d'Arpino.* The death of S. Joseph. A curious picture ; the wholly naked figure of the aged saint is supported by the Virgin, while Christ points to heaven.

The Corso runs through the *Piazza Maggiore*, which contains a pretty fountain and the picturesque Gothic *Palazzo Comunale*. Behind, is a courtyard with a loggia, and some rich Gothic windows. In one of the rooms is the

famous picture by *Domenichino*, of David with the head of Goliath. Most people will think it very ugly, but it has been much injured by thieves, who cut it out of its frame and stole it from the Collegio Folfi, where it was formerly kept.

'The David of Domenichino is a first-rate object of inquiry to all strangers visiting the college at Fano, who have the least pretensions to taste; the figure of the king, as large as life, being of itself sufficient to render an artist's name immortal.'—*Lanzi*.

Turning to the left from the Corso, down the Via dell' Arco d' Augusto, we reach (left) the *Cathedral of S. Fortunato*, a poor church with no external characteristic but the four recumbent beasts which once supported a lost portico. It contains :—

Left, 2nd Chapel. Tombs of the Rainalducci family, with portraits.

Right, 4th Chapel. (Hopelessly faded and injured) sixteen frescoes by *Domenichino*.

Chapel of Sacristy. *Lod. Caracci.* Madonna and Saints.

Just beyond this, spanning the street, is the beautiful and simple *Triumphal Arch of Augustus*. The attic story was added in the fourth century, when it was re-dedicated to Constantine. Artists will find it a charming subject in colour and detail.

Clement VIII. (Ippolito Aldobrandini) was born at Fano. Julius II. established here, in 1514, the first printing-press known in Europe with Arabic types. The bronze Fortune in the market-place commemorates Fanum Fortunae.

CHAPTER XX.

ANCONA.

IT is 1 hr. by rail (5 frs. 35 c. ; 3 frs. 75 c.) from Fano to Ancona.

Soon after leaving Fano the railway crosses the *Metaurus*, the 'Velox Metaurus' of Lucan (now called the *Metro*)—

‘Caris venientes montibus Umbri,
Hos Aesis Sapisque lavant, rapidasque sonanti
Vertice contorquens undas per saxa Metaurus.’
Sil. Ital. viii. 447.

It was on the banks of this river that Hasdrubal, the brother of Hannibal, was killed in battle, fighting bravely when his army was defeated by the Roman Consul C. Claudius Nero, B.C. 207. The battle of the Metaurus was celebrated by Horace and received a canzone of Tasso, when the great poet sought a refuge in the Duchy of Urbino—

‘Quid debebas, O Roma, Neronibus,
Testis Metaurum flumen et Hasdrubal
Devictus . . . ’

Crossing the *Cesano* (*Suasanum*) the line reaches—

Sinigaglia (Stat.) (*Inn, Albergo di Roma*), the ancient Seno Gallica, a very flourishing seaport and bathing-place. It was an episcopal see in the 4th century. Its great *Fair*, held between July 20 and August 8, was established 600 years ago. Hither, Dec. 31, 1502, Cesare Borgia¹ beguiled the most famous condottieri of his time—Vitellozzo Vitelli and Oliverotto of Fermo—under pretence of entertaining them at a banquet, and, disappearing himself, caused them

¹ ‘Omnis humani divinique juris contemptor et perturbator.’—*Bembo*.

to be strangled by his attendants. The town is the residence of the ancient family of Mastai-Ferretti, and Pope Pius IX.—Giovanni-Maria Mastai-Ferretti—was born here May 13, 1792, being the son of Count Girolamo Mastai-Ferretti and his wife Caterina Solazzi. The singer Angelica Catalani was also born at Sinigaglia in 1784.

After passing *Casebruciate*, the line comes in sight of Ancona, most beautiful, and not unlike Naples, rising up the sides of a hill, crowned by the cathedral.

Inns. *La Pace*, near the harbour ; *Vittoria*, Strada Calamo ; *Europa*.

Carriages from the station to the town, 1 fr. (1 piece of luggage included). Two horses $1\frac{1}{2}$ to two frs. For 1 hr. $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 frs., each $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. after 60 to 80 c. Beyond the town, 2 frs. 50 c. or 3 frs. 60 c. for 1 hr., and 1 fr. 15 c. or 1 fr. 70 c. for each half-hour after.

Post Office (open from 8-6 o'clock). Strada Calamo.

Telegraph Office. Via del Porto.

Ancona, founded by Doric Greeks from Syracuse, takes its name from the Greek word *Ancon*, or an elbow. It underwent more troubles than even most Italian cities in the Middle Ages. In 592 it was plundered by the Lombards, in 839 by the Saracens. In 1173 it was besieged for Frederick Barbarossa by Archbishop Christian of Mayence. It was during the horrible famine endured in this siege that the famous Stamura rushed with a burning torch through the darts of the enemy, and set fire to the battering-rams and scaling towers with which the imperialists were assaulting the walls, and that 'the heroine of Ancona,' a young woman of noble birth with an infant in her arms, finding that a soldier had deserted his post through hunger, offered him the sustenance of her breast, and bade him there recover strength for the defence of her country.

The town then had a constitution of its own till 1532, when it was occupied by the troops of Clement VII., and continued to be ruled by the Papal See till 1799, when it was taken by the French. In the following year it was besieged for the Allies by General Meunier. It was restored

to the Pope by the Treaty of Vienna. In 1832 it was again occupied by the French. In 1849 it was bombarded by the Austrians. In 1860 it gave itself up to the Piedmontese.

The characteristic feature of Ancona appears in the adage—

‘ Unus Petrus est in Roma,
Una turris in Cremona,
Unus portus in Ancona.’

On leaving the station, we pass the *Lazaretto* (now a warehouse) built by *Vanvitelli* in 1733 for Clement XII., in



Arch of Trajan, Ancona.

whose honour the same architect was employed in 1765 to raise the handsome gateway called the *Arco Clementino*, by which we enter the town. The view is charming over the harbour, on the north side of which is the old mole, projecting from the foot of the hill called *Monte Ciriaco*, or *Guasco*, on which the town is built. This mole is adorned by the beautiful *Triumphal Arch of Trajan*, erected to his honour, A.D. 112, by his wife Plotina and his sister Marciana. Behind it, the cathedral of *S. Ciriacus* is seen crowning the hill.

The streets of Ancona are narrow and steep, running up the sides of the hills and, for the most part, ending below in

the handsome *Piazza del Teatro*. Turning hence to the right by the Strada Calamo, we reach the picturesque *Fountain of the Tredici Cannelle*. In front of S. Domenico is a seated statue of Pope Clement XII. Hence a steep street ascends to the chief object of interest, the

Cathedral of S. Ciriaco, which stands so conspicuously at the top of Monte Guasco, occupying the site of the ancient temple of Venus. In examining this church, which is Greek in all its parts, it will be remembered that Ancona was one of the Italian cities which remained longest with the Emperor of the East, under whose dominion the church was built. Muratori says that 'the Emperor Frederick saw with impatience Ancona, that remnant of Oriental power in the heart of the Western Empire.' The cathedral is a Greek cross crowned by a cupola, the nave being rather shorter than the transepts. The exterior is singularly plain; the ornament being concentrated upon the western porch, which is adorned with pillars resting upon the backs of exceedingly life-like lions.

The chief features of the *Interior* are the curious wooden roof ; the marble screen of the left transept, with figures of saints on one side, and, on the other, peacocks, eagles, and storks in low relief ; and the crypt. In the left transept are the tombs of SS. Ciriacus, Marcellinus, and Liberius. In the right transept is the beautiful sarcophagus of Titus Gorgonius, Praetor of Ancona.

'This work displays no great delicacy of execution, but has rich sculptures on all four sides and in excellent preservation. On the front side, in the centre, is the enthroned figure of Christ, and at His feet are the two deceased persons, in a humble attitude, and ten of the Apostles. One side contains Moses receiving the Tables of the Law and the Offering of Isaac, the other side Christ before Pilate. The back shows the husband and wife, full-length figures, embracing each other, and in the corners the two Apostles omitted on the front. On the edge of the lid, which is here likewise decorated, two angels are holding the inscription-tablet ; beside this, there are the Three Kings, the Birth of Christ, and the Healing of the Blind Man ; on one of the narrow sides Christ appears as a teacher, on the other making his Entry into Jerusalem.'—*Lübbe*.

The Strada della Loggia leads (left) from the Piazza del Teatro. On the left of this street is the handsome *Loggia dei Mercanti*, with a very richly ornamented front. It was begun in 1443 by *Giov. Sodo da Ancona*, and finished in 1459 by *Giorgio da Sebenico*. The hall is a huge room, with a ceiling painted in the manner of *Peregrino Tibaldi*.

Further, on the right, almost opposite the Hotel della Pace, is the *Church of S. Maria della Piazza*, with an interesting façade of 1210, having a grand doorway in the centre and being completely covered with arcades filled with every variety of sculpture.

Continuing to follow the same street, we pass on the right the humble *Church of La Madonna della Misericordia*, which might easily pass unnoticed, but has an interesting portal by *Sebenico*.

'All traces of the Gothic style are here effaced, and the work appears as rich early Renaissance. Heavy garlands of fruit, admirably executed in marble, hang down on both sides from the cornice of the door. Below stand two *putti*, with basons for holy water on their heads. In the tympanum appears the Madonna spreading her mantle over several figures.'—*Lübbe*.

Several other churches deserve notice. That of *S. Agostino*, close to the Piazza del Teatro on the right, was rebuilt by *Vanvitelli*, but retains its Gothic portal, into which some Renaissance columns have been introduced.

'The treatment of the portal walls, with their small columns, is still mediaeval. The pilasters also, with their niches and statues, are Gothic in style; but they rest on Corinthian columns with fluted shafts, and the outermost framework of the whole is formed by slender pilasters with graceful Renaissance decoration. Vasari, in his Life of Duccio, is inclined to ascribe this portal to a master, otherwise little known, of the name of Moccio, who was employed in 1340 in the enlargement of the Cathedral of Siena. It is, however, certain that Master Giorgio da Sebenico began this portal, though he left it unfinished at his death. It agrees, moreover, with the other works of Giorgio. The Gothic design and decoration of the portal evidently proceed from him. After his death, no doubt, the work was finished by a master who had become acquainted with the new style, and who added ornament of a similar character. The same hand probably executed the sculptures,

which, in their vigorous life, seem attributable to a Florentine artist. In the pilaster niches there are four saints, which in position, drapery, and expression, betray an able artist hand ; in the arched compartment above the tympanum there is an Annunciation, which recalls the charming figures of Robbia. In the upper arched compartment there appears the figure of S. Augustine, sitting in almost passionate excitement, with his book upraised, as if imploringly ; while two bold advancing angels (one of them seen from behind and in masterly foreshortening) are separating the folds of the curtain. It is a work which evidences a most skilful sculptor and one who commands all the resources of his art.'—*Lübke*.

This Church contains a number of works by *Lilio*, generally known as *Andrea da Ancona*.

The *Church of S. Francesco dell' Ospedale* (north of the Piazza del Teatro, on the ascent of the hill) has a splendid Gothic doorway of 1455, by *Giorgio da Sebenico*. It is now turned into a barrack, and its pictures have been removed. The corridor of the adjoining hospital has a beautiful doorway with sculptures of birds and flowers in low relief. Also on the hill-side, in a back street, is the fine Romanesque front of *S. Pietro*.

The *Palazzo del Comune* in the Piazza del Gesù was built in 1270, from designs of *Margaritone*.

A pleasant excursion ($9\frac{1}{2}$ miles) may be made from Ancona to the Camaldolensian Monastery on *Monte Conero* (1,763 ft.), which commands a magnificent view. A carriage may be taken for the first $7\frac{1}{2}$ m., but the mountain must be ascended on foot.

At *Monte S. Giusto* is a striking altar-piece—a Crucifixion by *Lorenzo Lotto*, executed for a bishop of the Buona-fede family in 1531.

CHAPTER XXI.

LORETO AND THE MARCHE.

AN excursion can easily be made by rail to Loreto (2 frs. 70 c.; 1 fr. 90 c.) in the day from Ancona, returning at night. The Railway passes :—

Osimo (Stat.), the ancient Auximum, a Roman colony, which, from its strength, was one of the principal places in Picenium.

‘Admotae pulsarunt Auximon alae.’—*Lucan.*

The city is on the top of a high hill (omnibus 60 c.), whence there is a beautiful view. A number of Roman inscriptions and broken statues are preserved in the *Palazzo Pubblico*. The *Cathedral*, dedicated to the Greek saint Thecla who suffered martyrdom at Seleucia, has some local celebrity as enshrining the body of S. Giuseppe di Copertino. It contains a series of portraits of all the bishops of Osimo. A great part of the *Town Wall* is that of Auximum, and dates from 200 B.C.

On the right of the railway is *Castelfidardo*, where the Papal troops were defeated by the Sardinians under Cialdini, Sept. 18, 1860.

The country is rich and very fertile. In April the fields are covered with scarlet tulips ; the *contadini* here do their work in garments which look exactly like night-gowns.

Loreto is 2 m. from the railway, at the top of a high hill.

(Omnibus for the ascent, 60 c.

Inns—Pace, at the *Porta Romana*, good ; *Posta*, in the principal street.)

Loreto, 'the European Nazareth,' next to Rome, is the most popular place of Christian pilgrimage in the world.

'Hic sanè locus Italiae decus, orbis miraculum, nationum celebritas, gentium gaudium, asylum, expiatio peccatorum, peregrinantur requies, piorum desiderium iteratum et amor.'—Ughelli, '*Italia Sacra*'.

The Holy House of Nazareth, which witnessed the Annunciation, the Incarnation, and which was the home of the Holy Family after their return from Egypt, long continued an object of pilgrimage on its native site. The Empress Helena went to worship there, and erected a church over it, with the inscription—'Haec est ara, in qua primo jactum est humanae salutis fundamentum.' S. Louis was among its later pilgrims. But in the 13th century, when



Loreto.

threatened with desecration by the Saracens, the angels are said to have taken it up (A.D. 1291) and to have deposited it in a place of safety on the coast of Dalmatia, between Fiume and Tersato. Here it remained undisturbed for three years, but being again in danger, the angels again took it up, and bore it over the sea to this hill, up to that time called Villa di S. Maria, where they deposited it in 1295 in the garden of a devout widow called Laureta. The happy event was announced in a vision to S. Nicholas of Tolentino. The Holy House soon became an object of pilgrimage, and such offerings were made to the shrine as to excite the cupidity of the Saracens, against whom Sixtus V. surrounded the place with walls in 1586, when Loreto became a city.

Tasso was amongst the innumerable pilgrims of the Holy House, and alludes to this in the Canzone :—

‘ Ecco fra le tempeste, e i fieri venti
Di questo grande e spazioso mare,
O santa Stella, il tuo splendor m’ ha scorto,
Ch’ illustra e scalda pur l’ umane menti.’

‘ Every one knows the story of the House of Loreto. The devotion of one-half the world, and the ridicule of the other half, has made us familiar with the strange story, written in all the languages of Europe round the walls of that remarkable sanctuary. But the “wondrous flitting” of the Holy House is not the feature in its history which is most present to the pilgrims who frequent it. It is regarded by them simply as an actual fragment of the Holy Land sacred as the very spot on which the mystery of the Incarnation was announced and begun. In proportion to the sincerity and extent of this belief is the veneration which attaches to what is undoubtedly the most frequented sanctuary in Christendom.

‘ No one who has ever witnessed the devotion of the Italian people on this singular spot, can wish to speak lightly of the feelings which it inspires. But a dispassionate statement of the real facts of the case may not be without use. It has been ably proved, first, that of all the pilgrims who record their visit to Nazareth from the fourth to the sixteenth century, not one alludes to any house of Joseph as standing there, or as having stood there, within human memory or record ; secondly, that the records of Italy contain no mention of the house till the fifteenth century ; thirdly, that the representation of the story as it now stands, with the double or triple transplantation of the sanctuary, occurs first in a bull of Leo X. in the year 1518. The House of Loreto and the House of Nazareth each profess to contain the exact spot of the angelic visitation, yet no one can visit both sanctuaries without perceiving that by no possibility can one be amalgamated with the other. The House at Loreto is an edifice of thirty-six feet by seventeen ; its walls, though externally cased in marble, can be seen in their original state from the inside, and there appear to be of dark red polished stone. The west wall has one square window, through which it is said the angel flew ; the east wall contains a rude chimney, in front of which is a mass of cemented stone, said to be the altar on which S. Peter said mass, when the apostles, after the Ascension, turned the house into a church. On the north side is (or rather was) a door, now walled up. The monks of Loreto and Nazareth have but a dim knowledge of the sacred localities of each other. Still the monks of Nazareth could not be altogether ignorant of the mighty sanctuary which, under the highest authorities of their Church, professes to have once rested on the ground they now occupy. They show, therefore, to any

traveller, who takes the pains to inquire, the space on which the Holy House stood before its flight. That space is a vestibule immediately in front of the sacred grotto ; and an attempt is made to unite the two localities by supposing that there were openings from the house into the grotto. Without laying any stress on the obvious variation of measurements, the position of the grotto is, and must always have been, absolutely incompatible with any such adjacent building as that at Loreto. Whichever way the house is supposed to abut on the rock, it is obvious that such a house as has been described would have closed up, with blank walls, the very passages by which alone the communication could be effected. And it may be added, that although there is no traditional masonry of the Santa Casa left at Nazareth, there is the traditional masonry close by of the so-called workshop of Joseph of an entirely different character. Whilst the former is of a kind wholly unlike anything in Palestine, the latter is, as might be expected, of the natural grey limestone of the country, of which in all times, no doubt, the houses of Nazareth were built.

'The legend is curious as an illustration of the history of "Holy Places" generally. It is difficult to say how it originated—or what led to the special selection of the Adriatic Gulf as the scene of such a fable ; yet, generally speaking, the explanation is easy and instructive. Nazareth was taken by Sultan Khalil in 1291, when he stormed the last refuge of the Crusaders in the neighbouring city of Acre. From that time, not Nazareth only, but the whole of Palestine, was closed to the devotions of Europe. The Crusaders were expelled from Asia, and in Europe the spirit of the Crusaders was extinct. But the natural longing to see the scenes of the events of the Sacred History—the superstitious craving to win for prayers the favour of consecrated localities—did not expire with the Crusades. Can we wonder that, under such circumstances, there should have arisen the feeling, the desire, the belief, that if Mahomet could not go to the mountain, the mountain must come to Mahomet ? The house of Loreto is the petrification, so to speak, of the "Last sigh of the Crusades ;" suggested possibly by the Holy House of S. Francis of Assisi, then first acquiring its European celebrity.'—A. P. Stanley, '*Sinai and Palestine.*'

Like all shrines of the Madonna, Loreto teems with beggars, exhibiting horrible maimed limbs, and demanding charity in her name. From the Porta Romana, by which we enter the town, the street called *Via dei Coronari* (from the rosary-makers) is lined with booths filled with rosaries, reliquaries, scapularies, crucifixes, rings, pictures, and photographs, for the benefit of the pilgrims. Through these we reach the *Piazza della Madonna*, at the end of which is the

great church, and round the sides the Palazzo Apostolico. In the centre of the square is a beautiful fountain by *Giacometti*. Before the façade is a grand seated bronze statue of Sixtus V. by *Calcagni*, 1588.

The Church is called *Chiesa della Santa Casa*. The campanile is by *Vanvitelli*. The façade was erected by Sixtus V. Over the principal door are the Virgin and Child in bronze by *Girolamo Lombardo*. The three doors are of bronze. The reliefs of that in the centre, cast by the four sons of Girolamo Lombardo, represent the earliest events of Old Testament history. The gate on the left is by *Tiburzio Vercelli*, and that on the right by *Calcagni Sebastiani* and *Giacometti*; their reliefs continue the series from the Expulsion from Paradise to the History of Moses.

Entering the church—in which, under the Papal rule, 120 masses were always said daily, and 100 priests were always in attendance—we advance up the nave (the roof of which is painted with figures of the prophets by *Luca Signorelli*) to the space beneath the cupola which is occupied by the Santa Casa itself. Externally we see no trace of the cottage of Nazareth; what we see is a most gorgeous chapel, encrusted with the richest and most delicate sculpture. But on the festas pilgrims are advancing round it upon their knees through furrows which have been worn by perpetual devotion, and at each door are guards with drawn swords to prevent religious excitement from causing them to crush one another to death as they enter. We enter with them and find ourselves in a rough blackened chamber (13½ ft. high, 27½ long, 12½ broad). The walls, they say, are exactly the same as those carried by the angels, but the floor fell out as the House was crossing the Adriatic, and has had to be renewed. Over the altar, as seen from the outer chapel, and the chimney, as seen from beneath, radiant in real diamonds and rubies, and illuminated by the flames of 62 ever-burning golden lamps, is the Palladium of the shrine, a black image of the Virgin and Child, said to be carved from cedar-wood of Lebanon, and of course attributed to S. Luke. Two

curious relics are affixed to the wall, a cannon ball offered by Julius II. in remembrance of his escape at the siege of Mirandola ; and (now secured by iron cramps) a stone of the Holy House, stolen by the Bishop of Coimbra in the time of Paul III., and restored in consequence of the ill-health which punished his theft.

All the greatest sculptors of the time were employed upon the ornamentation of the casing of the Santa Casa, which was designed by *Bramante*. Against the pillars stand twenty statues of prophets and sibyls ; their authors are for the most part uncertain, but the sibyls are ascribed to *Guglielmo della Porta*, the prophet Jeremiah (perhaps the finest figure) to *Sansovino*. On the four walls are splendid reliefs by *Sansovino* and his School. They are :—

IVestern Wall :

Sansovino. The Annunciation.

'The Virgin is deeply moved by the salutation she is receiving ; and the angel, who is keeling, does not appear to be a mere figure of marble, but a living being of truly celestial beauty, from whose lips the words, "Ave Maria," seem to be sounding. Gabriel is accompanied by two other angels, in full relief, and entirely detached from the marble which forms the ground ; one of these follows immediately behind Gabriel, the other appears in the attitude of flying. There are, moreover, two other angels, seen as if advancing from behind a building, and so delicately sculptured that they have quite the look of life. In the air, on a cloud so lightly treated as to be almost entirely detached from the marble beneath, is a group of angels in the form of boys, who support a figure of God the Father, in the act of sending down the Holy Spirit ; this is shown by means of a ray which streams from the Almighty, of which the marbl'e, entirely detached, has a most natural effect ; the same may be said of the dove which represents the Holy Spirit.

'In this work there is a vase of flowers, which the graceful hand of this master has sculptured with such excessive delicacy, that no words can describe the perfection of its beauty ; the plumes of the angels also, the softness of the hair, the beauty of the countenances, the grace of the drapery, every part in short is so marvellously excellent, that no praise bestowed upon this divine work can equal what it deserves. Nor of a truth could that most holy place, which was the very home and habitation of the Mother of God's divine Son, receive any more beautiful, rich, or worthy adornment than it has obtained from the architecture of *Bramante*, and the sculpture of *Andrea Sansovino*. Nay, were the whole work of the most precious Oriental jewels, the worth would be

little or nothing in comparison with the innumerable merits of that which it now exhibits.'—*Vasari*.

(Beneath) *Montelupo* and *Fr. Sangallo*. The Visitation, and the Virgin at Bethlehem.

Southern Wall :

Sansovino. The Adoration of the Shepherds.

Montelupo and *Girol. Lombardo*. The Adoration of the Magi.

Eastern Wall :

Tribolo and *Francesco Sangallo* (1533). The Translation of the Santa Casa.

Domenico Aimo da Bologna. The Death of the Virgin.

Northern Wall :

(Over the 1st door) *Sansovino*. The Birth of the Virgin.

(Over the 2nd door) *Tribolo*. The Marriage of the Virgin.

Later critics have not shared the unbounded praise bestowed by Vasari upon the Reliefs of the Santa Casa.

'No more lamentable proof of the great inferiority of Tuscan sculpture during the first thirty years of the sixteenth century to that of the fifteenth, is to be found than these elaborate works, which contain not a trace of that exquisite taste and sentiment which marked the works of earlier masters. Those finished by Sansovino are indeed far better than the rest, but even they in no wise deserve the praises which have been heaped upon them.'

'The group of angels floating over the bed of the Madonna, in the relief which represents her death, is the only really pleasing piece of work in the whole series. The bas-relief was designed and commenced by Sansovino, and terminated by Domenico Aimo, surnamed "Il Bolognese;" as were the Birth and Marriage of the Virgin, and the Adoration, with the help of Bandinelli, Tribolo, and Montelupo.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

In the 1st Chapel, on the right of the entrance, is the beautiful bronze *Font*, covered with reliefs by *Vercelli* and *Vitali*.

'Over-richly decorated, its ornamental details exhibit various grotesque elements; there are, however, many excellent details in the figures, and the execution displays the masterly skill which marks the entire school of Recanati. The whole surface is filled with figures; all the framework is covered with arabesques, putti, emblems, festoons,

13. *Urtica dioica* L.

故其後所作，皆不復能追擬之矣。

1. The first step is to identify the main idea or theme of the text. This can be done by reading the entire text and identifying the central message or purpose.

feast of her nativity. In confirmation of which two vertuous men of the said city of Recanati divers times declared unto mee Prefect of Terreman and Governor of the forenamed church, as followeth. The one cal'd Paul Renaldi, avouched that his grandfathers grandfather sawe when the angels brought it over sea, and placed it in the forementioned wood, and had often visited it there, the other called Francis Prior, in like sort affirmed, that his grandfather, being cxx yeares old, had also much frequented it in the same place, and for a further proof, that it had byn there, he reported that his grandfathers grandfather had a house nigh unto it, wherein he dwelt, and that in his time it was carried by the Angels from thence to the mountain of the two brothers where they placed it as above said.

By order of the Right Reverend Monsignor Vincent Cassal of Bolonia, Governor of this holy place, under the protection of the most Reverend Cardinal Moroni.

I, Robert Corbington, Priest of the Society of Jesus in the yeare MDCXXXIV have faithfully translated the premisses out of the Latin original hung upon the said Church.

To the honor of the ever glorious Virgin.

From the Left Transept we enter *the Sacristy*, adorned with frescoes which, according to Vasari, were begun by *Domenico Veneziano* and *Piero della Francesca*, and completed by *Luca Signorelli*, after their work had been interrupted by fears of the plague. The angels on the roof and the evangelists and doctors of the church below are probably by the earlier master. The prophets, on the ceiling in monochrome, are by *Luca Signorelli*, whose hand also certainly covered the eight flat spaces on the walls, of which six are occupied by figures of apostles, the others by the Conversion of S. Paul, and the Resurrection. The works of *Signorelli* have been greatly injured, both by time and restoration.

From hence we enter *the Treasury* (entrance $\frac{1}{2}$ fr. except on Sundays). Its ceiling and the Crucifixion over the altar are by *Pomerancio*. The objects in the glass cases round the room include gifts to the Virgin from most of the European potentates. Best deserving of notice are a crystal crucifix from Charles IV. of Spain ; chalices from Pius VII., VIII., IX. ; a banner won at Lepanto ; and a pearl which

was a gift a poor fisherman saved up his money to present, when he found one miraculously engraved with the image of the Virgin of Loreto !

The *Cupola*, built by Antonio da Sangallo, was adorned with frescoes by *Roncalli*. There are no especial objects in the church deserving mention, unless we except a kneeling bronze figure of Cardinal Caetani, by *Calcagni* and *Giacometti*. The chapels are for the most part adorned with mosaic copies from the pictures of the great masters.



Loreto, from the Recanati road.

The *Palazzo Apostolico* (now Reale) was begun by Julius II. in 1510, from designs of *Bramante*, and was finished by *A. Sansovino* and *Antonio Sangallo*. It has a *Picture Gallery*, containing little worth notice. The best pictures are :—

- Titian.* The Woman taken in Adultery.
- Vouet.* The Last Supper.
- Guercino.* The Deposition.
- Ann. Caracci.* The Nativity of the Virgin.

On the first floor of the Palace, removed from the *Spesieria*, is the splendid collection of 380 majolica pots, executed by *Orazio Fontana da Urbino*, *Battista Frano*, and others. They were given by Francesco Maria II., Duke of Urbino, and are of the most enormous value, and glorious in colour and design. In looking at these and other so-called specimens of so-called ‘Raffaelle ware,’ it should

be remembered that the designs, exhibiting the taste of the great master, were all painted at least twenty years after his death. The fact that some of them were finished by Raffaellino da Colle has given rise, from a confusion of names, to the idea that Raffaelle Sanzio assisted in them.

There is not much more to see in Loreto, but pleasant walks may be taken on the adjoining heights, and the walls of Sixtus V., with their massive bastion towers, are highly picturesque. The best general view of the place is about a mile from the town on the Recanati road, whence it is seen grandly backed by the heights of Monte Conero.

10 min. more by rail will bring us from Loreto to *Porto Recanati* (stat.), whence Recanati is about 4 m. distant, but it will be better to engage a carriage (4 frs.) from Loreto, whence it is only 5 m. to *Recanati* (*Inn, Corona*), an interesting old town, with much curious work in terra-cotta on its buildings. In the side-porch of the *Cathedral of S. Flaviano* is the monument of Pope Gregory XII., who laid aside the Papal tiara at the Council of Constance, and died here as legate of the March of Ancona in 1417. In the Sacristy is a Madonna by *Ludovico da S. Severino*, 1463. Between the choir and the sacristy is an altar-piece in many compartments by *Lorenzo Lotto*.

On the *Palazzo Comunale* is a bronze relief by *Giacometti* representing the arrival of the Santa Casa. The diploma of Frederick II., 'Dei Gratia Romanorum Imperator,' conferring its port upon the town, is preserved here. Recanati is the birthplace (1798) of the poet Count Leopardi, who died at Naples in 1837 : there is a monument to him in the Piazza. From the promenade on the old walls there is a beautiful view.

Recanati was long a separate State under the protection of the Popes, having its authority vested in a council of 200 citizens, of whom 97 were nobles.

A carriage may be taken from Recanati to Macerata, which may also be reached by diligence from the Railway Station of Civitanova.

The hill-set *Macerata* (*Inns—La Pace; Posta*) is one of the most flourishing towns in this part of Italy. It has magnificent views of the sea and over the valley of the Potenza and Chienti. Its handsome palaces, for the most part built of brick, are only inhabited in summer. The



Macerata.

Cathedral contains an Altar-piece by *Alegretto Nuzi*, 1359, of the Madonna with 22 saints ; in the niches SS. Anthony and Julian. In the *Church of S. Giovanni* is an Assumption by *Lanfranco*. The walls were built by Cardinal Albornoz : the Porta Pia by Cardinal Pius.

1 m. from the town is the *Church of La Madonna della Vergine*, a Greek cross by *Bramante*. There is an enormous *Amphitheatre* for the game of Pallone, which is very popular here.

'The peasants seem here to observe a fixt uniform in dress, and orange is the prevailing colour. So constant are the women of this class to local costume, that the female head becomes a kind of geographical

index. At Macerata they adhere to the ancient mode of plaiting and coiling the hair, which they transfix with long silver wires tipped at both ends with large nobs. At Recanati, they hang golden bells to their ear-rings, three or five to each chime, jingling like the *crotalia* of the Roman matrons. At Loretto, they adjust the handkerchief to their heads in the style of their *Madonna*. All the young men bind their hair in coloured nets, which is an old imitation of female attire, and, as such, was severely censured by Juvenal.'—*Forsyth*.

(26 m. from Macerata, and 5 m. from the sea and the railway station of Porto di S. Giorgio, is the hill-set town of *Fermo*, the Firmum Picenum of the Romans, 1,116 ft. above the sea. It is a poverty-stricken town, but is crowned by a rocky platform on which stands the mediaeval *Cathedral* (modernized within), from the front of which there is a most glorious view of the coast: and sea. It was the natural fortifications of this rock which in the Middle Ages caused Fermo to be regarded as the strongest place in all the Marches, and gave rise to the proverb—

'Quando Fermo vuol fermare
Tutta la Marca fa tremare.'

The platform was formerly occupied by a castle, which was seized by a series of tyrants, who ruled the inhabitants from thence, till they prudently razed it to the ground in 1447. The porch, a sort of west end ante-chapel to the cathedral, contains a number of curious sepulchral monuments, including a very fine one of a member of the Visconti family, inscribed, 'Tura de Imola fecit hoc opus.'

In the *Church of S. Francesco* is the tomb of Ludovico Euffreducci, sculptured by *Sansovino* in 1530. This family first rose to wealth in the person of Tommaso, a famous physician, who died in 1403. His great-great-grandson Oliverotto was sent to study the art of war under Paolo Vitelli, and gained the reputation of one of the most successful soldiers of the day. When he returned to Fermo, he caused his uncle and adopted father Giovanni Fogliani, together with all the principal citizens, to be murdered at a banquet which they gave in his honour, and riding to the

Palazzo Pubblico at the head of his men, proclaimed himself Lord of Fermo, a position which he maintained till he was murdered himself by Cesare Borgia, Dec. 31, 1502, at the famous banquet of Sinigaglia. It is this Oliverotto who was selected by Machiavelli as a model tyrant in 'Il Principe.' On the murder of Oliverotto his sister-in-law fled, taking her young son Ludovico to the protection of her own family, the Baglioni of Perugia. In 1514 he returned to Fermo and gained a temporary popularity by defending the city against the Duke of Urbino, but having murdered Bartolommeo Brancadoro, the head of a rival family, was declared an outlaw. Leo X. sent out against him Niccolò Bonafede, the fighting Bishop of Chiusi. Ludovico was mortally wounded, and the bishop, equally prepared for office of soldier or priest, immediately dismounted, heard his confession, absolved him, and received his dying breath—a most characteristic anecdote of 16th-century warfare.)

(From the station of *S. Benedetto*, a diligence ($2\frac{1}{2}$ frs.) arrives in 4 hours at *Ascoli* (Asculum Picenum) (*Inn, Il Giardino d' Italia*), a town which produced many remarkable sculptors in the 14th and 15th centuries, and was the birthplace of Cola di Filoterio (A.D. 1525), or Cola d' Amatrice, one of the most remarkable of Neapolitan artists and architects, who built the façade of the Duomo, the church of S. Maria della Carità, the side portico of S. Francesco, and the episcopal palace in his native place. The cathedral, which occupies the site of a temple of Hercules, contains a good altar-piece by Carlo Crivelli, and many of the churches contain works by his feeble pupil *Pietro Alemanno*, c. 1488.)

About 28 m. from Macerata is the mediaeval town of *Tolentino* (*Inn, Corona*), occupying the site of the Tolentinum Picenum of the Romans. The road thither passes '*Il Castello della Rancia*,' where Murat was defeated by the Austrians under Bianchi in May, 1815. It was the loss of this battle which sealed his fate. There is much that is picturesque in the piazza of Tolentino, with its pretty fountain.

The *Cathedral of S. Niccolò* has considerable remains of old Gothic work, and an interesting cloister. The Chapel of the saint contains his tomb, upon which the peasants throw money through a grating. There are frescoes of the History of the Virgin attributed to *Lorenzo* and *Jacopo da San Severino*. A picture of the Fire at S. Mark's in Venice is attributed to *Tintoretto* (?).

The great Augustinian saint, Nicholas of Tolentino, was born about 1239 at the little town of S. Angiolo in Pontano, near Tolentino. While very young he became an Augustinian monk. He was celebrated for his sermons, and was



Cloister of S. Niccolò di Tolentino.

so distinguished by his austeries that it is said of him that 'he did not live, but languished through life.' He died Sept. 10, 1306, and was canonized in 1446 by Eugenius IV. His wonderful sanctity is said to have been foretold by the appearance of a star which rose from his birthplace at S. Angiolo and stood over Tolentino, and from this legend he is usually represented in art with a star upon his breast.

Over the entrance of the *Palazzo Pubblico* is the bust of the learned Francesco Filelfo, who was born here. Tolentino is known in history from the disgraceful treaty of Tolentino

by which Pius VI. assented to the robbery of the greater part of his dominions by Napoleon I.

(At a little distance from Tolentino, in the direction of Fermo, is *Urbisaglia* (*Urbs Salvia*), with many small Roman remains.

San Severino, about 8 m. west of Tolentino, is the ancient Decemon. It has two towns, 'Borgo' below and 'Castello' at the top of the hill. In the *Chiesa del Castello* are some frescoes by Niccolò Alunno, 1468. In the vestibule of *S. Lorenzo* is a Madonna by *Lorenzo da S. Severino*. In *S. Domenico* is a Madonna with saints, by *Bernardino da Perugia*. In the sacristy of the *Cathedral* is a beautiful Madonna and Child with angels and the donor, by *Pinturicchio*, 1500.

West of this is the town of *Matelica*, where the *Church of S. Francesco* contains good pictures by *Melozzo da Forli*, *Carlo Crivelli*, and *Eusebio da Perugia*. In the same direction, scarcely ever visited by strangers, is *Fabriano*, a considerable town containing many good pictures, especially by the native artists *Gentile* and *Antonio da Fabriano*.

Hence there is a hilly road, by La Genga, to *Sassoferrato*, which gave its name to the painter *Giambattista Salvi*—1605–1685—one of the most celebrated of the followers of the Caracci. Several of his works and many other good pictures remain in the churches of the town.)

From Tolentino a dreary Apennine road leads by Valcimara and La Muccia to Foligno. A road from La Muccia diverges to *Camerino* (*Inn, Albergo Basconi*), the ancient Camerinum. Its bishopric dates from 252, when *S. Sovino* was its first bishop. It has a *University*, one of the smallest in Italy. The *Cathedral of S. Anino* stands on the site of a temple of Jupiter : the fine bronze statue of Sixtus V., in front of it, was erected in 1587. The painter Carlo Maratta was born here in 1625.

The great *Palazzo Verani*, which abuts on the city wall, recalls the mediaeval lords of Camerino, who were amongst the worst of the petty sovereigns of the Middle Ages. Early in the fifteenth century Rudolfo Varani left his dominions to

be divided between his four sons, of whom two were by his first and two by his second wife. These four brothers were summoned to a conference on business by Giovanni Vitelleschi of Corneto, but only the two younger went to the meeting, of whom Pier Gentile was murdered by Vitelleschi, and Giovanni, escaping, was murdered by his two elder brothers the same evening at Camerino. In the next year Bernardo the second brother was murdered while walking on the walls of Tolentino, and shortly after Pandolfo the eldest was murdered during mass in the Dominican church by the people, together with five of his nephews and several of their children, the 'brains of the infants being dashed out against the walls.' Only two infants escaped. Of these, Giulio was carried off by his aunt, Tora Trinci, to Fabriano, where some of her own family were reigning. After a troubled and adventurous life, he was finally strangled by a bravo in the pay of Cesare Borgia, who also murdered his three sons at La Cattolica. Such were the vicissitudes of Italian sovereignty in the Middle Ages.

CHAPTER XXII.

URBINO.

(Urbino is most easily reached from the station of Pesaro. A humble diligence corresponding with the first trains from Ancona and Bologna leaves the Piazza at 9:45 A.M., and takes five hours on the way. Each place costs 5 frs. A one-horse carriage for three persons will perform the distance in 3½ hours, and costs 20 frs.

The *Albergo Italia* at Urbino is clean and tolerable, with very low charges, but it is a rough Italian inn.)

A N uninteresting road leads from Pesaro through the fruitful valley of the Foglia, to the foot of the hill which is crested by the walls and towers of Urbino. A handsome approach by an excellent road winds round the walls, with grand views as it ascends. On the south is the Furlo, celebrated for its pass, and then the stately masses of Monte Nerone ; on the east the picturesque rocks of Monte San Simone ; beyond this the mountain of the Falterone, where the Tiber has its source ; to the north, on its peaked rock, is S. Marino. On the highest terrace the road passes under the tall pinnacled towers and perfectly colossal walls of the Ducal Palace.

The visitor to Urbino cannot fail to be struck with the extraordinary beauty of the inhabitants, especially of the young men. Humanity flourishes here while all else is in decay.

' There is scarcely a house, a street, or a church in Urbino that does not now wear a deserted and desolate aspect ; even the grand palace of the Dukes, formerly not to be outshone for brilliancy by any Court in Europe, is tenantless or given up to base uses. Yet there still remain staircases, galleries, doorways, windows, and fire-places, rich in Raffaellesque ornaments carved with a delicacy belonging less to stone than

to ivory. It is by such details—sometimes a mutilated bas-relief, sometimes a broken arch or a defaced picture scattered here and there about the city—that the traveller must be content to spell out the story of a bygone splendour. Even nature appears to have fallen into days of dejection; the vast palace, which seems ready to swallow up the small city, frowns over a landscape of barren grandeur; the mountains throw their jagged crags into the sky savagely, and when the sun sinks beneath the high peaks which tower above Cagli and Gubbio the whole scene becomes inexpressibly solemn. Such was the cradle of the shadowed and sacred school of Umbria. The spirit of the spot must have been almost too sad for Raffaelle; there is nothing joyous now remaining, and we can well understand why the aspiring painter left his birthplace early and returned to it seldom.'—*Saturday Review, March 1875.*



Palace of Urbino.

The *Ducal Palace—La Corte*—is one of the noblest works of the Renaissance. It was begun in 1447 by the great Duke Federigo di Montefeltro, who evinced his devotion to his native place by turning the small castle which had previously existed here into a grand palace. For this purpose he surrounded himself with all the great architects and artists of the time, over whom *Luciano Lauranna* was the chief. To make a platform for his great work it was necessary to unite two rocks. The outer walls and window-frames are enriched with friezes of most exquisite sculpture. The entrance, from the piazza behind the palace, leads into

a noble quadrangular court, the work of *Baccio Pintelli*, 1480. It is surrounded by inscriptions in honour of Federigo, and by colonnades, under which a collection of Roman altars, &c., is arranged. A second court was used for tournaments and theatrical displays.

Ascending the staircase on the left, which is adorned by a statue of Duke Federigo, we enter vast corridors, the walls of which are now covered with a number of inscriptions and other fragments collected in the neighbourhood by Cardinal Stoppani. Hence open a series of great halls, with beautiful sculptured chimney-pieces and door-frames, and richly inlaid doors. The letters F. C. repeated upon the ceiling of the principal hall prove that it was built before 1474. The furniture, and the frescoes of Timoteo Viti, described by Baldi, have disappeared.

'The skilful hand of Ambrogio da Milano, none of whose sculptures are to be met with at Milan, was employed in carving trophies, military emblems, flowers, birds, and children, about the doors, windows, and chimney-pieces of the Ducal palace at Urbino. The utmost elegance and purity of taste is shown in these decorations. The architrave of one of the fire-places is adorned with a row of dancing Cupids, and the jambs with reliefs of winged boys holding vases filled with growing roses and carnations, whose structure and wayward growth show the closest and most loving study of Nature. In the leaves, flowers, and birds colour alone seems wanting to give life. Well may Giovanni Santi eulogise them as—

" Mostrando quanto che natura
Possa in tal arte."

Perkins's 'Italian Sculptors.'

'Throughout the palace we notice emblems appropriate to the houses of Montefeltro and Della Rovere : their arms, three golden hinds upon a field of azure ; the imperial eagle, granted when Montefeltro was made a fief of the empire ; the garter of England, worn by the Dukes Federigo and Guidobaldo ; the ermine of Naples ; the *ventosa*, or cupping-glass, adopted for a private badge by Frederick ; the golden oak-tree on an azure field of Della Rovere ; the palm-tree, bent beneath a block of stone, with its accompanying motto, *Inclinata Resurgam* ; the cypher FEDX. Profile medallions of Federigo and Guidobaldo, wrought in the lowest possible relief, adorn the staircases. Round the great courtyard runs a frieze of military engines and ensigns, trophies, machines, and implements of war, alluding to Duke Frederick's pro-

fession of Condottiere. The doorways are enriched with scrolls of heavy-headed flowers, acanthus foliage, honeysuckles, ivy-berries, birds and boys and sphinxes, in all the riot of Renaissance fancy.

Between the towers upon the southern façade are two apartments which were apparently the private rooms of the Duke and Duchess, and they are still approached by a great winding staircase in one of the *torricini*. Adorned in indestructible or irremovable materials, they retain some traces of their ancient splendour. On the first floor, opening on the vaulted loggia, we find a little chapel encrusted with lovely work in stucco and marble; friezes of bulls, sphinxes, sea-horses, and foliage; with a low relief of Madonna and Child in the manner of Mino da Fiesole. Close by is a small study with inscriptions to the Muses and Apollo. The cabinet connecting these two cells has a Latin legend, to say that Religion here dwells near the temple of the liberal arts :

“*Bina vides parvo discriminis juncta sacella,
Altera pars Musis altera sacra Deo est.*”

On the floor above, corresponding in position to this apartment, is a second, of even greater interest, since it was arranged by the Duke Frederick for his own retreat. The study is panelled in tarsia of beautiful design and execution. Three of the larger compartments show Faith, Hope, and Charity; figures not unworthy of a Botticelli or a Filippino Lippi. The occupations of the Duke are represented on a smaller scale by armour, bâtons of command, scientific instruments, lutes, viols, and books, some open and some shut. The Bible, Homer, Virgil, Seneca, Tacitus, and Cicero, are lettered; apparently to indicate his favourite authors. The Duke himself, arrayed in his state robes, occupies a fourth great panel; and the whole of this elaborate composition is humanized by emblems, badges, and occasional devices of birds, articles of furniture, and so forth. The tarsia, or inlaid wood of different kinds and colours, is among the best in this kind of art to be found in Italy, though perhaps it hardly deserves to rank with the celebrated choir-stalls of Bergamo and Monte Oliveto. Hard by is a chapel, adorned, like the lower one, with excellent reliefs. The loggia, to which these rooms have access, looks across the Apennines, and down on what was once a private garden. It is now enclosed and paved for the exercise of prisoners who are confined in one part of the desecrated palace.’—*J. A. Symonds.*

It is greatly to be regretted that all the old historical furniture connected with the lives of the different Dukes and Duchesses, whose faces are familiar to us from the portraits of Giovanni Sanzio, Piero della Francesca, and others, should have been long since dispersed. The court which Guido-

baldo held here is immortalised by Baldassare Castiglione as ‘the high-school of polished manners,’ and, under all the Dukes of the house of Montefeltro, Urbino was the most prosperous of the smaller Italian states, and the most charming descriptions of their just, generous, and paternal government are left by the historians of the time. Such is the picture of Duke Federigo, as drawn by Muzio :—

‘ In person Federigo was of the common height, well made and proportioned, active and stout, enduring of cold and heat, apparently affected neither by hunger nor thirst, by sleeplessness nor fatigue. His expression was cheerful and frank ; he never was carried away by passion, nor showed anger unless designedly. His language was equally remarkable for modesty and politeness ; and such was his sobriety that, having once had the gout, he immediately left off wine, and never again returned to it. His passions were so completely under control, that even in earliest youth nothing was ever alleged against him inconsistent with decorum and the due influence of his rank. He was uniformly courteous and benignant to those of private station, as well as to his equals and to men of birth. With his soldiers he was ever familiar, calling them all friends and brethren, and often addressing them as gentlemen or honoured brothers, whilst he personally assisted the sick and wounded and supplied them with money. None such were excluded from his table ; indeed, he caressed and invited them by turns, so that all loved, honoured, served, and extolled him, and those who had once been under his command were unwilling to follow any other leader.

‘ But if his kindness was notable in the camp, it was much more so among his people. While at Urbino, he daily repaired to the market-place, whither the citizens resorted for gossip and games, as well as for business, mixing freely with them, and joining in discourse, looking on at their sports, like one of themselves, sitting among them, or leaning on some one by the hand or arm. If, in passing through the town, he noticed any one building a house, he would stop to inquire how the work went on, encouraging him to beautify it, and offering him aid if required, which he gave as well as promised. Should any answer him, that although desirous of making a handsome dwelling, he was frustrated by the refusal of some neighbour to part with an adjoining hovel at a fair price, Federigo sent for its obstructive owner, and urged him to promote the improvement of the city, kindly assisting to arrange a home for him elsewhere. On hearing that a merchant had suffered loss in his business, he would enter his shop to inquire familiarly into his affairs, and, after learning the extent of his difficulties, would advance him the means of restoring his credit and trade. Once, meet-

ing a citizen who had daughters to marry, he said to him, "How are your family?—are any of your girls disposed of?"—and, being answered that the father was ill able to endow them, he helped him with money or an appointment, or set him in some way of bettering himself. Indeed such instances of his charity and sympathy were numberless, among which were the number of poor but talented or studious children whom he educated out of love for letters. On the death of those in his service, he took especial interest in their families, providing for their maintenance or education, or appointing them to offices, and continually inquiring in person as to their welfare. When the people came forth to meet him as he went through his state, receiving him with festive demonstrations, he had a word for each—To one "How are you?" to another "How is your old father?" or "Where is your brother?" to a third, "How does your trade flourish?" or "Have you got a wife yet?" One he took by the hand, another he patted on the shoulder, but to all he uncovered his head, so that Ottaviano Ubertini used to say, when any person was much occupied, "Why, you have more to do than Federigo's bonnet." Indeed, he often told the Duke that his cap was over-worked, hinting that he ought to maintain more dignity with his subjects. As an instance of his courtesy: one day when he was returning from Fossonbrone to Urbino, he met a bride being escorted to her husband by four citizens, as was then customary, and he at once dismounted, and joined them in accompanying her and sharing in their festivities. . . . During a year of great scarcity, in the distribution of imported grain, he desired that the poor who could not pay in cash should be supplied on such security as they could offer. The distribution took place in the court of the palace, under charge of Comandino, his secretary; and when any poor man came, representing that, with a starving family and nothing to sell, he could find no cautioner, Federigo, after listening from a window to the argument, would call out, "Give it him, Comandino, I shall become bound for him." And subsequently, when his ministers wished to enforce payment from the securities, he in many instances prevented them, saying, "I am not a merchant; it is gain enough to have saved my people from hunger."

' Federigo was most particular in the performance of justice, in acts as well as words. His master of the household having obtained large supplies for the palace from a certain tradesman, who had also many courtly creditors, and could not get payment, the latter had recourse to the Duke, who said, "Summon me at law." The man was retiring with a shrug of his shoulders, when his lord told him not to be daunted, but to do what he desired, and it would turn out for his advantage and that of the town. On his replying that no tipstaff could be found to risk it, Federigo sent an order to one to do whatever this merchant might require for the ends of justice. Accordingly, as the Sovereign issued from the palace with his retinue, the tipstaff stood forward, and

cited him to appear next day before the podestà, on the complaint of such-a-one. Whereupon he, looking round, called for the master of his household, and said, in presence of the court, " Hear you what this man says? now give such instructions as shall save me from having to appear from day to day before this or that tribunal." And thus, not only was the man paid, but his will was made clear to all—that those who owed should pay, without wronging their creditors.

' During a severe winter, the monks at S. Bernardino, being snowed up, and without any stores, rang their bells for assistance; the alarm reaching Urbino, Federigo called out the people, and went at their head to cut a way and carry provisions to the good friars.—*Trans. in Dennistoun's 'Dukes of Urbino.'*

Close to the palace is the *Cathedral*, with three aisles and a cupola. It contains :—

Chapel left of High Altar. *Federigo Baroccio* (a native of Urbino), 1528. *The Last Supper.*

Sacristy. **Piero della Francesca.* *The Flagellation.* The Duke Odd' Antonio and his ministers, Manfredo, and Tommaso of Rimini, are represented in the foreground. It is signed OPVS PETRI DEBVRGOSCI SEPVLCHRI.

Timoteo della Vite. SS. Martin and Thomas à Becket. The portrait of Duke Guidobaldo is introduced.

In the crypt is the grave of the wretched Federigo-Ubaldo, only son of the last Duke of Urbino. Federigo and Battista Sforza, familiar from their portraits by Piero della Francesca at the Uffizi, had an only son, Guidobaldo. He had no child of his own, but adopted his nephew, Francesco Maria della Rovere. This violent duke was a great general and a condottiere of the old type; but he was expelled for a time during the reign of Leo X. from his duchy, which was restored after the Pope's death. By his wife, Leonora Gonzaga, he left an only son, Guidobaldo II., who died in 1574, leaving an only son, Francesco Maria II. He married first Lucrezia d' Este, who left him and returned to her native Ferrara, and afterwards Livia della Rovere, by whom he had an only son, Federigo-Ubaldo, who died of dissipation at the age of 18, leaving an only daughter, Vittoria, who married the Grand-Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany. In 1624, after the death of his son, Duke

Francesco Maria, half hermit, saint, and sage, made over his inheritance to the Holy See, regardless of the rights of his grand-daughter at Florence. It is this duke who is so admirably described in 'John Inglesant.'

The bishopric dates from 313, S. Evandus having been the 1st bishop ; in 1563 it was created an archbishopric by Pius IV.

Opposite the palace is the *Church of S. Domenico*, with the Virgin and Child, and four saints in terra-cotta, over the door.

As we descend the steep streets of Urbino we may imagine Federigo di Montefeltro, 'the light of Italy,'¹ walking there, and the people kneeling as he passed, and crying, "Dio ti mantenga, Signore."

The street to the right leads to (right) the *Accademia delle Belle Arti*, which contains a number of pictures collected from churches recently closed. We may notice :—

- 63. *Piero della Francesca*. An Architectural study from S. Chiara.
- 73. *Timoteo della Vite*. S. Roch. From S. Francesco.
- *76. *Giusto da Guanto* (Justus of Ghent). The Last Supper. A very noble picture of the school of Van Eyk ; the Duke Federigo and the Venetian Doge Zeno are introduced. From S. Agata.
- 79. *Timoteo della Vite*. Tobias and the Angel. The little Tobias, with the fish in one hand, is running, with the other in that of the beautiful protecting angel Raphael. From S. Francesco.
- *82. *Giovanni Santi*, 1489. The Virgin and Child seated in benediction, with the Baptist and S. Francis on the left, and SS. Sebastian and Jerome on the right. The family of Gasparo Buffi, for whom the picture was painted, are introduced kneeling. Above is God the Father, with two angels holding a crown above the head of the Virgin. This is the finest work of the master. From S. Francesco.
- 102. *Giovanni Santi*. A Pietà. From S. Chiara.
- 103. *Giovanni Santi*. The Burial of Christ. From the Convent of the Zoccolanti.
- 140. *Titian*. Last Supper. From S. Francesco.
- 141. *Baroccio*. S. Francis receiving the Stigmata. From S. Francesco.

¹ Castiglione, *Cortigiano*, I. i.

- *158. *Titian.* The Resurrection. The Saviour floats upwards most grandly : two of the guards, suddenly awakened, gaze in amazement ; the third sleeps profoundly. From S. Francesco.

Returning to the lower piazza, we see, facing us, a street so steep that the stones are all set edgeways that the mules and donkeys may climb up them like cats. On the left of this hill-side is the *Casa da Raffaello* marked by an inscription :—

‘Nunquam moriturus exiguis hisce in aedibus eximius ille pictor Raphael natus est., Oct. Id. Apr. An. MCDXXCIII. Venerare igitur hospes nomen et genium loci, ne mirere. Ludit in humanis divina potentia rebus, et saepe in parvis claudere magna solet.’¹

The house was purchased by the grandfather of the painter for 240 ducats, ‘a sum more than realised in a business of general huckstering.’ Giovanni, the father, who inherited the house, only gradually aspired from the making of chandeliers and picture-frames to the profession of artist, but his poetry, though rude, has much merit, and the Chronicle of Giovanni Santi, written to prove his attachment to the family of his sovereign (and now preserved in the Vatican Library), has furnished most important materials for the contemporary history of Urbino. This manuscript poem extends through twenty-three books in terza rima. In his dedication Giovanni says that he ‘was early induced to embrace the admirable art of painting, the difficulty of which, added to domestic cares, would be a burden even for the shoulders of Atlas.’ His first wife was Magia (symbolical name for such a mother !), daughter of Battista Ciarla of Urbino, who here gave birth, April 6, 1483, to her second son, Raffaello. Here the childhood of the great painter was passed amid a family group consisting of Giovanni and Magia, his grandmother Elisabetta, his aunt Santa—widow of the tailor Bartolommeo of Marino, and a little brother and sister. On August 2, 1485, Giovanni lost

¹ ‘Almighty power in man's affairs deludes,
And often mighty things in mean includes.’

Trans. by Dr. Henry Wellesley.

his eldest son ; on Oct. 3, 1491, Elisabetta died ; Magia only survived her four days, and the little daughter a few days longer. All these events occurred in the house. Left with an only boy, Giovanni married again (in the Church of S. Agata) in the following year, with Bernardino, daughter of the goldsmith Pietro da Parte, who had a dowry of 200 florins, and who proved a very harsh stepmother to the little Raffaelle of nine years old. On August 1, 1494, Giovanni himself died, leaving the boy, then eleven, to the guardianship of two uncles, who at once placed him in the school of Pietro Perugino, then engaged on the Sala del Cambio at Perugia.

The interior of the Casa Santi can scarcely be changed in its arrangement since the childhood of Raffaelle. On the ground-floor are the rooms used, according to Italian custom, for the keeping and selling of goods. On the first floor, or *piano nobile*, are three apartments *en suite*. The central of these is the largest, and probably served for the reception of guests—a cheerful room, twenty-seven feet square, with a brick floor and panelled ceiling. On the right of this is the chamber in which Raffaelle was born, lately decorated with furniture of his time and prints and photographs from his pictures. Here is a small fresco of a golden-haired Madonna and Child by *Giovanni Santi*, said to be a portrait of his wife Magia Ciarla and the infant Raffaelle. The faces are of the peculiar type which may be recognised in many pictures both by the father and son. The room on the left, with a coved roof, was the studio of Giovanni.

After his eleventh year, Raffaelle only returned once, or at the outside twice, to Urbino, and then for a very brief visit.

At the top of this street—Contrada Raffaello—on the right, is a solitary house, which was that where Timoteo della Vite lived and died. He was one of the best of the contemporary followers of Raffaelle, who had the greatest affection for him, and would willingly always have retained

his companionship at Rome. But love for his native place, and affection for his widowed mother Calliope, induced Timoteo to return while quite a young man to Urbino, where he married Girolama Spacioli, by whom he had many children. His best works are now in the gallery at Bologna and in the Brera at Milan. He died in 1524, in his fifty-fourth year.

Descending the street, on the left a side street leads to the *Church of S. Spirito*, which contains (hung too high up) at the sides of the high altar, two pictures by *Luca Signorelli*—the Crucifixion, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost. Opposite the church is a statue of Coelestine V. (the hermit Pietro Murrone), who is claimed as a native of Urbino.

Descending a little to the right from the piazza, an alley on the right leads to the small *Church of S. Giovanni Battista*, which contains an interesting series of frescoes of the history of the Baptist by *Lorenzo di S. Severino*, 1416, but they are considerably injured by restoration.

The cloisters of the now closed *Church of S. Francesco* contain the tomb of the Dukes Odd' Antonio and Antonio II., also of Nicajo the physician, and of Agostino Santucci, 1478. The church was built in memory of Count Carlo Pianani, ob. 1478, and to contain his tomb and that of his wife Sibilla. For the high altar of this church Giovanni Sanzio painted his great Madonna, and here he was buried August, 1494, so that all should visit this church for Raffaelle's father's sake. It was from hence that Federigo di Montefeltro used to watch the martial exercises of his squires and pages in the meadow below.

In the *Church of S. Bernardino*, about $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from the town (to the left in approaching), are the black and white marble tombs of the great duke, Duke Federigo III., 1482, and his son, the feeble, but refined Duke Guidobaldo I., 1536, in whose reign Urbino was sacked by Caesar Borgia, but who was restored to power on the accession of a Della Rovere to the papal throne. In returning from hence, it

will be worth while to take the road below the town to see how finely the peaked towers and huge mass of the castle rise, with the dome of the cathedral, from the dark houses at their feet, beneath which is a lofty viaduct supported upon arches.

In 1498 the famous *Earthenware* manufacture was introduced from Gubbio by Giorgio Andreoli, and came to great perfection in 1538 under Orazio Fontana.

'Pungileone cites a certain potter of Urbino, named Giovanni di Donino Garducci, in the year 1477, and a member of the same family, Francesco Garducci, who in 1501 received the commands of the Cardinal of Carpaccio to make various vases. Ascanio del fu Guido is also mentioned as working in 1502; but the works of all these have disappeared, or are attributed to other fabriques, and it is not until 1530 that we can identify any of the artists mentioned by Pungileone: Federigo di Giannantonio; Niccolò di Gabriele; Gian Maria Mariani, who worked in 1530; Simone di Antonio Mariani in 1542; Luca del fu Bartolomeo in 1544; Cesare Cari of Faenza, who painted in 1536 and 1551 in the botega of Guido Merlino.'

'The workshop of Guido Durantino was celebrated in the beginning of the sixteenth century. About the same time flourished the distinguished "Francesco Xanto Avelli di Rovigo," whose works are so well known and appreciated. Of the same school was Niccolò di Gabriele, or Niccolò di Urbino.'

'Another celebrated painter of majolica in the middle of the sixteenth century, was Orazio Fontana, originally of Castel Durante, whose family name appears to have been Pellipario.'—*Chaffers.*

The hills around Urbino are peculiarly bare, brown, and featureless, except during their short summer. Altogether, perhaps, Urbino presents more forcibly the appearance of fallen grandeur than any place in Italy, and here, more than elsewhere, the Italian *feels* the words of Leopardi:—

‘O patria mia, vedo le mura, e gli archi,
E le colonne, e i simulacri, e l’erme
Torri degli avi nostri,
Ma la gloria non vedo.’

(About 13 m. east on the road to Città di Castello is the small city of *Urbania*. Till 1635 it bore the name of Castel Durante, as which it was (1444) the birthplace of the celebrated architect Bramante, and the seat of a famous manufactory of majolica.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

GUBBIO.

(Gubbio may be most easily reached from the Station of Fossato on the line between Ancona and Foligno. There, a wretched diligence, 2 frs., meets the early trains, and performs the distance to Gubbio in 3 hrs. ; a carriage costs 10 frs. and takes only two hrs. ; the price must be arranged beforehand.

Gubbio may also be reached from Urbino by the Furlo Pass. A carriage costs 40 frs. and takes about 12 hrs.

The *Leone d'Oro* and *Rosetta* at Gubbio are bearable but very rough inns : charges exceedingly moderate.

LEAVING Urbino, an excellent road descends the valley of the Metaurus to the mouth of the celebrated *Furlo Pass*. This is the most striking point in the Apennines. Tremendous precipices of grey rock hem in the river, just leaving room for the road, which is the Via Flaminia, to creep through, except where it passes under a tunnel made in the time of Vespasian (37 metres long, 5½ broad, 4½ high). From the perforation or *Forulus* here, the name Furlo is derived. Procopius describes the spot as *Petra Pertusa*, and Claudian sings :—

‘Qua mons arte patens vivo se perforat arcu,
Admittitque viam sectae per viscera rupis.’—‘*VI. Cons. Hon.*’ 500.

So steep is the rock above the road that in wet seasons it is dangerous to pass this way, and several crosses by the wayside commemorate the fate of travellers who have been crushed by the falling rocks. Here is *Il Monte d'Asdrubale*, where the sanguinary battle was fought B.C. 207 between the Romans and Carthaginians, in which Hasdrubal, the brother of Hannibal, perished.

'Carthagini jam non ego nuntios
 Mittam superbos : occidit, occidit
 Spes omnis, et fortuna nostri
 Nominis, Asdrubale interempto.'—*Horace*, iv. 4, 69.

The road crosses a curious old Roman bridge called *Ponte Manlio*, just before entering the rich little city of *Cagli*, the ancient Calles, which has a piazza with a foun-



Pass of the Furlo.

tain and Palazzo Comunale. Close by is the Cathedral, rebuilt by Pius VI., after its destruction by earthquake in 1781.

The *Church of S. Domenico* contains :—

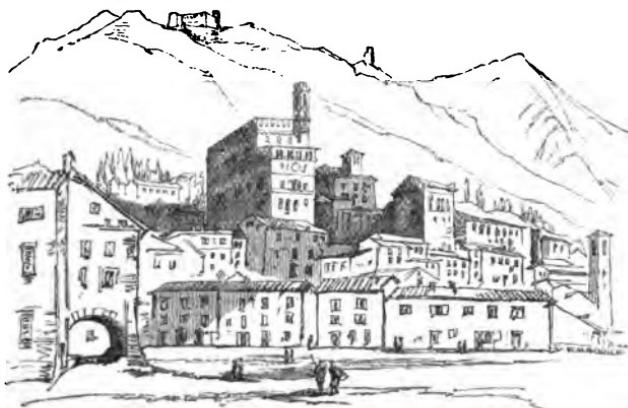
Left, 2nd Chapel (of the Tiranni family). *Giovanni Sanzio*, an important work (ordered by Pietro Tiranni). The Virgin is seated on a throne in a niche, which may be observed as an especial characteristic of Sanzio. On her knees is the Child, at the sides of the throne two angels. That on the left with some reason is said to be the portrait of Raffaelle, then nine years old, and who, with his stepmother, had accompanied his father to Cagli. On one side are SS. Francis and Peter, on the other SS. Dominic and J. Baptist. In the background,

on a mountain, are little figures representing the Resurrection. Above, in a medallion, is God the Father in benediction.

At the side is the tomb by *Bramante* of Battista, wife of Pietro Tiranni, with a Pietà between SS. Jerome and Buonaventura, a fresco hastily painted, but the head of Christ very noble; it is inscribed ‘*Baptistē Conjugi Pientissima Petrus Calliensis Salutem Deprecatur Anno MCCCLXXXI*’ (*sic*).

Right, 2nd Altar. Fra Carnevale. The Annunciation.

The *Church of S. Francesco* contains a number of small frescoes by *Guido Palmerucci*, a Madonna and Child with Saints by *Baroccio*, and a Madonna and Child enthroned, by *Gaetano Lapis da Cagli*.



Gubbio.

A most dreary road leads from Cagli across a succession of hill-passes towards Gubbio. Just as it descends to the town the scenery becomes fine and the city gate is entered after a deep descent through an extraordinary narrow gully hemmed in by the perpendicular precipices of Monte Calvo.

Gubbio is a beautiful place, and singularly preserves its character of the middle ages. Close under the steep mountain-side, upon which its churches and palaces rise in terraces, it stands between the arid desolation of the mountains and the rich luxuriance of a fruitful and fertile plain.

Cypresses break the gloom of its old brown houses, and, above them, high against the mountain-side, stands the beautiful Gothic *Palazzo del Console*, with the remains of the old Ducal Palace on a higher level still. The lower town ends in the wide Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, on one side of which is the *Church of S. Francesco*,¹ containing :—

Choir. Francesco Signorelli. The Conception.

In the upper town two long streets run parallel with one another along the ledges of the hill. The lower of these ends in a Statue of S. Ubaldo. Close by, behind the Church of S. Trinità, is a Virgin and Child enthroned, by *Martino Nelli*. Outside the opposite gate is the *Church of S. Agostino*, which contains :—

Left, 3rd Altar. Ottaviano Nelli. La Madonna del Soccorso.

Right, 2nd Altar. School of Nelli. Madonna with saints, angels, and the souls in purgatory.

Turning into the upper street, we find on the left, the humble *Church of S. Maria Nuova*, which is, in spite of white-wash, a sort of museum of local art. Where the plaster has been scraped away, fragments are shown of beautiful frescoes by *Bernardino Nanni* and *Pintali*. On the left is S. Antonio by *Guido Palmerucci*.

Now, on the right, comes the *Palazzo Comunale*, connected by a line of terraced wall with the noble *Palazzo del Console*. They were formerly united by an open loggia, which has been recently destroyed to suit the whim of the Marchese Brancaleoni, the view from whose palace was injured by it. On the upper side, the Palazzo del Console is entered by an arched staircase and grand Romanesque gateway beautiful in colour. From its platform is a lovely view. The campaniles and convents rise from the silvery

¹ S. Francis was often at Gubbio. His story tells that a wolf who had long ravaged the neighbourhood was rebuked by S. Francis, who promised it a peaceful existence and daily food if it would amend its ways. The wolf agreed to the compact, and placed his right paw in the hand of S. Francis in token of good faith. 'Brother Wolf,' as S. Francis called him, lived afterwards for two years tamely at Gubbio in good fellowship with all, and finally died, much regretted, of old age.

mists of the town against the delicate green of the plain and the faint mountain distances. Over the door is an inscription saying that the building was begun in 1332, and that when that stone was placed there it was Oct. 1335. It leads into an immense hall, containing a good early fresco of the Virgin and Child with saints. On the upper floor is a second hall with a coved roof, and a fountain in its centre ; at the side is a sculptured lava-mano ; on the cornice of the door is inscribed ‘Concordia Parvae Res Crescunt.’ This palace was built for Duke Federigo, probably from its resemblance to Urbino, by Luciano Lauranna. One room is still surrounded with inlaid panels. The inscriptions FL. DVX and G. BALDO. DX in the wood prove that their decorations were only completed under Duke Guidobaldo, after 1482.

Above the palace is the small *Cathedral of SS. Mariano and Giacomo*, a single nave spanned by a long succession of very simple Gothic arches. It contains :—

Left, 1st Chapel. Sinibaldo Ibi, 1507. The Madonna between SS. Sebastian and Ubaldo—one of the three authentic pictures of a rare but feeble master.

3rd Chapel. Timoteo della Vite, 1521. The Story of S. Mary Magdalen.

Last Chapel. Orlando da Perugia. The Nativity—almost identical with the Perugino of S. Agostino at Perugia.

Close to the cathedral are the *Casa dei Canonici*, a mediæval building, and the mutilated remains of the *Ducal Palace*—‘La Corte’—built either by Francesco di Giorgio or Baccio Pontelli. Fe. D. commemorates the great Duke Federigo, its founder, who called his son Ubaldo, after the patron saint of Gubbio. The mountain rises immediately behind the palace, and it stands so perched on its rocky edge, that the paths which approach it must always have been precipitous, as they are still, but the workmanship of the doors and windows, which are all of marble, is most exquisite. Duke Federigo’s private cabinet is decorated with *intarsia* work, in which the Garter with its motto, ‘Honi

soit q. mal i pense,' is the central ornament,¹ having been given to the Duke by Edward IV. of England.

In this palace Federigo di Montefeltro lost his beloved wife Battista, who is represented with him at Florence in the pictures of Piero della Francesca. Celebrated for her learning, in her twentieth year she had pronounced an extempore Latin address to Pius II. and the princes and ambassadors with him at Milan. She died July 6, 1472, aged 26, six months after giving birth to a son after eight daughters. Odisio says that she did not hesitate to offer her own life in return for the gift of a son worthy of his father. She saw in a dream a lovely phoenix perched upon a lofty tree, which, after sitting there for thirty-six days, winged its flight heavenward till it touched the sun and then disappeared in flames. On hearing of her dangerous illness, her husband left the command of the Florentine armies, but only arrived in time to see her expire. She embraced her lord for the last time, caused her infant son to be placed in his arms, and then, in the words of Giovanni Sanzio :—

‘ Chiuse quel santo, onesto e grave ciglio,
Rendendo l’ alma al cielo divotamente,
Libera e sciolta dal mondan periglio.’

Muzio says ‘her death dissolved the most honoured, fitting, and congruous union of that or any other age.’

Among the other churches we may notice *S. Domenico*, in the lower town, which contains :—

Left, 2nd Altar. *Tomasuccio Nelli* (brother of Ottaviano). S. Vincenzo.

Left, 4th Altar. *Giorgio Andreoli.* S. Antonio—a terra-cotta statue.

Right, 3rd Altar. *Raffaellino da Colle, 1546.* Madonna and angels.

The famous *Eugubine Tables* have so often been moved backwards and forwards between S. Pietro and the Palazzo Comunale that one cannot say where they may be found

¹ This was lately offered for sale, and has perhaps already disappeared.

another year. They are of bronze. Their language, their intention, and their importance, has afforded endless discussion and amusement to antiquaries. Of the inscriptions with which they are covered, four are in Umbrian, two in Latin, and one in Etruscan and Latin characters. They were found in 1444, in a subterraneous chamber at La Schieggia, near Gubbio (Iguvium-Jovium, the city of Jupiter). On the highest part of the town a temple of Jupiter Apenninus was once situated.

Outside the walls are some trifling remains of an ancient theatre and other buildings.

(Gubbio is perhaps the best point from which to make the pilgrimage to the famous *Monastery of Avellana*, at one time the retreat of Dante, and where his chamber is still shown. The monastery is situated in the wildest part of the Apennines, under the mountain called *Catria*. Dante speaks of the solitude made for prayer under the projection of the Apennines which is called Catria.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

VOLTERRA AND THE COAST OF ETRURIA.

‘tornemo a Vulterra,
Sopra un monte, che forte e antica,
Quanto en Toscana niuna altra terra.’
Fazio degli Uberti.

‘Lordly Volaterra,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hand of giants
For god-like kings of old.’—*Macaulay.*

(Volterra is most easily reached from Pisa by the branch line from Cecina to Le Saline (9 frs. 5 c. ; 6 frs. 30 c. ; 5 frs. 30 c.), where an omnibus (1 fr. 50 c.) meets the trains. The *Albergo Nazionale* is a clean and good country inn with very moderate charges.)

VOLTERRA, as the ancient *Velathri*, was one of the most important cities of Etruria—and especially so from her position. The Etruscan city was three times as large as the existing Volterra, and its walls, which were four or five miles in circuit, may be traced at a great distance from the present city. It is believed that Volterra was one of the last of the Etruscan cities to fall into the hands of the Romans. In the Middle Ages it was for a short time the residence of the Lombard kings, and greatly as it has decreased in size and importance, it has at no time been wholly deserted. In the 13th century, in which most of the principal buildings were erected, the town had a revival. Since then its prosperity has been chiefly due to its *Alabaster Works*, on which two-thirds of the population are employed.

The town is approached from the station by a long winding hill. On nearing the walls the Etruscan gate is seen on

the left of the road ; then, after winding under the Citadel, the traveller is set down by the omnibus close to the piazza and cathedral, at a very short distance from the inn.

Turning to the right from the Albergo Nazionale and descending a steep street, we reach the famous Etruscan gate, *Porta dell' Arco*, still used as a gate of the city. It is adorned on the outside with three colossal heads, and is a double gate nearly 30 ft. deep united by massive walls. Just within the gate on either side are grooves for a portcullis.



Porta dell' Arco, Volterra.

From hence the Etruscan antiquary should proceed eastward along the walls of the modern town and on to where, below the church of S. Chiara, are some magnificent detached fragments of the ancient walls. The sixth of these is forty feet high and a hundred and forty feet in length : the masses are rudely hewn and put together, and there are no traces of cement.

Returning up the hill from the Porta dell' Arco and turning left into the Piazza, we find, on the left, the stately *Palazzo Comunale*, covered with shields of podestas, some of them in rich terra-cotta frames. Here is the exceedingly interesting *Etruscan Museum*, entirely devoted to objects collected at Volterra. It is well shown by an intelligent

custode. Its most important objects are all sarcophagi with remarkable and varied decorations, and it is worthy of observation that the decoration is always the same for all the members of the same family. All the inscriptions read from right to left. We may notice :

11, 12, 13, 14. As specimens of the earliest sarcophagi—being all terra-cotta.

In the succeeding sarcophagi the decoration of flowers indicates the age of the person contained ; for a young person the flower is single ; for a middle aged, double ; for an old person, triple.

In the centre of this room is a family group from the tomb called I Marmini. The female figure has a pomegranate, the sign of secundity, in her hand ; below are representations of marriage, rearing of children, and education of children. As the art advances the sarcophagi are of alabaster. Here, in Volterra, it is interesting to know that there were alabaster works here 3,855 years ago. In the subjects on these sarcophagi, one family have a representation of the dead person about to mount for departure with a bag full of good and evil deeds ; another, of the same already mounted, but accompanied to the last by his relations.

No. 133 is very curious ; the horses drawing the funeral car are represented as joining in the grief of the mourners.

After this we come to a later phase. Triumphal processions are represented, with music and torches. On the sarcophagi of warriors who have died for their country, a Genius holds the wheel, the symbol of immortality. Following these are mythological subjects, Atalanta and Meleager, Ulysses and the Sirens, the Riddle of Oedipus, and the Birth and Death of Minotaur. The former is quite too funny—the father flies from the horrible monster, the mother clings to an altar.

In No. 371, 372, representing the Siege of Thebes, the Etruscan gate of Volterra, Porta dell' Arco, is introduced.

No. 23 is a gigantic figure found at the entrance of a sepulchre and popularly called 'Il Sordato Barbato.'

'The cinerary urns of Volterra cannot lay claim to a very remote antiquity. They are unquestionably more recent than those of many other Etruscan sites. This may be learned from the style of art—the best, indeed the only safe criterion—which is never of that archaic character found on certain reliefs on the altars or *cippi* of Chiusi and Perugia. The freedom and mastery of design, and the skill in composition, at times evinced, bespeak the period of Roman domination ; while the defects display not so much the rudeness of early art, as the carelessness of the time of decadence.'—*Dennis*.

The *Library* contains a fresco by *Orcagna* of the

Madonna and Saints. There is a small collection of 12th and 13th century *Ivories*, including the Pastoral Staff of the Carthusian Abbot of S. Salvatore, and that of a Bishop of the 12th century. The Second Room contains a Crucifixion of the School of Giotto, and a Madonna by *Lodovico da Firenze*. Amongst the smaller objects preserved here are some little vessels of spun gold and glass, very precious as being of a manufacture of which the art is long since lost.

Close to the palace is the *Cathedral*, consecrated in 1120 by Calixtus II. Its simple and handsome west front was added by *Niccolò Pisano* in 1254. The interior is very handsome, though much injured by paint and stucco. It contains :—

Right, Over door. Fine terra cotta statue of S. Lino.

Right of Right Transept. The Oratory of S. Carlo, which is a perfect gallery of pictures.

Over door. *Bald. Franceschini.* Madonna and Child, with Saints.

Right. *Filippino Lippi.* Madonna and Child, with SS. Bartolomeo and Antonino.

Leonardo da Pistoia. Madonna and Child, with SS. Sebastian, Stephen, Laurence, and Nicholas.

Rosselli. S. Carlo Borromeo.

Benvenuto da Siena. The Nativity. The gradino is by *Benozzo Gozzoli*.

Daniele da Volterra. S. Joseph.

Sodoma. A small Crucifixion.

End Wall. *Camillo Incontri*, finished by *Guido Reni*. The Magdalene.

By a Contadino of Volterra. SS. Francesco and Chiara.

Left Wall. *Pietro d' Alvaro Portoghesi.* Madonna and Child with Saints—a triptych.

Rosso Fiorentino. The Deposition.

Taddeo Bartolo. Madonna and Saints.

Luca Signorelli. The Annunciation. The Virgin has been reading, and in her surprise at seeing the angel has dropped her book. The Almighty appears in the clouds.

(Returning to the Church) *Right of High Altar* is the tomb of S. Octavian by *Raffaelle Cioli*, 1525. The Angels at the sides of the High Altar are by *Mino da Fiesole*.

The *Pulpit* is of c. 1150.

* Resting on four columns, supported by two lions, a bull and a fantastic figure, the breastwork is adorned with reliefs; the first represents

Abraham on the point of sacrificing Isaac, and restrained by an angel hovering down. Then follows the Annunciation, in which an angel likewise appears hovering above; lastly, there is a scene of Christ sitting with His disciples at a meal, while a female figure, pursued by a tiger and a serpent, is seeking protection at His feet. Here the profound symbolic element of Romanesque Art is intermingled, though in form, attitude, and drapery, a style prevails, which is evidently borrowed from the antique.'—*Lübbe*.

Left of Entrance. The tomb of Marco Maffei, Bishop of Cavaillon — 1537.

Opposite the cathedral, standing on a little platform overlooking the valley, is the *Baptistery of S. Giovanni*, which contains :—

Right. *Andrea di Sansovino*, 1502. The old Font, now closed up, with reliefs of the four cardinal virtues and the Baptism of Christ.

Left. *Mino da Fiesole*, 1471. A noble Ciborium.

Descending the steep street which leads from the corner of the piazza to the lower town, we find, on the left, the Monastery dedicated to *S. Lino*, first Bishop of Volterra. It has a remarkably pretty vaulted atrium covered with frescoes by *Cosimo Daddi*, and contains the tomb of the founder Raffaele Maffei, 1523, with his statue by *Silvio da Fiesole* and ornaments by *Fra Angelo Montorsoli*.

Just beyond this, on the right, is the *Church of S. Francesco*. On the right of the high altar is the entrance to the *Cappella della Confraternità della Croce di Giorno* of 1315, decorated with frescoes representing the Life of the Baptist and the finding of the True Cross, by *Cennino*, 1410.

It is well worth while to pass out of the adjoining Porta S. Francesco and go straight on down the road (through a village) for about a mile in order to visit the extraordinary landslip called *Le Balze*. From the left of the road, just under the *Badia di S. Salvatore*, you overlook the most frightful chaos. The rains, washing away the lower strata of blue clay, are perpetually carrying down vast masses of the upper sandstone, and all attempts to stop it have been in vain. It is a horrible scene, looking down into the rifts and precipices of an arid and ghastly desert, and with the

feeling that the flowery surface on which you are standing may be hurled into destruction to-morrow. On the hill-side behind are tolerably perfect remains of some walls of the old Velathrum, now at a great distance from Volterra.

In the opposite direction, turning left from the hotel, are the *Church of S. Michele*, with a good Lombard front of 1285; the *Church of S. Agostino*, containing a picture of the Purification by Il Volterrano, 1630; and the *Citadel*, where the mathematician Lorenzo Lorenzini was imprisoned, 1682-1693, by Cosimo III. in the Torre del Mastio. Pope Pius IX. was educated at the College of S. Michele in Volterra, which he entered in 1803, when he was eleven years old.

Outside the gate near the Citadel is the *Convent of S. Francesco*, containing two good works of the Robbia school.

Outside the Porta Selce also, on the east of Volterra, is the *Villa Inghirami*, with the strange rock labyrinth called *Le Buche dei Saracini*, and a well-preserved Etruscan tomb with forty-eight urns remaining *in situ*. As all the contents of the other principal tomb, *I Marmini*, have been removed to the Museum, it is scarcely worth visiting. The tomb is circular, about 17 ft. in diameter, with a pillar in the centre and a triple tier of benches round the walls, all hewn from the rock, on which the sepulchral urns were placed. Near this are the ruins of another double gate of the city—*Porta di Diana*.

Through the valley below the town runs the little river Cecina, where the young poet Marullo Tarcagnota was drowned as he was returning from Volterra, whither he had gone to visit his friend Il Volterrano. This event inspired a Latin elegy of Ariosto.

The rich *Copper Mines of Monte Catini* and the *Boracic Acid Works* of Count Lardarel at *Lardarello*, near *Pomerance*, the birthplace of Il Pomerancio—Cristoforo Roncalli—may be visited from Volterra, by those who have an interest in such things. The country is savage and desolate.

About 8 miles from Pomerance is the fine ruined *Castle of Rocca Silana*.

(Few, except thoroughgoing Etruscan antiquarians, will care to examine the shore of Etruria, owing to the difficulties which beset such an excursion ; partly from the risks of fever, partly from the miserable accommodation for travellers in this part of Italy. There have been tolerable inns at Orbetello, Grosseto, Campiglia, and Corneto, but they frequently change hands, so that it is not safe to give any definite recommendations.)

Travellers from Pisa to Rome are generally quite oppressed by the ugliness of the country through which they travel. The malaria, which drives away the inhabitants, naturally causes the greater part of the country to be left unilled and neglected, and it is for the most part covered with low brushwood, or left to the dank grass and thistles, which grow where they will over the wind-stricken uplands.

The wood which covers other districts is such as Dante describes :—

‘ Noi ci mettemmo per un bosco
Che da nessun sentiero era segnato.
Non frondi verdi, ma di color fosco,
Non rami schietti, ma nodosi e involti,
Non pomi v’ eran, ma stecchi con tosco.
Non han si aspri sterpi nè si folti
Quelle fiere selvagge, che in odio hanno
Tra Cecina a Corneto i luoghi colti.’

Dante, ‘Inf.’ xiii. 3.

In summer, when the country is less ugly, few see it, for it is more dangerous. Then it is—

‘ The green Maremma !—
A sunbright waste of beauty—yet an air
Of brooding sadness o’er the scene is shed ;
No human footstep tracks the lone domain—
The desert of luxuriance glows in vain.’—*Hemans.*

Once, before the mysterious pestilence was known, this dismal country was thickly populated, and those who have patience, in the safe winter months, to search for its hidden

cities, and endurance to undergo a certain amount of hardship while seeking for them, will not be unrewarded. Yet, while many excursions are made to seek strange ruins in Persia and Arabia, or to lay bare the buried cities of Bashan, the lost cities of the Maremma, so much nearer at hand, remain unheeded and unthought of.

"In the Maremma," saith the proverb, "you get rich in a year, but you die in six months"—*in Maremma s' arricchisce in un anno, si muore in sei mesi.* The peculiar circumstances of the Maremma are made the universal excuse for every inferiority of quantity, quality, or workmanship. You complain of the food or accommodation. My host shrugs his shoulders, and cries, "*Ma che—cosa vuole, signor? siamo in Maremma?*"—What would you have, sir? we are in the Maremma. A bungling smith well-nigh lamed the horse I had hired; to my complaints he replied, "*Cosa vuole, signor? è roba di Maremma.*" "*Maremma-stuff*" is a proverbial expression of inferiority. These lower regions of Italy, in truth, are scarcely deemed worthy of a place in a Tuscan's geography. "*Nel mondo, o in Maremma,*" has for ages been a current saying. Thus Boccaccio's Madonna Lisetta tells her gossip that the angel Gabriel had called her the handsomest woman "in the world or in the Maremma."—*Dennis.*

While the country is a desert, even the later cities are half deserted and ruined.

Guarda, mi disse, al mare ; a vidi piana
 Cogli altri colli la Marema tutta,
 Dilectivole molto, e poco sana.
 Ivi è Massa, Grossetto, e la distracta
 Civita vecchia, e ivi Populonia,
 Che a penna pare tanto è mal conduta.
 Ivè è ancor ove fue la Sendonia.
 Questa città e altre chio non dico,
 Sono per la Marema en verso Roma,
 Famose e grande per lo tempo antico.'

Fazio degli Uberti.

Leaving Cecina, the railway runs near the sea to—

S. Vincenzo (Stat.). Hence it is three hours' drive to *Populonia*, where there is a fine mediaeval castle, still inhabited by the family of Desiderj, who have been its hereditary lords for centuries, and who dwell here in patriarchal

fashion, showing great hospitality to strangers. The walls of the Etruscan Pupluna are a mile and a half in circumference, and consist of rude masses of stone in horizontal layers. This is supposed to have been the most important maritime city of Etruria, and was the only Etruscan city which had a coinage of its own. It probably derived its importance from its nearness to the island of Elba, the iron found there being taken to Populonia to be smelted and exported to other places. Virgil speaks of Populonia as a city of smiths. In B.C. 205, when Scipio was preparing his fleet for Africa, and the Etruscan cities brought him contributions, Populonia supplied the iron.¹ The town never recovered a siege by Sulla, and in the time of Strabo only the temples and a few houses remained in the old city on the height, though the port was still used, and a new town had grown up around it. In the time of Rutilius the place was nothing but ruins, though he mentions a beacon tower for ships on the highest point of the hill. In the 6th century, Gregory the Great describes the complete decay of the place, though it continued to be an episcopal see. The view is beautiful from the hill of—

‘seagirt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descriy
Sardinia’s snowy mountain tops
Fringing the southern sky.’

The hot springs, which were known as Aqua Populonia, are those now called *Le Caldane*, at the foot of the hill of Campiglia, which is capped by some mediaeval ruins. The modern Italian poet, Giosuè Carducci (Enotrio Romano), was a native of Serra, near Populonia, and describes the desolate scenery of this district in his poems.

La Cornia (Stat.). Hence every evening on the arrival of the train from Leghorn a diligence starts for Piombino, occupying two hours on the way. *Piombino* is a small seaside town of no interest. It confers the title of prince upon the Buoncompagni family : Napoleon gave it to his sister

¹ Livy xxviii. 43.

Elisa Bacciochi. In front lies Elba, and nearer, the islets of Palmajola and Cerboli. It is a drive of less than two hours from Piombino to Populonia. A steamer leaves daily at noon and reaches Elba in two hours.

The railway now proceeds through the desolate Tuscan *Maremma*, once sprinkled with flourishing Etruscan cities and villages, but now chiefly covered by asphodel, or woods of cork-trees, with an undergrowth of mastic and myrtle.

Follonica (Stat.). Here there are extensive iron-works, founded by the Grand Duke of Tuscany. A few miles west is the hill-set but malaria-stricken *Massa Maritima*, with a beautiful little 13th-century cathedral, dedicated to S. Cerbone.

The railway now turns inland, passing, on the right, the hill-set *Colonna*, supposed to have been the ancient *Colonia*, near which in B.C. 224 the battle of Telamon took place, when the Cisalpine Gauls were defeated by an unexpected juncture of two Roman armies under the consuls Emilius Paulus and C. Attilius, of whom the latter was slain. On the coast is *Porto di Troja*, the ancient *Portus Trajanus*, and near it the little *Lago di Caldano* and *Porto Falese*, the *Portus Faleria*. Passing the fever-bearing fens of the *Lago di Castiglione*, the *Lacus Prilis* of Pliny, we reach—

Grosseto (Stat.), (*Inni, Aquila*), the capital of the Maremma. The little *Cathedra*' has a marble façade by Sozo Rustichini of Siena, 1293, and a campanile of 1402. Five miles distant are the ruins of *Rusellae*. A guide should be taken from the hot-springs called *I Bagni di Roselle*. Nothing, however, remains except the walls, which enclose a space two miles in circumference, and which are composed of enormous masses of stone, rudely piled up together, but smoothed on their outer surface. On leaving Grosseto the railway crosses the little river *Ombrone*, formerly navigable.

Talamone (Stat.). Several miles west lies the village of Talamone, with an old castle, occupying an Etruscan site,

and said to derive its name from Talamon, the Argonaut. This is supposed to have been the port of Vetulonia, and it was here that Marius landed on his return from Africa in B.C. 87. The few ruins remaining are all of Roman date. The name of the *Torre della Bella Marsilia* records the legend that a beautiful girl of the Marsilj family was carried off thence by pirates to Constantinople, where her charms raised her to the dignity of Sultana. This is the subject of one of the most popular of the refrains with whose melancholy cadences the Maremma peasants make their shores re-echo, beginning—

‘I Turchi son venuti nella Maremma,
E hanno preso via la bella Marsilia.’

The railway crosses the *Osa* (where there are remains of the ancient bridge by which the *Via Aurelia* passed the river) and the *Albegna* before reaching—

Orbetello (Stat.). An omnibus takes travellers in forty minutes to the town. (*Inn, Chiave d’ Oro.*) There is a charming view across the salt lake of Orbetello—a shimmering expanse of still water, studded with fishing-boats, to the abrupt purple cliffs of Monte Argentario. This lagoon, enclosed by sand-banks, adds greatly to the unhealthiness of the surrounding country, while it abundantly supplies it with fish. In the 17th century the town was surrounded by walls by the Spaniards. Towards the sea they rest upon huge Pelasgic blocks of polygonal masonry. Several Etruscan tombs have also been found, but to what lost city these remains belonged has never been discovered.

At the point where the southern sand-bank, called *Feniglia*, extending from Monte Argentario, joins the mainland, are the ruins of *Ansedonia*, the ancient Cosa. It is best to drive (5 m.) from Orbetello to the foot of the hill crowned by the ruins, and to take a guide from the house called *La Selciatella*, in a lane on the right of the high road. An ancient road may be traced all the way up the

conical hill to the ruins, which are situated 600 feet above the sea. The walls, varying from 12 to 30 feet in height, and relieved by towers, of which fourteen are to be seen or traced, enclose a quadrangle rather less than a mile in circuit. There are three gates, occupying the centre of the northern, southern, and eastern walls, and all of them double, but there is no sign of an arch, and they seem to have been spanned by a lintel of wood. In the eastern gate, the door-post, still standing, rises to a height of nearly twenty feet. The interior is now a thicket of thorns and brambles, but from the ramparts the view is most beautiful — Elba is visible, and, in the near distance, the island of Giannutri, the ancient Artemisia. Cosa is believed to have become a Roman colony B.C. 280. Its fidelity to the Romans, during the second Punic war, is mentioned by Livy.¹ Rutilius records the tradition that the enemies who finally drove the inhabitants from the town were an army of mice —

‘Cernimus antiquas nullo custode ruinas,
Et desolatae moenia foeda Cosae.
Ridiculam cladis pudet inter seria causam
Promere ; sed risum dissimulare piget.
Dicuntur cives quondam migrare coacti,
Muribus infestos deseruisse lares.
Credere maluerim Pygmeae damna cohortis,
Et conjuratias in sua bella grues.’ — I. 285.

A delightful excursion may be made from Orbetello to *Monte Argentaro*, the ancient Mons Argentarius. On the summit of one of its two peaks is *Il Retiro*, a Passionist convent. On the south-eastern shore, in a beautiful situation at the base of the mountain, is *Porto d' Ercole*, the ancient Portus Herculis, which served as the port of Cosa, in the territory of which town the whole of the Mons Argentarius was included.

About eight miles inland from Orbetello is *Magliano*, a wretched village with an old castle, lying between the Osa and Albegna. Rather more than half-way to this, the

Etruscan antiquary, Dennis, was led to make researches which resulted in the identification of an undoubted Etruscan site (round which a circuit of walls, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. in circumference, may with difficulty be traced) with the long-lost and much-sought city of *Vetulonia*, a place of first-rate magnitude, one of the five cities which undertook to assist the Latins against Tarquinius Priscus, one of the twelve great towns of Etruria,¹ and the place whence Rome derived its lictors and fasces and the use of brazen trumpets in war.² Several painted tombs have been found near this, but have been reclosed.

Through the wretched fever-stricken Maremma the railway continues to—

Montalto (Stat.). The dismal town stands on a hill around its castle $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. from the station, and is only interesting as having given a cardinal's title to Sixtus V., whose father, Peretto Peretti, a gardener, had lived there in the utmost poverty, till driven by his debts to Fermo, shortly before the birth of the future Pope.

(It is possible for those who wish to visit Volci to find rooms at Montalto, not in the miserable inn, but in a private house. Those who are not greatly pressed for time will do better to sleep at Civita Vecchia, and take the first morning train to Montalto, whence it is a drive or walk of five miles to Volci.

Volci (Ponte del Abbadia) should only be visited in the winter or early spring. It is one of the most fever-stricken places in the whole country. A rough country cart is the only conveyance to be obtained at Montalto.)

A most desolate wind-stricken track leads from Montalto to Ponte del Abbadia, and, owing to the prevalence of malaria, the country is entirely uninhabited. The tumulus of La Cucumella is the only feature which breaks the bare outline of the trackless wastes.

This dismal prelude makes the transition all the more striking, when a path, turning down a hollow to the right, leads one into the beautiful ravine of the sparkling river *Fiora*, which forces its way through a rocky chasm over-

¹ Dion. Hal. iii. 5x; Plin. iii. 5.

² Sil. Ital. viii. 485.

hung with a perfect wealth of ilex, arbutus, and bay, and is one of the most beautiful streams in Italy. The views near the bridge no one will omit, but there is a most lovely spot about a mile lower down the river called 'Il Pelago' (where an Etruscan bridge is said once to have existed), at which the river forms a deep rocky pool overhung by rocks and evergreens, which should also be visited, and, if possible, be painted.

Hence an ill-defined path leads along the edge of the



Ponte del Abbadia, Volci.

cliffs to the Ponte del Abbadia, which presents one of the most glorious scenes in Italy. A gigantic bridge spans the river at a height of ninety-six feet, striding from one great orange-coloured cliff to another by a single mighty arch ; while on the other side, close to the bridge, rises a most picturesque mediaeval castle with a tall square tower. From bridge and rocks alike, hang stupendous masses of stalactites, often twenty feet in length, giving a most weird character to the scene, and formed by many centuries of dripping water, charged with tartaric matter. The whole view is filled with colour ; the smoke of the large fires which the guards at the castle burn to keep off the malaria adds to the effect, and the utter desolation of the surrounding country only renders it more impressive.

Scarcely anything is known of the history of Volci

beyond the fact of the defeat and conquest of its people, together with those of Volsinii, in B.C. 280, by the Roman consul Titus Coruncanius. The city, however, was not destroyed then, and continued to exist in imperial times, as is proved by inscriptions which have been found there, including even some early Christian epitaphs. Now, however, scarcely a trace of the ancient city remains, and only a few fragments of wall, of imperial date, stand here and there above ground on the table-land which it once occupied on the right bank of the Fiora, and which is still known as *Pian di Voce*.

Comparatively little also is now to be seen in the famous Necropolis of Volci, which occupied the summits of the cliffs on both sides of the Fiora about a mile below the Ponte del Abbadia ; for though they are absolutely inexhaustible in the treasures of painted pottery, exquisite bronzes, and delicately-wrought gold ornaments which adorn half the museums in Europe, the proprietors of the soil are so greedy of space, that a sepulchre is no sooner rifled of its contents, than it is filled up again. The tombs were first discovered by the earth falling in when some men were ploughing in 1828. After that, Lucien Bonaparte bought the Principality of Canino on the advice of Pius VII., and made considerable excavations, which were continued by his family, who appropriated the riches they afforded.

The points best worth visiting are on the left bank of the Fiora. Here is the great sepulchral mound of *La Cucumella*, 200 feet in diameter and above 40 feet high, once encircled by a wall of masonry. It was opened in 1829, but has been closed again. Two towers, one round and the other square, have been disclosed in the upper part of the mound, and it is supposed that there may have been once five of these towers or cones, as in the tomb of Aruns at Albano. Beneath the towers were found two chambers approached by long passages, guarded by the sphinxes which are now at Musignano.

Very near this is a walled tumulus called *La Rotonda* ;

and beyond it, near the Fiora, another smaller mound, called *La Cucumelletta*, which was opened in 1832. Near these an enormous tomb was discovered in 1857, consisting of a principal chamber with a pyramidal roof, surrounded by a series of smaller crypts, and approached by a passage 100 feet long. The principal tomb is surrounded by paintings —Achilles sacrificing to the Manes of Patroclus ; Ajax and Cassandra at the altar of Minerva ; Masarna releasing Caeles Vibenna from his bonds, and other subjects, in good preservation. A tomb, opened in 1840, and reclosed, called the 'Grotta d' Iside,' was very curious, as containing painted ostrich-eggs, vases, and ointment-pots decorated with figures of Isis, all evidently of Egyptian origin, as well as the effigies of the two ladies in whose honour it was constructed, one a miniature full-length marble figure, the other a bronze bust. On the opposite side of the Fiora, a tumulus, opened by Campanari in 1835, contained the skeleton of a warrior, with helm on his head, ring on his finger, and a confused mass of broken and rusted weapons at his feet. The *Grotta del Sole e della Luna*, opened in 1830, consists of eight chambers with walls and ceilings carved in regular patterns. Beyond that part of the necropolis known as *La Polledrara*, the little river Timone flows under a natural arch called the *Ponte Sodo*, a miniature of that at Veii.

A visit to Volci finds its natural sequel at the *Palace of Musignano*, five miles distant, the property of Prince Torlonia, who bought it in 1854 from the Roman Bonapartes, with whom it was a favourite residence. It is an ordinary villa built on the site of the Franciscan Abbey ('Abbadia') which gave a name to the bridge at Volci. The gate and courtyard are adorned with griffins and lions from La Cucumella, but the collection of antiquities within, formed by Lucien Bonaparte and his widow, has been long since dispersed. The gardens and shrubberies, which are of great extent, are now overgrown and neglected. There is a lake with an island planted with willows from the grave at S. Helena.

The little town of *Canino*, which gives a princely title to the descendants of Lucien Bonaparte, is about two miles from the villa, at the foot of the hill called *Monte di Canino*. In the church is a monument by *Pampaloni* to Prince Lucien, who died at Viterbo and is buried here, with his second wife. The Monte de Canino is 1,380 feet in height, and, in its lonely position and limestone formation, greatly resembles Soracte. It is possible to proceed in a carriage from Canino to Toscanella, about nine miles distant.

Corneto (Stat.).

Corneto, 1½ m. distant from the station (where there are seldom any carriages), may easily be seen in the day from Rome by taking the earliest train on the Leghorn Railway and returning by the latest; or it may be combined with an excursion to Ponte del Abbadia, by sleeping. There is now (1883) a tolerable inn at Corneto. The first care of every one on arriving should be to secure the services of the custode of the tombs on the Monterozzi, who will supply lights.

Corneto—‘the Queen of the Maremma’—crows a long ridge of hill with its towers, and, beyond it, rises another and barren ridge, which was the site of the ancient Tarquinii. The battlemented walls of the town are very picturesque. Close to the gate by which we enter is the magnificent old Gothic palace of Cardinal Vitelleschi, whose splendid flamboyant windows are so little appreciated by the inhabitants of the town that it has obtained the name of *Il Palazzaccio*—the great ugly palace. The courtyard has a beautiful cloister, with open galleries above, but the building is miserably neglected.

Cardinal Vitelleschi, who built this palace, is mentioned by a contemporary chronicler as ‘the most valorous captain of his time,’ and was strangely rewarded by Eugenius IV. (1431-47) with a Cardinal’s hat for his services as general of the papal armies. In his honour also an equestrian statue was erected in the Capitol by the Roman Senate, with the title of Pater Patriae, which had been bestowed upon Augustus; and, at the same time, because they were his fellow-townsmen, the Roman citizenship was conferred upon all the inhabitants of Corneto. After rising to the highest

point of prosperity, Cardinal Vitelleschi was suspected of treason by Pope Eugenius, and he was arrested as he was passing the castle of S. Angelo, but received so many wounds in attempting to defend himself and escape, that he died in the fortress in 1440, after only four days of imprisonment. His shield of arms, with two heifers in allusion to his name, still hangs over his palace gate, and Corneto still possesses the great bell of Palestrina, which he carried off, when he took and totally destroyed that famous fortress of the Columnas.

A lane, behind the palace, leads to the *Cathedral*—S. Maria di Castello—a good specimen of 12th-century archi-



Cathedral, Corneto.

ture. It contains a curious pulpit of 1209, with lions on its staircase, a beautiful opus-alexandrinum pavement, an altar with a baldacchino inscribed 1060, and some tombs of bishops. The baptistery is octagonal, surrounded with slabs of different coloured marble. Separated from the church, stands its massive square campanile, shorn of one-third of its original height, and of the statues of horses from Tarquinii, which are said once to have stood on the angle at its summit. Outside the neighbouring gate is the most picturesque view of Corneto—its old houses, its tall square towers, and its steep natural fortifications of cliff.

At the opposite end of the town is the *Palazzo Bruschi*,

containing many Etruscan antiquities, and possessing a beautiful garden of cypresses, decorated with Etruscan vases and tombs, and with a glorious view over the sea and its islands and towards the promontory of Argentara.

In one of the convent churches in the town, of which they had been patrons in their lifetime, the body of Letitia Bonaparte—‘Madame Mère’—(who died at Rome), with that of her brother, Cardinal Fesch, reposed for some years, but they are now removed to Corsica, to a church which the cardinal had founded.

The hill of Turchina, separated from that of Corneto by a deep valley through which flows the brook Sariva, was the site of Tarquinii itself. It derives its name from Tarchon, a legendary companion of Aeneas in two wars against Turnus and Mezentius, who is said to have founded the city 1200 B.C., and to have been possessed of such wonderful wisdom, even from childhood, that he was born with a hoary head.¹ Silius Italicus² speaks of ‘superbi Tarchontis domus’; but other authorities attribute the foundation of the city to the mysterious boy Tages, a grandson of Jupiter, by whom the Etruscans were instructed in their mysterious rites,³ and consider that Tarquinii thus came to be considered as the religious metropolis of Etruria, and continued to be regarded as the city especially favoured by the gods.

In the first century of Rome, Demaratus, a rich Corinthian merchant, migrated to Etruria, owing to political dissensions in his own country, and settled at Tarquinii, where he married an Etruscan lady, by whom he had two sons. He first taught the Etruscans alphabetical writing, and he brought with him Cleopantus the painter, and Euchir and Eugrammus, workers in terra-cotta, who instructed the people in their respective arts. The younger son of Demaratus, Lucumo or Lucius, married a noble Etruscan lady named Tanaquil, but nevertheless found every avenue to distinction closed to strangers amongst the Etruscans. Thus, after he had succeeded to his father’s wealth, on his elder

¹ Strabo, v. 219.

² viii. 473.

³ Ovid, *Met.* xv. 558.

brother's death, his wife Tanaquil, who had the national gift of reading the future, urged him to emigrate to Rome. An augury confirmed her words : for when they reached the top of the Janiculan, an eagle swooped down, lifted the hat of Lucumo into the air, and, returning, replaced it on his head. He was welcomed to Rome, received the rights of Roman citizenship, changed his name into Lucius Tarquinius, was made guardian of the king's sons, and was eventually himself raised to the throne as Tarquinius Priscus.

The people of Tarquinii continued mindful of their consanguinity to the Tarquins, and joined with the people of Veii in attempting to reinstate the last king when he was exiled. After this they were frequently at war with Rome, success alternating pretty equally between the two cities. In the 5th century of Rome, Tarquinii fell completely under its dominion. In the 8th and 9th centuries of the Christian era it was devastated by the Saracens, and in 1307 it was entirely deserted and its buildings were utterly destroyed by the people of Corneto, then called Cortuessa, when the seat of the bishopric (founded in 465) was removed, under its fifth occupant, to the new town.

Behind and beyond Corneto stretch the barren rugged heights of the *Monterozzi*, the Necropolis of old Tarquinii. Nothing is to be seen above ground but low mounds scattered over the table-land. The number of tombs it contains has, however, been computed at not less than two millions, and the Necropolis is considered to be sixteen miles in extent! Excavations are still being made. Above 2,000 tombs have been opened, but only a few can now be visited. Amongst the most remarkable of these are :

The *Grotta Querciola*, so called from its owner, surrounded by a double frieze of frescoes, representing, in the upper series, a banquet with musicians and dancers, and in the lower, a boar-hunt in a forest, with horses and dogs, and men brandishing spears for the attack and axes for cutting their way through the thickets. The latter fresco has sometimes given the name of 'Grotta della Caccia del Cignale' to this beautiful tomb, which is much injured by damp. It was discovered in April, 1831.

The *Grotta del Triclinio*, or *Del Convito Funebre*, was discovered in 1830. Five figures at the upper end of the chamber are reclining at a banquet, attended by a boy with a wine jug, while a man is piping to them. Above, are vines, with men gathering the grapes. Along the walls are figures, male and female, violently dancing, in different attitudes, and separated by trees and flowers, with birds on their branches, and rabbits beneath, perhaps indicating that the feast took place *al fresco*. On either side of the entrance is a man on horseback, and, above them, two panthers. The sloping sides of the ceiling are painted with chequers of colour, and its broad central beam is adorned with ivy and lotus leaves.

The *Grotta del Morto*, opened 1832, is one of the most interesting of the series of tombs, though one of the smallest. In its frescoes an aged Etruscan lies on his death-bed, while his daughter is about to give him a last kiss : other figures stand near in attitudes of grief. The word 'Thanarsela' is written above the head of the lady, and 'Thanaueil' over that of her father. On the opposite side of the chamber naked figures are dancing and drinking at a feast in honour of the dead. Funeral wreaths hang round the walls of the tomb. In this, as in all the tombs, the flesh of the males is painted red, but that of the women left uncoloured. The paintings here are greatly effaced.

The *Grotta de' Pompéi*, or *Grotta del Tifone*, discovered 1832, is deeper than the others, and of great size. The roof is supported by a great square pillar, like those at Cervetri, and a triple tier of stone seats surrounds the chamber. On these are a number of stone sarcophagi, once surmounted by recumbent figures, of which two only remain perfect. One of the paintings which decorate the walls, considered by Dennis to be 'of much later date and higher style of art' than those in the other tombs, represents a miniature procession, in which the dead, a youth and a girl, are driven by demons to Hades. One of them has his claw upon the shoulder of the youth, and brandishes a hammer, the emblem of supernatural power, in the other hand. The heads of both are twined with serpents :—

‘Serpentelli e ceraste avean per crine
Onde le fiere tempie eran avvinte.’—Dante.

In front of the central pillar is a square mass of rock, which is supposed to have been an altar, on which sacrifices were made to the Manes. The front of the pillar itself bears an Etruscan inscription of nine lines, almost obliterated. Three sides of the pillar also are painted, one with a female figure ending in foliage, the others with Typhons.

The *Grotta del Cardinale*, in a hollow which leads towards the site of the city, was discovered in 1699, and finally opened in 1780 by Cardinal Gerampi, Bishop of Corneto. This is the largest of the tombs, being fifty-four feet square, with a low flat ceiling, divided by concentric squares, and supported by four massive pillars of the natural rock.

The paintings in this tomb have been greatly injured by the shepherds, who used to light their fires here, before it was protected by the Papal Government. Only the outlines can be traced, and that with difficulty. The figures represent, for the most part, a contest of good and evil spirits for the souls of the departed, like those which so long after were depicted by Orcagna at Pisa, and by Luca Signorelli at Orvieto. In one striking part of the series a soul is being whee'ed in a car before the judge by good and evil genii, who try to draw different ways. The evil genii are all black.

The next group of sepulchres is further on across the Monterozzi, two miles from Corneto.

The *Grotta delle Bighe* is covered with much-injured but once brilliant frescoes, representing on the end wall a banquet, on the side walls dances. The paintings are in a double frieze, the lower and larger of the two having a red ground. The smaller frieze is crowded with figures, and among them are several *bigae* or two-horse chariots, whence the name given to the tomb. In the pediment over the door are two leopards and two geese, in the pediment above the banquet is a large amphora with a small naked figure on either side, and, beyond these, seated figures crowned with myrtle and olive.

The *Grotta del Mare* consists of two small chambers measuring fifteen feet by ten, and derives its name from four sea-horses painted upon the pediment of the outer chamber.

The *Grotta del Barone*, so called from Baron Stachelberg, by whom it was discovered in 1827, is decorated by a single narrow frieze, with a border of coloured stripes. The subject seems to be a race and the distribution of prizes.

The *Grotta Francesca*, discovered by Chevalier Kestner in 1833, is decorated with representations of a funeral dance with pipes and castanets.

The *Grotta delle Iscrizioni*, discovered in 1828, is unlike the others. It is not situated in flat table-land, but is entered from the face of the cliff opposite the hill of Turchina. It is sometimes called the 'Grotta delle Camere Finte' from the false doors, which form part of its decorations, one in each wall. Between these are different pictures, games and dances being the subjects. Two figures seem to be playing at dice, two naked men are boxing, two others are wrestling. In another compartment is a horse-race, in another a Bacchic dance. On the right of the entrance is a boy sacrificing a fish upon an altar, before which stands the divinity with a rod in his hand. Over his head is written 'Welthur.' Above the entrance are two panthers, and beyond them, on either side, a recumbent fawn and a goose. On the opposite pediment are panthers, lions, and stags.

* The inscriptions in this tomb give us some insight into its history.

The first is a long semicircular line of letters, and may be translated—“The Priestess Caesanna Matuessa calls these games in honour of the Lar deceased, the glory of his age, the protector of our temples and our commerce.” Following this comes the funeral procession. First, the newly-elected Lar Matusius, perhaps brother to the priestess, then the families of the Lucumones, who are his nearest of kin, or whose offices oblige them to bear a part in his funeral train. One individual only is given of each family, on account of the confined space in which they are represented. Here we see (identified by the names inscribed on the walls) the Lenea and the Pompey, both very noble houses of Tarquinii. Following them, the Prince Aruns Athvinacna, representing the younger branches of the ruling house. Aruns means a cadet prince. After this come the Laris Phanuris or sacred mourners for the king, and the Velthuri or presidents of the various games and sacrifices. The races are contested by the royal guard, here called “Laris Larthia” or “Guardia Nobile.” The wrestling is between Nucertetes, or Nicotetes, and “the Greek,” perhaps some celebrated freedman or slave. The boxing is between Anthasi and Verenes the son of Mea. This at least is a probable version of the story, and satisfied us after a very long and careful study of this tomb. The deceased Lar himself is not mentioned amongst the inscriptions, for his name and simple epitaph would be deeply engraved upon his ponderous coffin, which lay, with his likeness in full length upon the lid of it, on one side of this painted chamber.’—*Mrs. Hamilton Gray.*

Beneath one of the tumuli of the Monterozzi, the Gonfaloniere of Corneto, Signor Carlo Avvolta, opened, in 1823, the wonderful virgin tomb, whose discovery led to all the other excavations near Corneto. He was digging for stones, for road-mending, when he came upon a large slab of *nenfro*. Gazing through a crevice beneath it, he says :—

‘I saw a warrior stretched on a bed of rock, and in a few minutes I saw him vanish, as it were, under my eyes; for, as the atmosphere entered the tomb, the armour, entirely oxydised, crumbled away into the most minute particles; so that in a short time scarcely a vestige of what I had seen was left on the couch. . . . Such was my astonishment, that it would be impossible to express the effect produced upon my mind by this sight; but I may safely affirm that it was the happiest moment of my existence.’

Turning down from the Monterozzi by the Grotta del Cardinale into the valley, the tourist should not fail to mount the opposite heights of *Turchina*, or *Piano di Civita*, for, though there are no remains of the city except a few

blocks of the masonry which formed the foundations of its walls, the view is most beautiful of the orange-coloured cliffs which are crowned by the towers of Corneto, and, beyond, of the wide expanse of blue sea with the beautiful headland of Monte Argentario, its neighbouring islets of Giglio and Giannuti, and, in the distance, Elba, and even Monte Cristo.



Corneto.

Some extraordinary caverned tombs, once adorned with bas-reliefs, which may still be traced here and there, exist at the spot called *La Mercareccia*, about a mile from Corneto, reached by a lane which turns off to the left above the road to Civita Vecchia.

Halfway between Corneto and Civita Vecchia the railway crosses the little river *Mignone*, anciently the Minio. At its mouth stands the solitary tower of Bertaldo, marking the site of the Roman station Rapinium. It is popularly called *S. Agostino* from the charming story of the Bishop of Hippo which is associated with this spot.

'While busied in writing his *Discourse on the Trinity*, S. Augustine wandered along the sea-shore lost in meditation. Suddenly he beheld a child, who, having dug a hole in the sand, appeared to be bringing water from the sea to fill it. Augustine inquired what was the object of

his task? He replied, that he intended to empty into this cavity all the waters of the great deep. "Impossible!" exclaimed Augustine. "Not more impossible," replied the child, "than for thee, O Augustine! to explain the mystery on which thou art now meditating."—Jameson's '*Sacred Art*'.

Civita Vecchia (Stat.).

Omnibus to town, 20 c. ; each box, 40 c.

Boat to steamer, 50 c. ; each box, 50 c. ; bags, &c. 25 c. (tariff).

Inns—*Albergo Orlandi*, dear ; *Europa*.

Civita Vecchia, the ancient Centumcellae, is utterly devoid of interest, and, in the eyes of those who are arriving at Rome by sea, is only connected with much discomfort and an ardent desire to get away. The origin of the place is entirely due to the construction of its port by Trajan, of which Pliny has left an account.¹ The description which Rutilius gives is equally applicable now :—

' Ad Centumcellas forti defleximus Austro ;
 Tranquillâ puppes in statione sedent.
 Molibus aequoreum concluditur amphitheatum,
 Angustosque aditus insula facta tegit ;
 Attollit geminas turres, bifidoque meatu,
 Faucibus arctatis pandit utrumque latus.
 Nec posuisse satis laxo navalia portu,
 Ne vaga vel tutas ventilet aura rates.
 Interior medias sinus invitatus in aedes
 Instabilem fixis aëra nescit aquis.'—I. 237.

(A few miles east of Civita Vecchia are the *Aquae Taurinae*, with remains of ancient walls, much frequented for gout and rheumatism, and eight miles farther, picturesquely situated in a wild hilly district, is *Tolfa*, with mineral baths of great local celebrity. A little to the west of this is *Aluminiera*, with very remunerative alum-mines.)

Leaving Civita Vecchia, the railway passes the Torre Chiaruccia on Capo Linaro, marking the site of Castrum Novum, a station on the Via Aurelia. Passing near the *Puntone del Castrato*, which has some Etruscan tombs, it reaches—

¹ *Ep. vi. 31.*

Santa Marinella (Stat.), with a mediaeval castle overhanging the sea, and a palm-tree in its garden. It is supposed to mark the site of the station of Punicum. An ancient bridge remains, by which the Via Aurelia crossed a stream.

Santa Severa (Stat.) has a picturesque mediaeval castle projecting into the sea and built upon a foundation of irregular polygonal blocks of masonry, being a remnant of the Pelasgic walls, which may be traced for some distance enclosing a quadrangular space about half a mile in circuit, and which marks the site of Pyrgi, the ‘*Pyrgi veteres*’ of Virgil,¹ and the port of Caere, from which it is six miles distant.

Pyrgi was famous for its temple of Eileithyia, or Leucothea, founded by the Pelasgians, and so exceedingly wealthy, that when in B.C. 384 Dionysius of Syracuse descended upon Pyrgi, he carried off treasure from it to the amount of 1,000 talents. There are no remains of the temple existing. Strabo speaks of the town as a small one, and in the time of Rutilius it was only a large villa.

‘*Alsia praelegitur tellus, Pyrgique recedunt;
Nunc villae grandes, oppida parva prius.*’—‘*Itin.*’ i. 223.

Passing, on the right, the square tower called *Torre Flavia*, we reach—

Palo (Stat.), now a tiny hamlet, with a 17th-century fortress on the sea-coast, marking the site of Alsium on the Via Aurelia, where Pompey had a villa, to which he retired in disgust when refused the dictatorship. Julius Caesar possessed a villa here, where he landed on his return from Africa, and to which all the nobles of Rome hastened to greet him. The Emperor Marcus Aurelius also had a villa at Alsium, to which several of the epistles of Fronto are addressed, who speaks of the place as ‘*maritimus et voluptarius locus*.’ Nothing now remains of the ancient town but some foundations of the villas near the sea-shore. The origin of Alsium is ascribed by Silius Italicus to Halaesus.

¹ *Aen.* x. 184.

(The best way of reaching the wonderful Cervetri is to walk from Palo. Sometimes it is possible to obtain a hired gig at Palo, especially if one can write beforehand to order it from Cervetri. Seven francs is the proper price, to which the *vetturini* agree for going and returning, but the bargain must be made before leaving Palo. The sights of Cervetri must be visited in time to catch the evening train to Rome, for the only inn at Cervetri is so utterly wretched, it would be scarcely possible to pass the night there.)

Even from the station, the white walls of Cervetri may be discovered under the low-lying gray hills upon the right. The distance by the fields is about four miles, but by the high road it is nearly six. The former path turns off to the right, just after the road has crossed the Vaccina rivulet, and is not difficult to find, but it is impervious in times of flood, as near Cervetri another brook has to be crossed upon stepping-stones. This is the 'Caeretanus Amnis' of Pliny,¹ which is mentioned by Virgil :—

‘Est ingens gelidum lucus prope Caeritis amnem,
Religione patrum late sacer ; undique colles
Inclusere cavi et nigrâ nemus abiete cingunt.
Silvano fama est veteres sacrasse Pelasgos.’—‘Aen.’ viii. 597.

The most conspicuous feature in distant views of the town is the ugly castle of Prince Ruspoli, who is Prince of Cervetri, and to whom most of the land in this neighbourhood belongs. The people all work in gangs, long lines of men and women in their bright costumes digging the land together. Most travellers who come upon them thus, will be struck with the rude songs with which they accompany their work, one often leading, and the rest taking up the chorus in melancholy cadences.

Cervetri was called Agylla by the Pelasgi, and Caere by the Etruscans. Tradition says that the latter name was given to it because when the Etruscan colonists were about to besiege it, they hailed it, demanded its name, and a soldier on the walls answered *Xaīpe*—‘hail !’ which they afterwards chose, upon its capture, for the name of the city.

The earliest mention of Agylla is to be found in Hero-

dots.¹ Its Tyrrhenian inhabitants, having conquered the Phocaeans in battle, cruelly stoned to death the prisoners they brought back with them. Afterwards every living creature who approached the spot where this tragedy had been enacted was seized with convulsions or paralysis. The oracle of Delphi was consulted how the wrath of the gods might be appeased, and the people of Caere were commanded to celebrate the obsequies of the slain and annually to hold games in their honour, which, says Herodotus, was done up to his time.

Virgil indicates the early importance of Agylla by describing that its ruler Mezentius sent 1,000 men to assist Turnus against Aeneas.

‘Haud procul hinc saxo incolitur fundata vetusto
Urbis Agyllinae sedes ; ubi Lydia quondam
Gens, bello praeclara, jugis insedit Etruscis.
Hanc multos florentem annos rex deinde superbo
Imperio et saevis tenuit Mezentius armis.’—*Aen.* viii. 478.

In the time of the Roman monarchy Caere was one of the chief places in Etruria, and it became one of the twelve cities of the league. When Tarquinius Superbus was expelled from Rome, Livy relates that, with his two younger sons, he took refuge at Caere. In 365, during the Gaulish invasion, Caere became the refuge of the vestal virgins and the Flamen Quirinalis, and its people are said to have successfully attacked the Gauls who were returning with the spoil of Rome, and to have taken it from them. From the belief that the Etruscan priests of Caere first instructed the Romans in their mystic religious rites has been deduced the word ceremony—‘Caeremonia’.

In the early times of the Empire the town is described by Strabo as having already lost all signs of its ancient splendour, but in the time of Trajan its medicinal waters—Aquaee Caeritanae, the same which Livy mentions as flowing with blood—led to some return of its ancient prosperity. From the 4th to the 11th century it possessed a cathedral

and a bishop, but since then it has increasingly decayed, part of the inhabitants removing to a town on another site—*Ceri Nuovo* (3 m. east of Cervetri)—and leaving to the old city the name of Caere Vetus—Cervetri. As we pass the ruined church of ‘La Madonna dei Canneti’ in the reedy hollow, and ascend the hill of Cervetri, the walls built by its Orsini barons rise picturesquely along the crest of the hill, constructed with huge blocks of orange-coloured tufa taken from the Etruscan fortifications. They end in a picturesque mediaeval gateway.

Here we must enter the town to engage the custode of the tombs and insist upon his accompanying us, which, with true Italian love of ‘*far niente*,’ he is not always very willing to do. Lights must also be taken. The ancient city, which was of oblong form, was nearly five miles in circuit, and filled the promontory, one small corner of which is occupied by the mediaeval town. Of the Etruscan city scarcely anything, except a few fragments of wall rising upon the tufa cliffs, can be discovered ; but it is not so with the Necropolis.

One must descend the path which turns to the right outside the gateway, leading immediately under the walls over some waste ground covered with the Virgin’s thistle, and down a steep path into the ravine of *La Buffalareccia*, watered by the stream called ‘Ruscello della Madonna de’ Canneti.’ Mounting the opposite hill, we find ourselves on high breezy downs overgrown with sweet basil and violets, and with a delightful view towards the sea, as well as to the mediaeval city rising on its orange crags, half-buried in bay and ilex. This hill-side is now called *La Banditaccia*—from being *terra-bandita*, land set apart by the commune, while the final syllable of the name is due to its unproductive character—and this was the Necropolis of Caere. Many of the tombs were hollowed in the cliffs as in Northern Etruria, but the largest and most remarkable are burrowed out of the tufa beneath the upland turf, and are often quite unmarked externally, but in other cases indicated by a tumulus.

Many of the tombs are worth visiting, but that which is far the most striking is the furthest in the line, the *Grotta dei Bassi-Relievi*, which is often filled with water, and difficult of access. When we first visited Cervetri, we considered this vast sepulchral chamber adorned with huge shields and other weapons, sculptured in the boldest relief out of the solid rock, and casting long shadows in the glare of the torchlight, one of the most striking sights we ever looked upon. But during our last visit the tomb was quite inaccessible from the water with which it was filled.

The *Grotta de' Tarquinj*, the tomb of the Tarquins, the family of the last of the Roman kings, is most interesting. It consists of two stories; the lower chamber is reached from the upper, and is covered



Cervetri.

with inscriptions rudely cut and painted in red or black, in which the name of Tarchnas occurs at least thirty-five times.

The *Grotta dell' Architettura* is supported by two huge fluted columns. It is surrounded by a shelf, with divisions all round for two bodies in each, and has an inner chamber for the heads of the family.

The *Grotta de' Sarcophagi* still contains three large tombs of alabaster—‘a kind from the Circean Promontory.’ Two of these support grand figures of warriors. One lies flat upon his back like a Templar, the other has turned away upon his side towards the wall. The third sarcophagus has no figure, and is beautifully transparent. It is so seldom that monumental effigies can still be seen *in situ* in the Etruscan sepulchres, that this tomb is most interesting, as well as wonderfully impressive and picturesque. It is often filled with water, but it is still possible to enter, by creeping round the couches upon which the sarcophagi are laid, and the reflection of the torches in the water adds to the effect of the scene.

The *Grotta del Triclinio* is covered with nearly-effaced paintings of a very archaic character, banqueting scenes, repeated again and again, and animals. This tomb takes its name from the benches of rock, to support the dead, which surround it. Bas-reliefs of a boar and a panther are sculptured near the entrance. The paintings in this tomb are especially interesting, because Pliny mentions ancient paintings, believed to be of earlier date than the foundation of Rome, as existing in his time at Caere.¹

These are the most remarkable of the tombs on 'La Banditaccia,' but there is another tomb on the other side of the road, leading up to Cervetri, which should be visited, not so much for what it is now, but as the place where the most remarkable of the Etruscan ornaments now in the Vatican were discovered. This tomb is called the *Grotta Regolini-Galassi* from its discoverers, the arch-priest Regolini of Cervetri and General Galassi. The opening to the tomb is a rude arch surmounted by a block of *nenfro*, under a low bank in a ploughed field. This gives entrance to two chambers.

'In the outer chamber, at the further end (when the tomb was opened), lay a bier of bronze, formed of narrow cross-bars, with an elevated place for the head. The corpse which had lain on it had long since fallen to dust. By its side stood a small four-wheeled car, or tray of bronze, with a basin-like cavity in the centre. On the other side of the bier lay some twenty or thirty little earthenware figures, probably the lares of the deceased. At the head and foot of the bier stood a small iron altar or tripod. At the foot lay also a bundle of darts, and a shield; and several more shields rested against the wall. All were of bronze, and beautifully embossed, but apparently for ornament alone. Nearer the door stood a four-wheeled car, which, from its size and form, seemed to have borne the bier to the sepulchre. And just within the entrance stood, on iron tripods, a couple of cauldrons, with a number of curious handles terminating in griffons' heads, together with a singular vessel—a pair of bell-shaped vases, united by a couple of spheres. Besides these articles of bronze, there was a series of vessels suspended by bronze nails from each side of the recess in the roof. The tomb had evidently contained the body of a warrior.'

'The door of the inner chamber was closed with masonry to half its height, and in it stood two more pots of bronze, and against each door-post hung a vessel of pure silver. There were no urns in this chamber, but the vault was hung with bronze vessels, and others were suspended on each side of the entrance. Further in, stood two bronze cauldrons for perfumes, as in the outer chamber; and then, at the end of the tomb, on no couch, bier, or sarcophagus, not even on a rude bench of rock, but on the bare ground, lay—a corpse?—no, for it had ages since returned to dust, but a number of gold ornaments, whose position

¹ Pliny, xxxv. 3, s. 6.

showed most clearly that, when placed in the tomb, they were upon a human body. The richness, beauty, and abundance of these articles, all of pure gold, were amazing. There were a head-dress of singular character—a large breastplate, beautifully embossed, such as was worn by Egyptian priests—a finely-twisted chain, and a necklace of very long joints—earrings of great length—a pair of massive bracelets, of exquisite filagree-work—no less than eighteen *fibulae* or brooches, sundry rings, and fragments of gold fringes and laminæ, in such quantities, that there seemed to have been an entire garment of pure gold. Against the inner wall lay two vessels of silver with figures in relief.'—Dennis's '*Cities of Etruria*'.

On the edge of Monte Abatone, where Canina places the sacred wood of Silvanus mentioned by Virgil, is the tomb called *Grotta Campana*, a single chamber, divided into three parts by Doric columns. In the first division is a remarkable pan-like ornament on the ceiling. On the walls are reliefs in stucco, and the number of curious vases found here are preserved in their places.

The railway proceeds by the rich *tenuta* of *Maccarese* and along the right bank of the Tiber to—

Ponte Galera (Stat.). [Hence there is a branch line in 20 min. to Fiumicino, with two trains daily. It passes through one of the most desolate parts of the Campagna, overgrown by porazzi, and watered by the sluggish Tiber, till it reaches the salt marshes of Ostia—

Dove l'acque di Tevere s'insala.¹

Here the river bends considerably to the right, leaving, three miles to the left, Ostia, which already in the days of Strabo was called 'a city without a port, on account of the alluvial deposits continually brought down by the Tiber.' Julius Caesar was the first to form a plan for a new artificial port, but it was Claudius who carried out the work, and who, finding it hopeless to attempt to cleanse the original port of Ostia at the mouth of the Tiber, constructed an entirely new harbour two miles north of the old one, opening upon the sea, and protected by two moles, which had an insulated breakwater between them, supporting a lighthouse. This is

¹ Dante, *Purg.* ii. 101.

the harbour described by Suetonius,¹ Juvenal,² and Valerius Flaccus.³

In course of years the port of Claudius was also closed up, and a new harbour was begun in A.D. 103 by Trajan, united with the port of Claudius on the west, and with the Tiber by a canal, *Fossa Trajana*, which, since the increasing filling up of the old bed of the river, has become the Tiber itself, and is now the only branch which is navigable. The port was surrounded by warehouses. The new harbour became known as *Portus Ostiensis*, *Portus Urbis*, or, more simply, *Portus*. It was chiefly used for the importation of corn for the supply of the capital, which was almost entirely dependent on foreign produce, as its population increased.

Minucius Felix, who is supposed to have lived about A.D. 230, describes *Porto* as a place where 'the spirit enjoyed repose and the body recovered health. The Romans went there to give themselves up to the delight of trampling on the sand of the seashore which yielded softly beneath their feet, and to breathe that light breeze which restored lost vigour to their fatigued limbs.' The importance of the harbour was realised when Rome was attacked by barbarian forces, and especially in A.D. 409, when the Gothic king Alaric, by making himself master of *Portus*, and so cutting off the supplies, obliged the Roman senate to accept whatever terms he chose to dictate. Rome was in similar distress under Belisarius, when Vitiges, in 537, seized *Portus*.

In the 10th century, the port of Trajan had been so neglected and allowed to fill up, that it had become a mere pool, entirely separated from the sea, and only connected with the Tiber by a ditch. This drove trade for a time into the older branch of the river, and gave a passing importance to mediaeval Ostia, where a fortress had been built by Gregory IV. in the preceding century. Tassoni describes in his time—

‘Il porto di Trajano
Lacero e guasto in misera mina.’

¹ *Claud.* xx.

² *Sat.* xii. 75.

³ *Argon.* vii. 83.

But in 1612 the canal of Trajan was once more cleared out by Paul V. and connected with Fiumicino, and has ever since been the only way by which vessels can ascend the Tiber, the other branch having been almost entirely closed up by sand near its mouth.

The imperial palace of Portus was long entirely lost, but was rediscovered by a man hunting a badger, who, upon following it into the hole down which it disappeared, found himself in a vast hall, which led to a labyrinth of other halls and corridors. In the last century, much of the building was standing, and was known as *Il Palazzo delle Cento Colonne*. The ruins have been thoroughly explored in the present century by Prince Torlonia, the owner of the soil,



Arco di Nostra Signora, Porto.

who has drawn from them many of the masterpieces of sculpture which adorn his villa in the Lungara at Rome.

The port of Trajan, still called *Il Trajano*, is now a basin of still blue water, surrounded by low underwood ; along its sides the quays and warehouses by which it was once surrounded may still be traced. Near it, by the roadside close to the Villa Torlonia, is placed an inscription recording the cutting of the canals of Claudius in A.D. 49. Through the picturesque gateway, now called *Arco di Nostra Signora*, we reach the little group of buildings which is all that remains of the mediaeval town of Porto, consisting of the Bishop's Palace, and the little Cathedral of S. Rufina,

with a 10th-century tower. The place was ruined at a very early period, owing to the Saracenic invasions, and though many Popes have made attempts to re-colonise it, they have always failed. As early as 1019 there were no inhabitants save a few guards in the tower of Porto, though it was the seat of a bishop, and though it has always continued to give a title to the sub-dean of the College of Cardinals.

The meadows near Porto, which are encircled by the two branches of the Tiber, form the *Isola Sacra*, a name first given to it by Procopius, who describes it :—

‘Tum demum ad naves gradior, qua fronte bicorni
Dividuus Tiberis dexteriora secat.
Laevis inaccessis fluvius vitatur arenis :
Hospitis Aeneae gloria sola manet.’—I. 169.

The island is described by Aethicus, who wrote in the 5th century, as most beautiful and fertile—‘Libanus Almae Veneris ;’ now it is in great part overgrown with asphodel and mallow. The name of its church with the tall mediaeval campanile—S. Ippolito—will recall the famous Bishop of Porto.

In the first half of the third century, during the troubled pontificates of Zephyrinus and Callistus, when various heresies on minute points of Christian doctrine were agitating and dividing the Church, the great defender of the faith, the author of ‘The Refutation of all the Heresies,’ who did not hesitate to resist and condemn one Pope and actually excommunicate another, was Hippolytus, Bishop of Porto, who was afterwards (under Maximin) banished to Sardinia, and eventually, according to the poetic legend in Prudentius, suffered martyrdom in the suburbs of Rome.

Here Dante makes the rendezvous of the happy souls, whom the celestial pilot is presently to transport to Purgatory.

‘Sempre quivi si ricoglie,
Qual verso d’Acheronte non si cala.’—‘Purg.’ ii. 104.

The mouth of the Tiber is very different now to that which Virgil describes :—

'Atque hic Aeneas ingentem ex aequore lucum
 Prospicit. Hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amoeno,
 Vorticibus rapidis, et multâ flavus arenâ,
 In mare prorumpit. Variae circumque supraque
 Assuetae ripis volucres ex fluminis alveo
 Aethera mulcebant cantu, lucoque volabant.
 Flectere iter sociis terraeque advertere proras
 Imperat ; et laetus fluvio succedit opaco.'—*Aen.* vii. 29.

'Les tourbillons du fleuve, le sable qui le jaunit caractérisent aujourd'hui l'aspect du Tibre comme au siècle de Virgile ; mais on ne peut plus parler de son *cours gracieux*, le bois a disparu et les oiseaux se sont envolés ; on ne voit aux embouchures du Tibre qu'une plaine sans arbres, comme sans habitants, où des buffles paissent parmi les marécages. Aux buffles près, qui sont modernes, ce lieu devait être ainsi avant que le voisinage d'Ostie y eût fait naître une végétation qui s'en est allée avec Ostie. Aujourd'hui c'est une plage stérile plus semblable qu'au temps de Virgile à ce qu'elle était au temps d'Enée.'—Ampère, '*Hist. Rome*', i. 193.

From Porto, two miles of road, or a few minutes of railway, take one to *Fiumicino*, which derives its name from its situation on the smaller branch of the Tiber, and which stands at the present mouth of the river. A row of modern houses was erected by the late Government, but have little view of the sea, owing to the sandbanks. The handsome castellated tower, with a lighthouse on the top, was built by Clement XIV. in 1773.]

Magliana (Stat.). Here, encircled by crumbling embattled walls, still stands the favourite residence of Leo X., in which he died very suddenly, in 1521, after receiving the news that his party had triumphantly entered Milan. The courtyard has a pretty fountain. All the best of the frescoes in the villa have been removed to the Capitoline Gallery ; they were probably executed by Lo Spagna, though designed by Raffaelle.

Now the view opens upon the beautiful Campagna of Rome, backed by the Alban and Sabine hills, and with the long lines of the aqueducts stretching across it.

'Arches after arches in unending lines stretching across the uninhabited wilderness, the blue defined lines of the mountains seen between

them ; masses of nameless ruin standing like rocks out of the plain ; and the plain itself, with its billowy and unequal surface, announces the neighbourhood of Rome.'—*Shelley*, '*Letters*'

On the right, by the Tiber, we see the Basilica of S. Paolo fuori le Mura ; on the left, S. Peter's, the Aventine, Palatine, Capitol, and S. Pietro in Montorio. Then we cross the Tiber and skirt the south-eastern walls of Aurelius, seeing, (left) the Porta S. Paolo, with the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, the Aventine and S. Sabina, the Porta S. Sebastiano ; on the right the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the Via Appia, the façade of the Lateran, S. Croce, the Aqueduct of the Aqua Felice. Then comes the Porta Maggiore, close to which we enter Rome, and glide under the Temple of Minerva Medica, and near S. Maria Maggiore, into the *Station* at the Baths of Diocletian.

CHAPTER XXV.

BETWEEN FLORENCE AND ROME (AREZZO, CORTONA, ORVIETO, AND CIVITA CASTELLANA).

(**T**HE railway from Florence to Arezzo (9 frs. 95 c. ; 7 frs.) leads through the valleys of the Chiana and the Upper Arno ; the latter celebrated for its fossil remains. It passes—

S. Giovanni (Stat.), the birthplace of Masaccio (Tommaso di Giovanni), 1402, and of Giovanni (Mannozzi) di S. Giovanni, 1590. In the *Church of S. Lorenzo* is a Madonna attributed to Masaccio.)

Arezzo (Stat.).

(*Inns—Vittoria*, good ; *Inghilterra*, opposite—both in the Via Cavour.

Carriages to or from the station, 1 fr.).

Arezzo is a charming place with a bright Tuscan aspect, and it will strike travellers coming from the south by the cheerfulness of its broad pavements and the green shutters of its houses. As *Arretium*, one of the twelve cities of the Etruscan confederation, it was celebrated for its vases of red pottery. It was the head-quarters of the Consul Flaminius before the battle of Thrasymene. In the Middle Ages it chiefly held with the Ghibelline party. Among its famous citizens have been Maecenas ; Petrarch ; Margaritone, 1236 ; Spinello the artist, 1328 ; Pietro (Bacci) Aretino, 1492 ; Vasari, and many other distinguished persons.

There are no Etruscan remains in Arezzo except in the Museum, and it is even doubtful whether the existing town occupies the exact site of the old city.

The sights of Arezzo may be well seen in a few hours, but it may also be made head-quarters for excursions to Borgo S. Sepolcro and Cortona.

The Via Cavour, in which the hotels are situated, leads immediately into the Corso. Here, on the right, is the great *Church of S. Maria della Pieve*, founded by Bishop Aribertus between 980 and 1000, but chiefly built in 1216 by the native architect *Marchionne*.

'Towards the end of the 12th, or beginning of the 13th century, the taste for extravagant or capricious ornament in architectural sculpture showed itself in the façade of the Pieve or parochial church of Arezzo, which was built by Marchionne, a native artist. It has three rows of columns, one above the other, bound together in groups of two, three, and four, varying in size, shape, and length, twisted like vines, or fashioned into human forms, based upon extravagantly-conceived animals, and covered with capitals fantastically ornamented.'

—Perkins's '*Tuscan Sculptors*'.

The *Interior* has three aisles separated by tall pillars with richly sculptured Corinthian capitals. It is very simple and severe, and was restored 1874-75. At the *High Altar* is a S. George by *Vasari*.

Opposite the church, beyond the entrance of the Via degli Albergotti, is the *Palazzo Pubblico*, 1332, covered with arms of Podestàs, a perfect museum of local heraldry.

A little beyond this, on the left, at the entrance of the Via del Orte, is the *Birthplace of Petrarch* (July 20, 1304), whose father had been keeper of the archives to the Signoria of Florence, and was sent into exile with Dante.

Here is the entrance of the truly charming public walk, planted with elms, and reaching to the walls, over which there is a beautiful view of the surrounding country. In No. 12 of the Via Ricasoli, which runs below the gardens, the poet Antonio Guadagnoli was born. On the edge of the stone platform opposite is a statue of Ferdinand I. by *Giovanni da Bologna*, 1595.

Adjoining the public walks is the Gothic *Cathedral*, built of yellow stone, with an octangular campanile. It was begun in 1277. The west front is unfinished, and its statues are

rude and broken. On the south is a very fine door with a high Gothic canopy, but the crumbling nature of the stone has done much to annihilate its sculpture.

The *Interior* is most beautiful. The roof is richly coloured, and the long lines of intensely tall pillars end in an apse with long lancet windows filled by brilliant stained glass, which, as well as that in the side-windows, is due to the Dominican monk, William of Marseilles, 1530. The simplicity of the lines is seldom broken, and only by objects of the rarest beauty.

Right. Tomb of *Gregory X.*, 1276, by *Margaritone*, and further on, a sarcophagus containing the remains of Arretine saints collected by Bishop Albergotti. Above, is a fresco of the Crucifixion with saints.

High Altar. The magnificent Shrine of *S. Donato*, made, 1264, for Bishop Ubertini, by *Giovanni Pisano*.

'During the persecution of the Christians under Julian the Apostate, S. Donato fled from Rome to Arezzo, of which he became bishop and after his death patron saint. As he stood one day, according to the legend, before the altar, with a sacramental cup in his hand, some rude Pagans attacked him and shattered it to fragments, which he miraculously reunited, without losing a drop of its contents. Transported with fury at this sight, the aggressors seized the unoffending prelate, and hurried him away to death. The Gothic shrine which Giovanni Pisano designed and sculptured in honour of this martyr is oblong in shape, and richly adorned with statuettes, leaves, arabesques, intaglios, enamels, and bas-reliefs. Above the altar, which occupies the front of the shrine, and beneath a canopy supported by angels, sits the Madonna smiling tenderly upon the Infant Saviour, whose head rests upon her shoulder. On either side of this really pleasing group are statuettes of SS. Donato and Gregory, and in the gable above, three reliefs representing the Marriage of the Virgin, the Annunciation, and the Assumption. The most striking amongst the numerous bas-reliefs with which the three other sides of the shrine are covered, is that in which the saint's body lies stretched upon a funeral couch, surrounded by his devoted and deeply grieving followers, one of whom leans over to lift the lifeless hand so often raised in blessing or in prayer, while the rest are kneeling in supplication. Around the top of the shrine runs a row of Gothic arches (filled in with half figures of apostles and prophets) which are invaluable as giving an air of lightness to the massive structure. This superb work of art, including enamels, some silver bas-reliefs, and jewels hung around the Madonna's neck, cost no less than 30,000 florins.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

Left of High Altar. The splendid tomb, by *Agostino di Giovanni*

and *Agnolo di Ventura*, of Guido Tarlati, the military prince-bishop of Arezzo, who when deposed and excommunicated, placed the iron crown of Lombardy on the head of the Emperor Louis of Bavaria in Milan Cathedral, May 30, 1327, but having afterwards lost the Emperor's favour, declared him excommunicated and became himself reconciled to the Church. The monument is dated 1330 and signed.

'The history of a prelate who, leaving mass and mitre, often donned the helmet, and led his troops in person to the battle-field, offered a rich series of subjects for sculptural treatment. Adopting the Pisan type, the sculptors placed the sarcophagus, with its recumbent effigy exposed to view by curtain-drawing angels, under a lofty Gothic canopy, and with novel effect disposed below it sixteen bas-reliefs, in which they represented the sieges and battles of Bishop Tarlati with much spirit and action. Though rudely sculptured, many of these are extremely well composed, and show feeling and power of expression. For instance, in that inscribed Caprena, there is an excellent group of knights on horseback entering a walled city, and in that which represents Tarlati's death, the figures of the attendants, one of whom throws out his arms in grief, while another tears his hair in despair, are dramatically conceived. The Giottesque treatment visible throughout is proof of the influence of Giotto upon these artists, though it does not warrant Vasari's statement that he designed them.'—Perkins's '*Tuscan Sculptors*'.

In the *Via Sasso Verde*, which opens (right) out of the *Via Ricasoli*, near the Cathedral, is (No. 12) the *Palazzo Capel de Ferro*, which contains the *Pinacoteca Bartolini*, open from 10 to 3 (50 c.). We may notice—

Margaritone. Madonna.

Pietro Lorenzetti. Madonna between SS. John Baptist, Matthew, John, and Donato—from the Church of the Pieve.

Pecori d'Arezzo. Madonna della Misericordia.

Lorentino d'Andrea d'Arezzo. Madonna with SS. Gaudenzio and Columato.

Id. S. Columato.

Id. S. Gaudenzio.

Parri Spinello. Madonna del Mantello.

Bicci di Lorenzo. Madonna del Mantello.

Vasari. Portrait of Cardinal Accolti.

Id. S. Roch.

Id. Madonha Camajani.

Id. Madonna in Glory.

Id. S. John Baptist.

Rosso Fiorentino. The Bearing of the Cross.

Bart. della Gatta. S. Roch.

Luca Signorelli. The Virgin throned in glory amid cherubs, with God the Father above in benediction. Below are S. Donato with S. Jerome, and S. Stephen with Niccolò Gamurrini, introduced by S. Niccolò, his patron saint. In front is David, and in the background two prophets in adoration. This important picture was painted in 1520 for the Compagnia di S. Girolamo, half the price being paid by Master Niccolò Gamurrini.

'This picture was carried from Cortona to Arezzo on the shoulders of men belonging to the company it was painted for; and Luca, old as he was, insisted on coming over to put it up, as well as partly to see his friends and relatives again. And, inasmuch as he staid at the house of the Vasari, where I was then a little child of eight, I can remember how that good old man, all graciousness and politeness as he was, heard from the master who had to teach me my letters that I minded nothing in school except scribbling likenesses. I remember how he turned to Antonio, my father, and said, "Antonio, since little George won't learn his letters, still drawing, although it might be no use, would at all events be a credit and satisfaction to him, as to any other gentleman." And with that he turned to me, as I stood there opposite to him, and said, "Mind your lessons, little kinsman." He said a great many more things of me which I won't repeat, for my conscience tells me that I am a long way from having fulfilled the opinion that good old man had of me. And because they told him, what was the truth, that at that time I was subject to bleedings of the nose so violent that I sometimes fainted from them, he put a key on my neck with his hand in a manner infinitely affectionate; and that recollection of Luca will always remain fixed in my mind. When the picture was set in its place, he went off to Cortona again, and was accompanied on his way by a number of citizens, as was no less than his due, for he had always lived more like a lord and an honoured gentleman than a painter.'—*Vasari.*

Id. Madonna with SS. Margaret, M. Magdalen, Francis, and Chiara.

Santi di Tito. Nativity of the Virgin.

Returning to S. Maria della Pieve, behind the church, is the exceedingly picturesque *Piazza Grande*, in the centre of which stands a statue of Ferdinand III. by *Stefano Ricci*. The brown apse of the church with its pillared arcades overhangs a fountain. Beside this is the charming *Palace of the Confraternità della Misericordia*, dating from the 14th century. The lunette over the door contains a *Pietà*

in fresco by *Jacopo di Casentino*, and, above, a relief of the Madonna and Saints by *Niccolò Aretino*. On the first floor is *The Museum*, containing an interesting local collection of fossil bones, ancient inscriptions, 250 precious 16th-century majolica vases, and many specimens of the beautiful red ware of Roman Arretium praised by Pliny.¹



Piazza Grande, Arezzo.

'It is of very fine clay, of a bright coral hue, adorned with reliefs, rather of flowers than of figures, and bearing the maker's name at the bottom of the vase. In form, material, decoration, and style of art, it is so totally unlike the produce of any Etruscan necropolis, that it scarcely needs the Latin inscriptions to mark its origin. Indeed, though it were too much to assert that the Etruscans never formed such a ware, it is clear that all hitherto found is of Roman manufacture.'—*Dennis*.

Returning down the Via Cavour, we find, left, the *Church of S. Francesco*, containing a number of important frescoes.

Entrance wall. Last Supper. Fourteenth century.
Right wall. *Spinello Aretino.* The Annunciation.

Choir, entirely painted by *Piero della Francesca*, with the story of the True Cross.

‘When Adam lay in his death-sickness, he sent Seth to Paradise to beg for some of the oil of the tree of mercy. The Archangel Michael replied, that the oil of the tree of mercy could not be given to men for the space of six thousand years ; but, instead, he gave to Seth a wand, which he was to plant upon the grave of Adam after his death ; or, as some say, a seed, which he was to lay under his tongue. And presently Adam died, and Seth fulfilled the commands of the angel.

‘From the seed planted upon the grave of Adam, or, as some say, the seed set under his tongue, there grew a goodly tree. And by-and-by King Solomon, seeing its goodness, bade them cut it down and fashion it for a summer-house they were building him. But the builders could not fit nor fashion it ; first, it was too large for its place, then too small ; so they threw it aside, and cast it for a bridge across a stream in Solomon’s garden. The Queen of Sheba, coming to visit Solomon, was aware in the spirit of the miraculous virtue of this tree, and would not tread upon it, but fell down and worshipped it. And after she was gone, she sent messengers to Solomon, bidding him beware of that tree, for on it should be hanged one with whose death the kingdom of the Jews should pass away. So Solomon caused the tree to be buried deep in the ground. And later, the Jews unaware dug a well in the same place ; this was the pool of Bethesda, and not only from the descent of the angel, but from the tree which was at the bottom of the well, the water drew healing virtues. About the time when Christ’s ministry drew to an end, the tree of its own accord floated to the surface of the water, and the Jews finding it ready to their hand used it for a cross whereon to crucify Christ. After the Crucifixion it was buried, together with the crosses of the thieves, upon Mount Calvary ; and in the time of Hadrian a temple of Venus was built upon the site. Until the time of Constantine, nearly three hundred years after the Crucifixion, nothing more was seen of the Cross. In the history of Constantine, the visionary cross of his dream was closely but confusedly associated with the actual cross found by his mother. Some say that the dream, in which an angel holding a cross appeared to him, saying, “In this sign thou shalt conquer,” was dreamed in the night before a great battle against the barbarians on the Danube ; some before the battle in which Constantine overthrew his rival Maxentius (A.D. 313) at Saxa Rubra, near Rome. However this was, Constantine, being converted, presently sent his mother Helena to find the True Cross at Jerusalem. When her coming was made known, the Jews wondered wherefore she came ; till one Judas said he knew it was to find the Cross, for his grandfather Zaccheus had prophesied this coming to his father Simon. Christ, whom they crucified, had been the true God, said Judas, and for Christ’s sake they had stoned Stephen, who

had been the brother of his father Simon (hence arises the great difficulty of dates). And the Jews warned Judas lest he should confess aught of these things. So when Helena came they denied with one accord that they knew aught of that cross. Thereupon Helena threatened that they should all be buried alive. Then they gave Judas up into her hands ; and when he persisted in denying, she caused him to be buried up to his neck in the ground. On the sixth day he confessed, and being drawn out of the ground, led them to the hill of Calvary. Here they dug, and three crosses were presently found. The miracle of raising one dead presently declared which was the True Cross. So Helena caused the temple of Venus to be destroyed, and a church to be built wherein one portion of the True Cross should be preserved : the other part she carried away to Constantinople, and Judas being converted presently became Bishop of Jerusalem under the title of Saint Quiricus. Here ends the story of the discovery (*Inventio*) of the True Cross. The story of its recovery and carriage in procession (*Exaltatio*) belongs to a point three hundred years later in the history of the Empire. In the years 620-626, the Emperor Heraclius was hard pressed by the Avars before Constantinople, and by Chosroes of the great Sassanian house of Persia, who was master of all Syria and Asia Minor, and had carried off to his own capital the portion of the Holy Cross enshrined since the time of Constantine in Jerusalem. Heraclius arose, and the campaigns which for a time retrieved the Empire, and ended in the overthrow and death of Chosroes, shine out amongst the most memorable flashes of antiquity's expiring heroism. But what legend cares most about is to follow Heraclius as he rescues the True Cross after its fourteen years of durance beyond the Tigris, and carries it back in triumph to Jerusalem. As Heraclius, we are told, came riding in military pomp to the gate of Jerusalem, with the Cross upborne by his soldiers, suddenly the walls closed before him ; a voice was heard saying, " Not thus, but with humility did thy Master bear His cross," whereupon Heraclius descended to trail the Cross upon his own shoulders, bare-headed and unshod ; the walls unclosed again, and the procession passed safely in.—*S. C.*

Left of High Altar. The fine terra-cotta tomb of a member of the Roselli family.

In front of the church is the statue of the patriotic Count Vittorio Fossombrone—'Idraulico, Politico Economiista'—by *Romanelli* of Florence.

A little further down the Via Cavour is *La Badia*, built 1550, with a curious false cupola by *Pozzi*. At the high altar are pictures by *Vasari*. The convent is now occupied by the *Accademia Aretina di Scienze*.

Below the end of the Via Cavour, in the Via Sacra, which runs behind the Badia, is the handsome *Church of the S. Annunziata*. The smaller door has a curious frieze in which the Evangelists are introduced, and close by are some remains of a fresco by *Spinello*. Within is—

Under the Organ. Niccolò Soggi, 1520. The Nativity.

The *Borgo S. Vito* contains several houses of remarkable men. No. 27 is that of Vasari, which he built himself, 1540–1547; No. 10 is that of Pietro Aretino; No. 29 that of the warrior-bishop Guglielmo Ubertini.

Near the Porta S. Spirito are some insignificant remains of an ancient *Amphiitheatre*. Two or three miles south-east of the town, on the height called *Castel Secco*, are the remains of fortifications which Dennis thinks may be those of the Etruscan Arretium.

The vineyards of Arezzo have long been celebrated. Pliny¹ speaks of their three kinds of grapes—‘talpana, et etesiaca, et conseminia.’

It is about half an hour by rail (3 frs. 85 c.; 2 frs. 70 c.) from Arezzo to Cortona, which may be visited in the day from thence, or, by starting early, may be taken on the way to Perugia.

The line traverses the marshes of the Chiana, now drained by the energy of Count Fossombroni, and no longer subject to the fevers which are spoken of by Dante.

‘Qual dolor fora, se degli spedali
Di Val di Chiana, tra ’l Luglio e ’l Settembre, . . .’

Castiglione Fiorentino (Stat.) is an interesting old walled town. The *Church of S. Giuliano* contains an altar-piece of 1486 by *Bart. della Gatta*. In the *Collegiata* is a fine picture by *Segna* (b. 1305).

After passing (left) the castle of *Montecchio*, we reach *Cortona* station, which is in the village of *Camuccia*, about 1½ m. from the town, at the bottom of the steep hill by which it is crowned.

¹ xiv. 4, 7.

(Omnibus to town, 50 c. A tolerable caffè at the station. *Inn*, *Albergo Nazionale*, very primitive, and one of the few places where it is desirable to arrange prices beforehand, but no one will sleep here by choice.)

Cortona was one of the most powerful inland cities of Etruria, and was one of the twelve towns of the Etruscan confederation. Tradition, followed by Virgil, makes it the burial place of Corythus, the father of Dardanus, founder of Troy.

*'Hinc illum Corythi Tyrrhenâ ab sede prosectum
Aurea nunc solio stellantis regia coeli
Accipit, et numerum divorum altaribus addit.'*

'Aen.' vii. 209.

But little is subsequently heard of it in history, and its impregnable position probably preserved it from the hosts of invaders who from time to time devastated Italy. The modern city, still the see of a bishop, has been the home of many eminent men : of the martyrs Marcellinus, Verianus, Secundianus, &c. ; of the poets Cecco d' Angelliere Alticozzi the friend of Dante, Madaglio the friend of Leo X. and Francesco Moneti the satirist ; of the painter Pietro da Cortona, and of Luca Signorelli, called by Giovanni Santi—

*'Il Cortonese
Luca, d' ingegno spirto pellegrino.'*

This great master was born at Cortona in 1441, being the son of Egidio di Ventura Signorelli and his wife Elisabetta Vasari. He was the pupil of Piero della Francesca. He may be regarded as ‘the forerunner of Michelangelo, and in some respects his model, and no one can look upon his works without seeing how the Sistine Chapel grew from their study.’ Many of his noblest pictures will be noticed in the different churches of this town.

‘Luca Signorelli was a man of most upright life, sincere in everything, affectionate to his friends, mild and amiable in all his dealings, especially courteous to those who desired his works, and very efficient as well as kind in the instruction of his pupils. He lived splendidly, loved to dress in handsome clothing, and was ever most highly esteemed for his many high qualities, both at home and abroad.’—*Vasari*.

The carriage road winds up the hill by easy zigzags, but foot-passengers may take a shorter way, which is fringed with large wild yellow and orange roses in the late spring.

The town of Cortona hangs upon the mountain-side with steep clambering streets. It retains its ancient site, and is about two miles in circumference, the modern being based upon the ancient walls, the finest portions of which are at the spot called Terra Mozza, outside the fortress.

Close to the gate by which the carriage road enters the



On the Walls of Cortona.

town is the old *Church of S. Domenico*, of the 12th century. The lunette over the door is a fresco of 1438, of the Madonna between SS. Dominic and Peter.

Right of High Altar. *Fra Angelico da Fiesole.* Madonna and Child between the Baptist with S. John and the Magdalen with S. Mark. Beneath is the Annunciation, above the Crucifixion.

Left of High Altar. *Lorenzo di Niccold Gerini.* A Tabernacle, with the Coronation of the Virgin, and beneath, the Adoration of the Magi, with four scenes from the life of S. Dominic. An inscription tells how Cosimo and Lorenzo de' Medici gave this picture in 1440 to the monks of S. Domenico, for the benefit of their souls and those of their ancestors.

Hence a steep paved way leads to the upper town, passing (right) some way up, a little square garden, containing the chapel of the *Compagnia di S. Niccold*. *Luca Signorelli* was a member of the brotherhood to whom the chapel belongs, and has left in it one of his last works, viz. —

**High Altar*. A picture painted on both sides. On one side is the Deposition, in which a number of saints are introduced, those most in the foreground being SS. Francis and Onofrio. On the other side are the Madonna and Child between SS. Peter and Paul.

Left of the Entrance is a fresco, also by *Luca Signorelli*, representing the Madonna and Child between (left) SS. Paul, Christopher, Sebastian, and James, and (right) SS. Nicholas, Onofrio, Barbara, and another.

On the highest point of the mountain, with a glorious view, which includes a portion of the Lake of Thrasymene, is the *Church of S. Margherita*. Its tower was built, 1297, by Niccolò Pisano and his son. The church is almost entirely modern. It contains the silver 13th-century shrine of S. Margaret, with a crown presented by Pietro da Cortona, as a token of gratitude when he was ennobled by his native city.

S. Margaret was born at Alviano, near Chiusi. Turned out of doors by a cruel stepmother, she took to evil courses. One of her lovers was a gentleman of Montepulciano, who was assassinated on leaving her house. His little dog returning to her, pulled whining at her dress till she followed to where he lay dead, covered with wounds. Overwhelmed by remorse, she entered a Franciscan convent at Cortona in 1272. Here, as she knelt before the Crucifix, she seemed to see her Redeemer bow his head in token of forgiveness, and her after life of charity and penitence caused her to be regarded as a second Magdalen. She died at Cortona, Feb. 22, 1297. Her attribute in art is the little dog of her story.

Over the door of the Sacristy is the beautiful tomb of the saint by *Giovanni Pisano*, which contained her remains before she was canonised.

'The general arrangement of this monument resembles that of Pope Benedict at Perugia. Upon the sarcophagus lies the effigy of the saint with her hands clasped beneath her robe; at her feet crouches the faithful dog who guided her to the bleeding body of her murdered lover, the sight of which (though tempted by demons to resume her former evil courses) so changed her, that she determined to spend the remainder of her days in penitence and prayer. On the front of the sarcophagus are bas-reliefs, representing the Magdalen washing our Saviour's feet, and the Raising of Lazarus; while below, between the consoles, S. Margaret is represented taking the penitential habit, and giving up her soul to angels, who bear it to heaven.'—*Perkins's Tuscan Sculptors.*

Near S. Margherita is the *Fortezza*, close to which are some of the best remains of the Etruscan walls of the town, formed of enormous blocks laid together without mortar. They may be traced at intervals through their whole circuit.

If we turn to the right as we descend we shall reach the Piazza Nazionale, behind which is the Piazza Signorelli, containing the *Palazzo Pretorio*, decorated with the shields of many famous Florentine governors. The further part is occupied by the *Etruscan Museum* (a boy will fetch the custode with the key), which, amid the usual collection of bronze and earthenware, contains two very important objects — a picture in fresco, the Muse, a half-figure of amazing beauty, and a lamp.

'This lamp is of such surpassing beauty and elaboration of workmanship as to throw into the shade every toreutic work yet discovered in the soil of Etruria. It is circular, about twenty-three inches in diameter, hollow like a bowl, but from the centre rises a sort of conical chimney or tube, to which must have been attached a chain for its suspension. Round the rim are sixteen lamps, of classic form, fed by oil from the great bowl, and adorned with elegant foliage in relief. Alternating with them are heads of the horned and bearded Bacchus. At the bottom of each lamp is a figure in relief—alternately a draped Siren with wings outspread, and a naked Satyr playing the double-pipes, or the *Syrinx*. The bottom is hollowed in the centre, and contains a huge and terrible Gorgon's face. In a band encircling it, are lions, leopards, wolves, and griffins, in pairs, devouring a bull, a horse, a boar, and a stag; and in an outer band is the favourite wave ornament, with dolphins sporting above it. Between two of the lamps was a small tablet with an Etruscan inscription, marking this as a dedicatory offering. The weight of the whole is said to be one hundred and seventy Tuscan pounds.'—*Dennis*.

Behind the piazza, near the western wall of the town, stands the *Cathedral of S. Maria*, founded in the 10th, but chiefly dating from the 18th century.

The Choir contains three noble pictures by *Luca Signorelli*: the Incredulity of S. Thomas, the Deposition, and the Last Supper. In the latter, ten of the apostles stand in two rows, and the Saviour walks between with the bread, followed by the two remaining disciples as deacons. This mode of representation was introduced long before in the famous picture by *Justus of Ghent* at Urbino.

Chapel left of High Altar. A beautiful sarcophagus, the traditiona

tomb of the Consul Flaminius. ‘It was found early in the Middle Ages, and built, as such fragments often were built, with care into the inner face of the cathedral wall. Full of legends of Thrasymene, the people have dubbed it the sarcophagus of the Consul Flaminius. It happened one day, in the first fever of the antiquarian passion at Florence, that Donatello told his friend Brunelleschi how on his way back from Rome he had seen this monument at Cortona, and what a marvel of beauty it was. The next thing that was seen of Brunelleschi was his producing, in company a few days later, a fine pen drawing of the monument in question. He had been fired, it appeared, by Donatello’s description, and had gone off “as he was, without saying a word, in his town-going cloak and cap and shoes,” and had made his way to Cortona on foot, sixty hilly miles, and done his drawing and come back again.’—*S. C.*

Sacristy. *Luca Signorelli*, Madonna and Child, with saints—a lunette.

Opposite the Cathedral (its sacristan has the keys) is the humble *Church of Il Gesù*, with a rich carved ceiling. It contains :—

Fra Angelico. The Annunciation, a beautiful and well-preserved picture, which has two *gradini* belonging to it—one occupied by scenes from the life of the Virgin, the other telling the story of S. Dominic.

Luca Signorelli (right). Madonna in Glory, with saints.
(Left). The Nativity.

Descending from the piazza by the footway from the town, we pass (right) the *Church of S. Agostino*, which possesses—

Pietro da Cortona, 1640. Madonna between Pope Stephen, the Baptist, S. James, and S. Francis.

Near the station is the curious tumulus called *Il Melone*, containing an Etruscan tomb in several chambers, opened in 1842.

Soon after leaving Terontola (the junction station for Perugia and Assisi) the railway passes near the north-western shore of the *Lake of Thrasymene*. It is not so well seen as from the Perugia line, but is full of melancholy loneliness in its vast expanse of waveless waters, its picturesque

islands, and delicate mountain distances (see Chap. XXVI.) The line from Empoli and Siena is joined at Chiusi (see Chap. XV.) Thence we proceed (4 frs. 30 c. ; 2 frs. 90 c. ; 2 frs. 5 c.) by the valley of Ficulle, till a height rises on the right surrounded by natural ramparts of cliff, and crowned by the city of *Orvieto*.

Omnibus (or place in a carriage to the town), 1 fr. each person.
Inns—Delle Belle Arti, good; *Aquila Bianca*, very tolerable.

'La città d'Urbivieto è alta e strana :
 Questa da Roman vecchi il nome prese,
 Ch' andavan la perchè l'aere v'è sana.'—*Fazio degli Uberti*.

In arriving by the railway we miss the splendours of the old approach to Orvieto. A winding road leads from the station up the steep hill into the town, which is very clean, but has a gloomy air of the middle ages. The houses are interspersed with tall square towers, and are often built of rich brown stone, with sculptured cornices to their doors and windows, and huge supporting buttresses. Through a narrow street we come suddenly upon the Cathedral, a blaze of light and colour, the most aerial Gothic structure in the world, every line a line of beauty. There is something in the feeling that no artists worked at this glorious temple but the greatest architects, the greatest sculptors of their time, that no material was used but that which was most precious, most costly, and which would produce the most glorious effect, which carries one far away from all comparisons with other earthly buildings—to the description in the Revelation of the New Jerusalem. The very platform on which the cathedral stands is of purple Apennine marble; the loveliest jaspers and *pietre dure* are worked into its pinnacles and buttresses; the main foundation of its pictured front is gold. A hundred and fifty-two sculptors, of whom Arnolfo and Giovanni da Pisa are the greatest names handed down to us, worked upon the ornamentation near the base; sixty-eight painters and ninety workers in mosaic gave life to the glorious pictures of its upper stories. All the surroundings are harmonious—solemn old houses, with black and white

marble seats running along their basement, on which one may sit and gaze ; a tower surmounted by a gigantic bronze warrior, who strikes the hours with the clash of his sword upon a great bell ; an ancient oblong palace with Gothic arches and flat windows, where thirty-four Popes have sought a refuge or held a court at different times¹—all serving as a dark setting to make more resplendent the glittering radiancy of the golden front of the temple in their midst.

‘Willingly would I descend on the matchless façade of Orvieto, similar in style, but more chaste and elegant than that of Siena—on the graces of its Lombard architecture—on its fretted arches and open galleries—its columns varied in hue and form—its aspiring pediments—its marigold window with the circling guard of saints and angels—its quaint bas-reliefs—its many-hued marbles—its mosaic gilding, warming and enriching the whole, yet imparting no meretricious gaudiness—the entire façade being the petrification of an illuminated missal—a triumphant blaze of beauty obtained by the union and tasteful combination of the three Sister graces of Art.’—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

No passing traveller, no stayer for one night, can realise Orvieto. Hours must be passed on those old stone benches, hours in reading the wondrous lessons of art, of truth, of beauty, and of holiness which this temple of temples can unfold. For Orvieto is not merely a vast sculpture-gallery and a noble building, but its every stone has a story to tell or a mystery to explain. The utmost depths of thought are hidden in the tremendous marble pictures between the doors. First the whole story of Genesis ; then the Old Testament story, which followed Genesis, leading on to the birth of Christ ; then the story of our Saviour’s life upon earth ; and, lastly, the lesson of His redemption wrought for us, in the resurrection of the dead to the second life. Even the minor figures which surround these greater subjects are full of

¹ When Gardiner and Fox were sent on an embassy to Clement VII. here, they wrote, ‘The Pope lieth in an old palace of the bishop’s of this city, ruinous and decayed, where, or we come to his pryvey-chamber, we pass three chambers, all naked and unhangéd, the roofs fallen down, and as we can guess thirty persons, rif-rif and others, standing in the chambers for a garnishment. And as for the Pope’s bed-chamber, all the apparel in it was not worth twenty nobles, bed and all.’ The first Pope who resided at Orvieto was Adrian IV.—the Englishman, Nicholas Breakspear—but the palace was built by Urban IV., 1261–64.

meaning. Look at the wondrous angels which surround the story of Christ ; the Awe-stricken Angel of the Salutation, the Welcoming Angel of the Flight into Egypt, the Praying Angel of the Temptation, the Suffering Angel of the Betrayal, the Agonised Angel (a most sublime figure, its face covered with its hands) of the Crucifixion, the Angel, rapt in entire unutterable beatitude, of the Resurrection. Examine also the groups of prophets, who, standing beneath the life of Christ, foresee and foretell its events—their eager invocation, their meditation, their inspiration, their proclamation, of that which was to be.

Above these lower subjects is a great mosaic of the Virgin and Child as the centre of the whole, and, on either side of it, the Baptism of Christ, and the Birth of the Virgin between the bronze emblems of the Evangelists. Next we have the Assumption, between the Annunciation and the story of Joachim and Anna. Then the stupendous rose window between the Sposalizio and the Presentation in the Temple, and, highest of all, a grand representation of the Coronation of the Virgin.

'The cathedral of Orvieto is the grand monumental record of dogmatic teaching as to the Holy Sacrament of the Altar ; and the sublime office for Corpus Domini, composed by S. Thomas Aquinas, does not more impressively convey its meanings in orison or hymn, than does this splendid cathedral in the various art-works adorning it—in the very fact, indeed, of its existence.

'In 1344 Clement VI. granted an indulgence to all those who should visit Orvieto for devotional purposes ; which spiritual favours were doubled in an indulgence from Gregory IX., obtainable by all who should assist at the works for this new cathedral. Then were seen citizens of all classes co-operating, besides multitudes of pilgrims, who, after attending religious services, would spend the rest of the day in doing what they could to help the masons, stone-cutters, or other artizans at the sacred building. Persons of good condition carried burdens on their shoulders ; and those who could not do rough work brought drink or food to the labourers, enabling them thus to refresh themselves without leaving the spot. It is one of the proofs how utterly were Sabbatarian notions foreign to the mediæval mind, even while religious influences were at their greatest height, that Sundays and other festivals were marked by special activity (in the hours after

the principal rites were over) during the progress of these labours. Companies of artists were sent to seek and to work the most suitable marbles at Rome, Siena, and Corneto ; and such prepared material used to be brought to Orvieto by buffaloes, or (if from Rome) up the Tiber as far as Orte.

'This glorious cathedral was consecrated by the Cardinal Bishop of the see, Nov. 13, 1677. If it be surpassed by other examples of Italian Gothic in architectural completeness or general harmony of effect, its façade stands unrivalled, a sun amidst minor luminaries. No description could do justice to that pomp of beauty, that concentrated resplendence of art—the noble offering of man's genius, skill, and labours, strained to the utmost in successive ages, to glorify the Eternal in this wondrous structure.'—*Hemans' 'History of Mediaeval Christianity.'*

'As regards the bas-reliefs on the front of the cathedral, which Vasari ascribes to Niccola, Giovanni, and other artists whom he generalises under the name of "Tedeschi," it is at the present time impossible to fix either the date of their completion, or the names of the numerous sculptors who assisted in producing them. . . . The greatest sculptor employed at the cathedral in the first years after its foundation in 1290, was Ramo di Paganello "de ultramontis," a master who, after the commission of some offence against the laws of Siena, had been exiled and then pardoned in 1281. With Ramo di Paganello in 1293 were Jacopo Cosme of Rome, Fra Guglielmo of Pisa, Guido, and a number of other sculptors from Como. . . . The bas-reliefs of the front sufficiently prove that sculptors of different periods executed various parts of them ; and as the labours of the edifice lasted till 1356 under Lorenzo and his son Vitale Maitani, it is apparent that, in addition to works that might have been completed in the loggia at an early time, others of much later period were used.

'The principal ornaments of the front are four pilasters. . . . In the first on the left, representing scenes from the creation to the settlement of the children of Noah, the creation of Adam and Eve, in the lowest course, is a fine composition, full of truthful and natural movement, no longer in the conventional and sculptural forms peculiar to Niccola and the continuators of his manner, but by one who sought to follow, and, if possible, to improve upon nature. They may therefore be by Andrea Pisano. The Temptation, and Adam and Eve hiding at the voice of our Lord—the Expulsion, and our first parents labouring by the sweat of their brow—the Sacrifice of Cain and Abel, and the murder of the latter, were of that advanced art which seemed to foreshadow the manner of Pollaiolo. Noah teaching his children, Tubal Cain and Seth, in the uppermost course, were no longer in the same style, but revealed, in their short and square figures, the manner of the followers of Niccola. The second pilaster was devoted to the genealogy

of the house of David, and terminated at the upper part by a relief of the Crucifixion. The third was occupied by incidents from the life of the Saviour, admirably composed and grouped, but recalling, like the second, the styles of Niccola and Giovanni's followers. In the fourth pilaster, the upper course representing the Saviour in glory was of the same class ; but the lower compartment, far different, exhibited more modern types, and seemed the perfection of the manner of Giovanni Pisano. It would have been difficult to find a more fertile fancy, greater skill in rendering form, more vigour or character in the beginning of the fourteenth century than were exhibited in the resurrection of the dead from their graves, and in the agonies of tortured souls in the Inferno. Here, Lucifer was no longer the quaint hybrid of Niccola and Giovanni, but a monster in human form, writhing with bound hands, and supported by hissing dragons, whose scaly frames were twined round his.'—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle*.

After studying the exterior, the interior of the cathedral seems bare and colourless, and the effect of the 13th-century work is frequently marred by later details. The pillars are striped with alternate black and white marble as at Siena, and a strange lurid light is cast by alabaster windows at the west end. The choir is covered with frescoes of 1370, by *Ugolino di Prete Ilario*, representing the glory of the Trinity, the life of the Virgin, the prophets, apostles, and fathers of the Church, with forty popes and bishops in half-length figures. The stalls have beautiful tarsia work. The statues which stand before the pillars in the nave are of gigantic size and diminish the effect of height : the best are those by *Ippolito Scalza* of S. John and S. Thomas, and the S. Roch near the entrance. The Annunciation is represented in front of the choir in two colossal theatrical statues by *Francesco Mochi*.

To the left of the high altar is the *Chapel of the Santissimo Corporale*, entirely covered with frescoes relating to the Miracle of Bolsena and the institution of the festival of Corpus Domini which resulted from it. The famous relic is preserved in a silver shrine of 1338, ornamented with twelve paintings in enamel by *Ugolino Vieri*, a goldsmith of Siena. A beautiful picture of the Virgin by *Lippo Memmi* is inscribed 'Lippo, de Sena nat. nos picx amena.'

On the other side of the nave is the more famous chapel of the *Madonna di S. Brizio*, a glorious gallery of 13th-century art. Here we learn to appreciate the tremendous power of *Luca Signorelli* (1440-1521), so little known elsewhere, following as the successor of *Fra Angelico da Fiesole*, who painted the lovely groups of Christ, the Virgin, and saints upon the ceiling. The frescoes of Signorelli are a regular series—first, we have the teaching of Antichrist; no repulsive figure, but a grand personage in flowing robes, and with a noble countenance, who, at a distance, might easily be mistaken for the Saviour, and who bears all His usual pictorial attributes. To him the crowd are eagerly gathering and listening, and it is only when you draw close that you can discover in his harder and cynical expression, and from the evil spirit whispering in his ear, that it is not Christ. Then we have the Resurrection—the vast angels of the judgment blow their trumpets, and the dead arise, struggling, labouring, out of the earth, to obey a summons which they cannot resist. Then comes hell, so filled with misery, that the pictured suffering seizes upon your imagination, and will come back at intervals for ever—with the recollection of the fiends of Signorelli, not monsters, but men filled with hatred and vengeance, torturing the naked souls, or floating over them on bat-like wings. And lastly we reach the Resurrection of the Just, where the angelic choirs are welcoming a concourse of rejoicing souls, whose every attitude and expression betokens the most unspeakable bliss. Beneath are portraits of some of the Italian poets: that of Dante is magnificent.

'Look at the "Fulminati"—so the group of wicked men are called whose death precedes the judgment. Huge naked angels, sailing upon van-like wings, breathe columns of red flame upon a crowd of wicked men and women. In vain they fly from the descending fire. It pursues and fells them to the earth. As they fly, their eyes are turned toward the dreadful faces in the air. Some hurry through a portico, huddled together, falling men, and women clasping to their arms dead babies scorched with flame. One old man stares straight forward, doggedly awaiting death. One woman scouts defiance as she dies. A youth has twisted both hands in his hair, and presses them against his

ears to drown the screams and groans and roaring thunder. They trample upon prostrate forms already stiff. Every shape and attitude of sudden terror and despairing guilt is here. Next comes the Resurrection. Two angels of the judgment—gigantic figures, with the plumeless wings that Signorelli loves—are seen upon the clouds. They blow trumpets with all their might; so that each naked muscle seems strained to make the blast, which bellows through the air, and shakes the sepulchres beneath the earth. Thence rise the dead. All are naked, and a few are seen like skeletons. With painful effort they struggle from the soil that clasps them round, as if obeying an irresistible command. Some have their heads alone above-ground. Others wrench their limbs from the clinging earth; and as each man rises it closes under him. One would think that they were being born again from solid clay and growing into form with labour. The fully risen spirits stand and walk about, all occupied with the expectation of the judgment; but those that are in the act of rising have no thought but for the strange and toilsome process of this second birth. Signorelli here, as elsewhere, proves himself one of the greatest painters by the simple means by which he produces the most marvellous effects. His composition sways our souls with all the passion of the terrible scenes that he depicts. Yet what does it contain? Two stern angels on the clouds, a blank grey plain, and a multitude of naked men and women. In the next compartment Hell is painted. This is a complicated picture, consisting of a mass of human beings entangled with torturing fiends. Above hover demons, bearing damned spirits, and three angels see that justice takes its course. Signorelli here degenerates into no mediæval ugliness and mere barbarity of form. . . .

'Paradise is not less wonderful. Signorelli has contrived to throw variety and grace into the somewhat monotonous groups which this subject requires. Above are choirs of angels, not like Fra Angelico's, but tall male creatures clothed in voluminous drapery, with grave features and still solemn eyes. Some are dancing, some are singing to the lute, and one, the most gracious of them all, bends down to aid a suppliant soul. The men beneath, who listen in a state of bliss, are all undraped. Signorelli, in this difficult composition, remains temperate, serene, and simple; a Miltonic harmony pervades the movement of his angelic choirs. Their beauty is the product of their strength and virtue. No floral ornaments, or cherubs, or soft clouds are found in his Paradise. Yet it is fair and full of grace. Michelangelo could not have painted such celestial bliss, and Luca seems to have anticipated Raffaelle.'—*J. A. Symonds.*

'Fra Angelico entered into an agreement with the rulers of Orvieto on June 14, 1447, to employ his summer recess of three months every year in painting the chapel of S. Brizio, in the cathedral, in fresco, for which he was to be paid two hundred gold florins per annum, his pupil

Benozzo seven per month, and two assistants three each. He began immediately, and worked without intermission till September 28, by which time the three most southerly compartments in the groined roof of the chapel, overhanging the altar, were completed—two by himself, and the third by Benozzo. Something, however, of an unpleasant nature—the death, probably, of Antonio Giovanelli, one of his assistants, who fell from the scaffold and was killed—had occurred to discompose him, and he returned no more, though expressly invited to do so, and the chapel remained for fifty years unfinished, till completed by Luca Signorelli.

'Meanwhile, the two compartments coloured by Fra Angelico would of themselves repay a pilgrimage to Orvieto. In the lunette over the altar, opposite as you enter, our Saviour is seated in judgment, supporting the globe of the universe, as in the mosaics, a most majestic figure, His face turned in reproof towards the reprobate, sorrowful wrath darkening the face of love; the vesica piscis surrounds Him, and He is attended by angels blowing the summons. But the "Prophetarum laudabilis numerus," the noble host of the Seers of Israel, on the left hand of our Saviour, are still given, rising in a pyramidal group till they culminate in the swart-haired Baptist; the Moses especially is magnificent, a prophet indeed. For majesty these are certainly Fra Angelico's *chef-d'œuvre*; they show how capable he was of expressing the loftiest thoughts as well as the tenderest and softest: hell and sin were alone too difficult for him.'—*Lord Lindsay's 'Christian Art.'*

The Greek picture called La Madonna di S. Brizio, long an object of pilgrimage here, is very curious. It probably dated from the 13th century. Though it rather injures the effect of the chapel, the famous Pietà of *Ippolito Scalza* (1579), sculptor of several other works in the cathedral, must not pass unnoticed. It is a group of four figures larger than life, and is very grand in its way.

The Signorelli Chapel should be seen in the colouring of early morning, when the sun streams directly through its windows upon the walls whence the living frescoes arise from the dead gold of their ground-work, and upon the polished floor of purple Apennine marble. Then the rest of the church, which is separated from the chapel by a gorgeous wrought-iron screen, is lost in deep shadows, and one seems to be alone with the spirits and the dead.

In the *Opera del Duomo*, opposite the cathedral, are,

several fine works of *Luca Signorelli*, including fresco portraits of himself and Nicola di Francesco, 1503, and a beautiful reliquary of *Ugolino di Vieri*, brought from S. Giovenale. Several of the churches are of interest. S. Bernardino contains a good picture by *Sinibaldo Ibi* of the Madonna enthroned between SS. Peter and Paul, the kneeling Francis, and Bernardino. S. Domenico, used as a fortress by the Guelfs in 1346, contains the grand monument by *Arnolfo* to Cardinal de Braye, 1282, which introduced the type of tombs in which angels are drawing back curtains to display the sleeping figure of the dead. The subterranean vault of the Petrucci family is an admirable work of *Sanmicheli*, 1523. In the *Casa Gualtieri* (the



Orvieto.

house of Count Gualtieri, the historian) is a fine fresco of S. Michael trampling on the dragon, by *Eusebio*, removed from the Gualtieri chapel in the cathedral.

Not far from S. Domenico, at the eastern end of the town, is the well called *Il Pozzo di San Patrizio*, made by Sangallo to supply the garrison in case of siege, when Clement VII. and his court fled hither after the sack of Rome in 1527, the last of a long series of popes who have sought a refuge in Orvieto. It is a hollow tower with two staircases of 248 steps, circling one above the other, one for ascent, the other for descent. The well was commemorated

on the reverse of a medal designed and struck by Benvenuto Cellini at the command of Clement VII., who wished it to bear a figure of Moses striking the rock, with the legend ‘ Ut bibat populus.

Close by is the *Castle*, beneath which a hollow way through the rocks leads under a postern gate in the walls. Combined with the tall canes and the flocks of goats which may frequently be seen here, it is a splendid subject for an artist.

Outside the Roman gate of Orvieto is one of the most picturesque views in the place, and good walkers should not fail to cross the valley beneath, and ascend the hill on the other side for some distance, for the sake of the view : it is that which Turner painted. The wide valley is filled with the richest vegetation—peach-trees and almonds and figs, with vines leaping from tree to tree and chaining them together ; and beneath, an unequalled luxuriance of corn and peas and melons, every tiniest space occupied. Mountains of the most graceful forms girdle in this paradise, and, from the height, endless distances are seen, blue and roseate and snowy, melting into infinity of space ; while, from the valley itself rises, island-like, a mass of orange-coloured rock, crowned with the old walls and houses and churches of the town, from the centre of which is uplifted the vast cathedral, with its delicate spray-like pinnacles, and its golden and jewelled front.

‘ The time to see this landscape is at sunrise ; and the traveller should take his stand upon the rising ground over which the Roman road is carried from the town—the point, in fact, which Turner has selected for his vague and misty sketch of Orvieto in our Gallery. Thence he will command the whole space of the plain, the Apennines, and the river creeping in a straight line at the base ; while the sun, rising to his right, will slant along the mountain flanks, and gild the leaden stream, and flood the castled crags of Orvieto with a blaze of light. From the centre of this glory stand out in bold relief old bastions built upon the solid tufa, vast gaping gateways black in shadow, towers of churches shooting up above a medley of deep-corniced tall Italian houses, and, amid them all, the marble front of the cathedral, calm and solemn in its unfamiliar Gothic state. Down

to the valley from these heights there is a sudden fall ; and we wonder how the few spare olive-trees that grow there can support existence on the steep slope of the cliff.

'Our mind, in looking at this landscape, is irresistibly carried to Jerusalem. We could fancy ourselves to be standing on Mount Olivet, with the Valley of Jehoshaphat between us and the Sacred City. As we approach the town the difficulty of scaling its crags seems insurmountable. The road, though carried skilfully along each easy slope or ledge of quarried rock, still winds so much that nearly an hour is spent in the ascent. Those who can walk should take a foot-path, and enter Orvieto by the mediaeval road, up which many a Pope, flying from rebellious subjects or foreign enemies, has hurried on his mule.'—*J. A. Symonds.*

A little to the left of the road, in the valley of the Paglia, is a deserted *Certosa*, now chiefly used for farm-buildings, but with a very curious hexagonal tower, and other architectural peculiarities.

(It is well worth while to go from Orvieto to Bolsena, and even to make an excursion considerably to the left of this road, to the wonderfully picturesque mediaeval town of *Bagnorea*, the ancient *Balneum Regis*, in the midst of a wild volcanic district, and occupying a high hill-top, only approached by narrow ridges across tremendous gulf's which separate it from the table-land. This remote town was the birthplace of Giovanni da Fidanza, the 'Seraphic Doctor,' who obtained his name of S. Buonaventura from the exclamation of S. Francis, 'O buona ventura,' when, during a severe illness, he awoke from a death-like trance in answer to the prayers of his great master. He died in 1240, leaving behind him a vast number of mystic works, bearing such names as—'The Nightingale of the Passion of our Lord fitted to the Seven Hours,' 'The Six Wings of the Cherubim, and the Six Wings of the Seraphim,' and 'The Soul's Journey to God.' Dante introduces him as singing the praises of S. Dominic in Paradise—

' Io son la vita di Bonaventura
Da Bagnoregio, che ne' grandi uffici
Sempre posposi la sinistra cura.'—*Par.* xii. 127.

Most lovely is the descent upon Bolsena from the vine-clad hills, where between the garlands hanging from tree to tree one has glimpses of the broad lake with its islands, and the brown castle and town rising up against it in the repose of their deep shadow.

The *Lake of Bolsena* is more than twenty-six miles round, and encircled by low hills. Two rocky islets break the expanse of water ; on the larger, *Bisentina*, is an interesting church built by the Farnesi to commemorate the miraculous escape of S. Cristina from drowning ; in the smaller island, *Martana*, may be seen the staircase which led to the bath where the Gothic Queen Amalasontha was



Lake of Bolsena.

strangled by her cousin Theodatus. The lake is full of fish, especially eels : Pope Martin IV. died from eating too many of them.

‘E quella faccia
Di là da lui, piu che le altre trapunta,
Ebbe la santa chiesa in le sue braccia ;
Dal Torsu fu, e purga per digiuno
Le anguille di Bolsena in la vernaccia.’

‘Purgat.’ xxiv.

‘The lake is surrounded with white rocks, and stored with fish and wild-fowl. The younger Pliny (Ep. xi. 95) celebrates two woody islands that floated on its waters : if a fable, how credulous the ancients ! if a fact, how careless the moderns ! yet, since Pliny, the islands may have been fixed by new and gradual accessions.’—*Gibbon*, v. 128.

As we approach Bolsena the valley is hemmed in to our right by curious basaltic rocks, formed by rows of columns closely imbedded together, as at the Giant's Causeway. Since railways have diverted the traffic, there has been only a very humble *Inn (Locanda della Stella)* in the little town, though artists may obtain lodgings. They will find plenty of work in its old streets, and charming subjects of vine-covered loggias before old houses, with views of the blue lake between the twining branches.

Outside the northern gate is a little piazza, round which are ranged some altars and capitals of columns, relics of the city of Volsinii, which the Romans built on the site of the earlier Etruscan city of Volsinium, celebrated in the pages of Livy. Sejanus, the favourite of Tiberius, was born at Volsinii.

That which alone saves Bolsena now from sinking into utter insignificance, is the fame of S. Cristina, for though her legend is rejected by the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church, her fame continues to be great through the whole of Central Italy, and as the little town of Tiro, where she was born, on the shore of the lake, has been swallowed up by its waters, the pilgrimages in her honour are all now devoted to Bolsena, where she is buried.

' Her legend, as given in the *Perfetto Legendario*, represents her as the daughter of Urbanus, a Roman patrician and governor of the city. He was an idolater, but his daughter, who had been early converted to the faith of Christ, called herself therefore Cristina. "One day, as she stood at her window, she saw many poor and sick, who begged alms, and she had nothing to give them. But suddenly she remembered that her father had many idols of gold and silver ; and, being filled with the holy zeal of piety and charity, she took these false gods and broke them in pieces, and divided them amongst the poor. When her father returned and beheld what had been done, no words could express his rage and fury ! He ordered his servants to seize her and beat her with rods, and throw her into a dark dungeon ; but the angels of heaven visited and comforted her, and healed her wounds. Then her father, seeing that torments did not prevail, ordered them to tie a mill-stone round her neck, and throw her into the lake of Bolsena ; but the angels still watched over her ; they sustained the stone, so that she did not sink, but floated on the surface of the lake ; and the Lord,

who beheld from heaven all that this glorious virgin had suffered for His sake, sent an angel to clothe her in a white garment, and to conduct her safe to land. Then her father, utterly astonished, struck his forehead and exclaimed, ‘What meaneth this witchcraft?’ And he ordered that they should light a fiery furnace and throw her in ; but she remained there five days unharmed, singing the praises of God. Then he ordered that her head should be shaved, and that she should be dragged to the temple of Apollo to sacrifice ; but no sooner had she looked upon the idol, than it fell down before her. When her father saw this his terror was so great that he gave up the ghost.

“ But the patrician Julian, who succeeded him as governor, was not less barbarous, for, hearing that Cristina in her prison sang perpetually the praises of God, he ordered her tongue to be cut out, but she only sang more sweetly than ever, and uttered her thanksgivings aloud, to the wonder of all who heard her. Then he shut her up in a dungeon with serpents and venomous reptiles ; but they became in her presence harmless as doves. So, being well-nigh in despair, this perverse pagan caused her to be bound to a post, and ordered his soldiers to shoot her with arrows till she died. Thus she at length received the hardly-earned crown of martyrdom ; and the angels, full of joy and wonder at such invincible fortitude, bore her pure spirit into heaven.” —Jameson’s ‘ *Legendary Art*. ’

The beautiful *Church of S. Cristina* stands near the Roman gate. In front of it is a splendid sarcophagus, with Bacchic bas-reliefs. The doors have ornaments by *Luca della Robbia*. Inside, is the shrine of the saint, with three scenes from her prolonged martyrdom—the cutting off of her breasts, her being roasted in a furnace, and her being shot with arrows.

A dark chapel on the left is famous as the scene of the Miracle of Bolsena, pourtrayed by Raffaelle on the walls of the Stanze, when, to convert an unbelieving priest, the consecrated wafer bled at the moment of elevation. The institution of the festival of Corpus Domini by Urban IV. is often attributed to this story, but really resulted from the visions of Julienne, abbess of Mont Cornillon, near Liège. The miracle of Bolsena has, however, a still greater memorial in the Cathedral of Orvieto.

‘ The story of the miracle of Bolsena presents one of the most singular examples of the acceptance, and intensely-felt influences in the popular mind, of the miraculous, admitted without any such proofs or

investigations as modern intellect would demand. And the two versions of the same story are essentially different. A German priest, troubled in conscience for having doubted, not (it seems) the doctrine of a *real*, but of a *carnal* Presence in the Eucharist, set out for Rome, with the hope of securing the intercession of the chief Apostle, for the solving of his doubts or pardoning of his errors. Resting one day on the shores of the beautiful lake of Bolsena, he celebrated mass in the Church of S. Cristina; and after the consecration, whilst holding the sacred Host in his hands, with mind earnestly bent, as was natural, on the mysterious question that had led him to undertake his pilgrimage, beheld blood issuing from the consecrated species, and staining the linen corporal; each stain severally assuming the form of a human head, with features like the “*Volto Santo*,” or supposed portrait of the Saviour! Such is one version; but different indeed are even leading details in the other—namely, that the priest merely let fall some drops of consecrated wine on the corporals, and when endeavouring to conceal this by folding up the linen, found that the liquid had passed through all the folds, leaving on each a red stain, in circular form like the host! The rest of the story is given without discrepancies, and is perfectly credible. Too much awe-stricken to consume the elements, that priest, now for ever cured of scepticism, reverentially reserved both those sacramental species; proceeded to Orvieto, and threw himself at the feet of the Pope, confessing his doubts, and narrating the miracle. Urban IV. immediately sent the Bishop of Orvieto to bring thither the Host and the corporals; and himself, with all the local clergy, went in procession to meet the returning prelate, at a bridge some miles distant, where he received the sacred deposit from his hands. It was soon afterwards, in 1264, that Urban IV. published at Orvieto the bull instituting the *Corpus Domini* festival, and commissioned S. Thomas Aquinas, who was then giving theological lectures in that city, to compose the office and hymns for the day.’—Hemans, ‘*Hist. of Mediaeval Christianity*.’

From Bolsena it is about six miles to *Montefiascone (Inn, Locanda di D. Fanali*, with glorious views in different directions), a hillset town, crowned by the handsome dome of a cathedral designed by Sanmicheli and dedicated to S. Margaret. The hill, always celebrated for its wine, probably derives thence its name—*fiascone*, signifying a flask. Dennis considers that it occupies either the site of the Etruscan city Oenarea, or that of the Fanum Voltumnae, the shrine where the princes of Etruria met in council on the affairs of the confederation. No Etruscan remains, however, exist except

a few cavered tombs now turned into the hovels of the miserable living inhabitants.

' Well may this height have been chosen as the site of the national temple ! It commands a magnificent and truly Etruscan panorama. The lake (of Bolsena) shines beneath in all its breadth and beauty—truly meriting the title of "the great lake of Italy"—and though the towers and palaces of Volsinii have long ceased to sparkle on its bosom, it still mirrors the white cliffs of its twin islets, and the distant snow-peaks of Amiata and Cetona. In every other direction is one "intermingled pomp of vale and hill." In the east rise the dark mountains of Umbria ; and the long line of mist at their foot marks the course of "the Etruscan stream"—

“The noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.”

The giant Apennines of Sabina loom afar off, dim through the hazy noon ; and the nearer Ciminian, dark with its once dread forests, stretches its triple-crested mass across the southern horizon. Fertile and populous was the country, numerous and potent the cities, that lay beneath the confederate princes as they sate here in council ; and many an eye in the wide plain would turn hitherward as to the ark of national safety. The warriors gathering at the sacred lake in defence of their children's homes and father's sepulchres, would look to the great goddess for succour—the augur on the distant arx of Tarquinii or Cosa, would turn to her shrine for a propitious omen—the husbandman would lift his eye from the furrow, and invoke her blessing on his labours—and the mariner on the bosom of the far-off Tyrrhene, would catch the white gleam of her temple, and breathe a prayer for safety and success.'—Dennis's '*Cities of Etruria*.'

Outside the Roman gate of the town is the principal sight of the place, the wonderful old *Church of S. Flaviano*, which dates from the 11th century, but was restored by Urban IV. in 1262. It is inscribed—

‘ Annis millenis currentibus atque tricensi
Binis adjunctis, ostendit pagina cunctis,
Hoc templum factum denuò virtutibus aptum,
Strage jacens binâ, veteri conflante ruinâ,
Ad quod mirandus fundandum subito Laudus
Se dedit.
Cui Deus assistat, semper qui talibus instat,
Et pater hic Sanctus Flavianus nomine tantus,
Ad laudem cuius fundavit limites hujus
Templi gens Montis Flauconis.
Virque magistralis, intende nomine talis,
Construxit totum subtilis candide notum.’

The church is a most curious building, and highly picturesque outside, with a broad balconied loggia over a triple entrance. Within, it is one of the most remarkable churches in Italy ; by no means subterranean, as it has been often described, nor has it even a crypt, but the triforium is of such breadth, that it forms almost a second church, and contains a second high-altar, and a bishop's throne, approached by staircases on either side of the high-altar which covers the remains of S. Flaviano in the lower church. The pillars are most extraordinary, of enormous size, and with



S. Flaviano, Montefiascone.

magnificent and very curious capitals sculptured with intricate patterns. Some of the side-chapels are almost in ruins. The whole building was once covered with frescoes, which are now only visible where a whitewash coating has been removed. In a chapel on the left of the entrance they are more perfect, and exquisite specimens of Umbrian art. The chief subject is the Massacre of the Innocents ; a beautiful head, probably that of the unknown artist, is introduced in the frieze. In the centre of the ceiling is our Saviour surrounded by Angels.

An incised grave-stone before the high-altar representing a bishop with a goblet on either side of his head, is interesting as that of Bishop Johann Fugger, one of the famous family who burnt the proofs of the debts of Charles V., and lived in princely splendour in the old palace at Augsburg, now known as the 'Drei Mohren.' The bishop loved good wine beyond everything, and travelled over all distant lands in search of it. He was so afraid of the price rising on his advent, that he sent on his valet before, bidding him taste the wine at the places he came to, and if he found it good to send back the word 'Est.' The valet came to Montefiascone and found the wine so absolutely enchanting, that he wrote the sign three times—'Est, Est, Est.' The bishop arrived and drank so much, that he died that night, desiring with his last breath that a barrel of wine might annually be upset upon his grave, so that his body might still sop in the delicious fluid, and bequeathing a large sum of money to Montefiascone on this condition. The bishop's wishes were carried out annually till a few years ago, but the price of the cask of wine is now applied to charities. On the bishop's grave is the epitaph placed by the valet.

‘*Est, Est, Est,
Propter nimium est,
Joannes de Foucris
Dominus meus
Mortuus est.*’

It was in the castle of Montefiascone that (1370) the ecstatic St. Bridget of Sweden forced her way into the presence of Urban V. and forbade him to leave Italy, and threatened him with certain death if he disobeyed her.)

Orte (Stat.), where we join the lines from Perugia and Ancona, and whence the diligence starts for Viterbo (see Ch. XXIX.) The town is picturesquely situated on a rocky platform, and in its situation is something like a miniature Orvieto, the houses rising close up on the edge of the tufa rocks.

The railway passes *Otricoli*, two miles below which, in the plain, are the ruins of *Orciculum*, the southernmost city of Umbria, 44 miles from Rome, on the Via Flaminia. It was here, in B.C. 217, that Fabius Maximus took the command of the army of Servilius, after the battle of Thrasymene. In 413, the army of Heraclianus, Count of Africa, was defeated here by Honorius. Ancient inscriptions speak of the place as 'splendidissima civitas Ocriolana,' a description which is borne out by the number of remains of important public buildings discovered in 1780. The famous mosaic floor of the Vatican and a colossal head of Jupiter were found at this time ; but the existing ruins are unimportant. Orciculum was an episcopal see after the fall of the Empire. It is not known when the city perished or why the inhabitants removed to the present town, which is picturesquely situated on a hill above the Tiber. Ariosto speaks of the windings of the river here, but the trees he describes have disappeared.

Borghetto (Stat.) has a noble old castle with a tall tower and a ruined church admirably situated above the Tiber. The view is rather spoilt of late years by the railway.

Carriages to Civita Castellana, 3 frs. ; for the whole day, to Falleri or S. Oreste (Soracte), returning to Borghetto for the evening train, 15 frs.

Inns—*Croce Bianca*, *Posta* ; both very humble, but durable. The former is the best, the latter has a beautiful view. It is necessary here to settle prices at once.

Civita Castellana is one of the most beautiful spots in this, the loveliest part of Italy. After a drive of several miles through luxuriant country, without any previous sign, the pastures suddenly open, and disclose a gulf in the tufa, a deep abyss of rock where the evergreen shrubs and honeysuckle fall in perfect cascades of luxuriance over the red and yellow tufa cliffs, stained here and there with dashes of black and brown, and perforated with Etruscan tombs of various sizes, reached by narrow pathways along the face of the precipice. In the misty depths the little river Treja wanders

amid huge stones, and under the tall arches of a magnificent bridge of 1712, which crosses the ravine at a height of 120 feet. The opposite bank is crested by the old houses and churches of Civita ; and in the hollow are some rustic water-mills.

The *Cathedral* has a wide western portico supported by a range of pillars encrusted with lovely mosaic work of 1210, by *Lorenzo Cosmati* and his sons. Except the opus-Alexandriniun payment and the crypt, the interior of the church has been modernized, but the arrangement is remarkable, as



Gorge of Civita Castellana.

the nave ends in a broad semi-circular staircase leading to the tribune, like a picture of Paul Veronese. The transepts are occupied by the local saints Gracilianus and Felicissima : the latter is shown in a glass case and wreath of pink roses.

The Citadel—‘the political Bastille of Rome,’¹ was built by Antonio San Gallo for Alexander VI.

Civita Castellana occupies the site of Falerium Vetus, mentioned so often by Plutarch and Livy, and founded by the Pelasgi soon after the Trojan war. Ovid, however, who

¹ Gsell-fels.

married a Faliscan wife, ascribes its foundation to Halaesus, son of Agamemnon :—

‘Venerat Atridae fatis agitatus Halaesus ;
A quo se dictam terra Falisca putat.’—*Fast. iv. 73.*

‘Camillus was the military tribune under whom Falerii was added to the territory of Rome. According to the legend, “a schoolmaster, who had the care of the sons of the principal citizens, took an opportunity when walking with his boys without the walls, to lead them to the Roman camp, and throw them into the power of the enemy. But Camillus, indignant at this treason, bade the boys drive their master back into the town again, flogging him all the way thither, for the Romans, he said, made no war with children. Upon this the Faliscans, won by his magnanimity, surrendered to him at discretion, themselves, their city, and their country.”’—*Arnold’s ‘History of Rome.’*

The most remarkable remains of the ancient Falerium will be found near the Ponte Terrano, about a mile beyond the castle of Sangallo. The bridge crosses the ravine of the Rio Maggiore by a double arch ; one pier is of rock, the other of Etruscan masonry. Both above and below the bridge, the cliff is everywhere perforated with holes, caverned doorways to tombs, leading first into an ante-chamber provided with a *spiramen*, or vent-hole (used for carrying off effluvia, or as a possible entrance after the portal was closed), and then into the oblong tomb, generally with a pillar in the centre, hewn out of the rock, and perforated, as well as the walls, with recesses for bodies, or upright niches for cinerary urns. One of the tombs near the bridge is decorated with a row of niches, five on each side of the doorway ; on the next tomb to this is inscribed ‘Tucthnu’ in Etruscan letters, once filled in with red. Another tomb hard by has an Etruscan inscription of two lines, but much obliterated. Fragments of Etruscan masonry remain here and there along the edge of the cliffs, serving as the foundation of mediaeval walls. Wherever you turn around Civita Castellana, the ravine seems to pursue you, as if the earth were opening under your feet, so does it twist around the town. Each turn is a picture more beautiful than the last, and ever and

again beyond the rocky avenues, Soracte, steeped in violet shadows, appears rising out of the tender green of the plain. The gorge has been compared to the famous Tajo of Ronda ; it has no waterfalls, and the cliffs are not as high, but it is quite as full of colour and beauty. The traveller who merely spends a few hours in Civita knows nothing of it. In the early morning the hollows are filled with mist, while the sun lights up here and there a crag crested with ilex and overhung with clematis and honeysuckle. Near the bridge a huge block of gray rock divides the valley and stands level at the top with the surrounding country, from which it must once have been riven—like an inaccessible island fortress in the midst of the ravine. Up into the town winds the ancient way, a steep zigzag following the curves of the rock, and here are fountains where the dresses of the women who come down to draw water, or to wash at the great basins on the ledge, add bright patches of colour to the view. While upon the face of the rocks and along the edge of paths in the precipices, so narrow now that only goats can follow them, yawn everywhere the open mouths of caverned sepulchres, the dead pursuing the living up to the very gates of the city.

About three miles beyond the Ponte Terrano, stranded and deserted in the upland plain, so wildly beautiful from its thickets of broom and cistus and its primaeval oak woods, and backed by the lovely ranges of the Ciminian hills, stands the utterly ruined city of *Falleri*. One of the finest Etruscan tombs in this country is passed on the way thither. It is in a hollow, on the right of the road, presenting a three-arched portico, with a boldly-cut cornice, sculptured in the rock. Within is an ante-chamber leading into the principal tomb. Here the flat ceiling is supported by a square pillar, all around are benches for sarcophagi, and the walls and pillars are perforated with niches for urns or ornaments. Several other tombs exist close by, but this may be taken as a good specimen of an Etruscan sepulchre, and is more

architecturally interesting than any of the tombs at Castel d' Asso or Bieda.

Soon after ascending the hill beyond the tombs, Falleri comes in sight, its massive walls and towers rising above the ploughed land, about twenty-five feet in height. They are almost perfect, but there are no ruins standing of the city within them.

'There is nothing to recommend the site of Falerii, as a strong position. The whole of the northern wall of the city stands only as much above the plain as may be accounted for by the circumstance of having been built upon the earth thrown out of the ditch. In this part of the wall there are nineteen towers, all remaining in a state of great perfection, fifteen or sixteen courses in height ; but, from their position, they are of little strength. About nineteen more are on the second side of the triangle, placed on the verge of precipices : the third side is defended not only by walls, but by a rocky descent into a deep glen, watered by a pretty stream, which falls into the Tiber. The vestiges of an ancient aqueduct may be traced from the upper country, and a modern one passes near the stream in the glen below.'

'The walls were of tufa ; in some parts twelve courses of blocks are still remaining, and in others as many as fifteen or sixteen. The solidity of the towers is singular ; they do not project internally beyond the thickness of the walls, and some of them have no more than five stones at the base, and no empty space within. The distance between them is about fifty yards. Above the parapet the towers were chambered ; and being pierced by doors, permitted an uninterrupted walk on the top of the walls behind the battlements. Perhaps no place presents a more perfect specimen of ancient military architecture ; its preservation in modern times may be principally ascribed to the seclusion and comparative desertion of the district.'—*Gell's 'Roman Topography.'*

In the turf enclosure which the walls encircle stand only the remains of a mediaeval abbey—*Santa Maria di Falleri*, with its beautiful church of the twelfth century, utterly ruined since the roof fell in thirty years ago, and overgrown with rank vegetation, though retaining all the delicate sculpture of its pillars and cornices, evidently constructed of materials taken from the ancient city. The cart-track which diverges from the front of the church leads to the *Porta di Giove*, a fine gate admirably preserved and flanked by towers. It takes its name from the sculptured head over

the key-stone of the arch, though this more probably represents Apollo than Jupiter.

To enjoy Falleri properly, one must make the circuit of the walls, which are nearly triangular, and which, on the side which overhangs the stream, rise almost perpendicular with the tufa rocks. Here and there they are hollowed into tombs and niches, while on the other side of the narrow ravine are tall cliffs full of small caverned sepulchres. In the distance beyond the broomy heights, soars Soracte, ever one of the most beautiful of mountains. Below flows the rivulet Miccino, one of the waters which Pliny describes as



Porta di Giove, Falleri.

having the power of imparting a white colour to cattle. In the southern wall of the city is the *Porta del Bove*, so called from the bull's head upon its key-stone. Falleri was a city constructed entirely upon the Etruscan model, but was built in the year of Rome 512, after the destruction of the ancient city, when it was called *Falerium Novum*. Zonaras, who describes the capture of *Falerium Vetus*, says that 'the ancient city situated on a steep and lofty height was destroyed, and another built on a site easy of access.' The name of the ancient city was transferred with the inhabitants, and when the town on the earlier site rose from its ruins, in the 9th century, it was with the name of *Civita Castellana*. The second town was erected by the Romans, but at a time when Etruscan arts were most admired and copied, and it

was probably raised on or near the site of some small Etruscan citadel, to which many of the tombs in its rock-barriers may have belonged.

'One longs to have a painter here, to catch the warm glow of the great wall, lichenèd and weather-stained, as it descends into the verdure, and then into the deep shadow of the underlying ravine ; then the same is again repeated, but with all the varieties of receding colour, as, promontory after promontory, the defences run up the glen ; till at length a barrier of high rocks closes in its head, over which, after a belt of wooded country, rises the graceful group of Soracte, in loveliest, tenderest blue. But no painter can give us the fragrance of the spring-flowers which fills the air, nor the gushing notes of many nightingales from the balmy thickets below.'—*Dean Alford.*

It is about 9 m. from Civita Castellana to the summit of Soracte. A carriage, 10 frs., may be taken as far as S. Oreste, where it must be left to wait. The ascent thence is most easy.

The road emerges from Civita Castellana through an Etruscan cutting in the rock which is lined with tombs. As we advance the beautiful details of Soracte become even more defined. Those who look at it from Rome have no idea whatever of the majestic character of the mountain as seen from this side, where it rises abruptly in the midst of the rich green plain of the table-land. Dennis compares it to the rock of Gibraltar. Ampère says that it resembles a blue island in the Aegean Sea. At first it is a sharp blue wedge against the sky, darkened by the woods with which it is covered, then it lengthens out into several peaks of sharp cliff succeeding one another and crowned by white convents and hermitages. The lower slopes are rich and green. They melt gradually into thick olive groves, which terminate in steeps of bare gray rock, white and dazzling when the sun falls upon them.

It is a sign of severe winter when Soracte is capped with snow :—

‘Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte.’—*Horace, ‘Carm.’ i. 9.*

But all snow will have melted before the charms of the

fresh spring have attracted visitors to Civita Castellana, and the lower slopes of the mountain will be breaking into such a loveliness of tender green as is quite indescribable. Though of no great altitude, Soracte, from its isolation, its form, and its glorious colour, is far more impressive than many mountains which are five times its height.

‘Athos, Olympus, Etna, Atlas, made
These hills seem things of lesser dignity,
All, save the lone Soracte’s height, displayed
Not now in snow, which asks the lyric Roman’s aid
For our remembrance, and from out the plain
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
And on the crest hangs pausing.’

Byron, ‘Childe Harold,’ c. iv.

Separated from the main mass of the mountain on the Roman side is an attendant rock supporting the picturesque little town of *S. Oreste*, which has given its modern name to Soracte. At the foot of this smaller hill is the fountain of Felonica, marking the site of Feronia, where the peasants of the surrounding districts offered their first-fruits to the great Sabine goddess, who would seem to have been identical with Proserpine.

‘The most important of all the Italian fairs was that which was held at Soracte in the grove of Feronia, a situation than which none could be found more favourable for the exchange of commodities among the three great nations. That high isolated mountain, which appears to have been set down by nature herself in the midst of the plain of the Tiber as a goal for the pilgrim, lay on the boundary which separated the Etruscan and Sabine lands (to the latter of which it appears mostly to have belonged), and it was likewise easily accessible from Latium and Umbria. Roman merchants regularly made their appearance there, and the wrongs of which they complained gave rise to many a quarrel with the Sabines.’—*Mommsen’s ‘Hist. of Rome,’ ch. xiii.*

It was narrated by Strabo, that pilgrims to Feronia, possessed with her spirit, could walk with bare feet, uninjured, over burning coals. The goddess was honoured with such valuable offerings of gold and silver that Hannibal thought it worth while to turn aside hither, to plunder the famous shrine.

‘Annibal alla au pied du Soracte piller le sanctuaire de Féronia ; les paysanes capenates, aussi dévotes à la grande déesse sabine que leurs descendants peuvent l’être à Saint Oreste, offraient à ce sanctuaire célèbre les prémices de leurs moissons. Elle recevait aussi des offrandes en or et en argent. Annibal traita le sanctuaire de Féronia comme le général Buonaparte devait traiter un jour le sanctuaire de Notre-Dame de Lorette ; il le dépouilla.’—Ampère, ‘Hist. Rome,’ iii. 100.

From S. Oreste one must follow a foot-path which turns up to the left by a small chapel. It is about two miles to the top of the mountain. Most of the convents are in ruins. *S. Lucia* is the first which comes in sight, on the crest of the nearest peak, then *S. Romana* on the eastern slope. Then, by the pilgrims’ road, which winds through an avenue of ancient ilexes and elms, the traveller reaches *S. Maria delle Grazie*, where the hospitable monks, endeared to the whole surrounding country by their active life of charity, offer refreshments to wayfarers.

The summit was once occupied by the temple of Apollo, the ‘guardian of holy Soracte,’ whither the Hirpini, as the people of the surrounding district were called, came to offer their annual sacrifices, and were, on that account, says Pliny, exempted from military service and other public duties.

‘Summe deûm, sancti custos Soractis Apollo,
Quem primi colimus, cui pineus ardo acervo
Pascitur, et medium freti pietate per ignem
Cultores multâ premissim vestigia pruna;
Da, pater, hoc nostris aboleri dedecus armis.’

Virgil, ‘Aen.’ xi. 785.

‘Tum Soracte satum, praestantem corpore et armis,
Aequanum noscens (patrio cui ritus in arvo,
Quum pius arcitenens accensis gaudet acervis,
Exta ter innocuos laeto portare per ignes);
Sic in Apollinea semper vestigia pruna
Inviolata teras, victorque vaporis ad aras
Dona serenato referas sollemnbia Phoebo.’

Sil. Ital. v. 175.

On the supposed site of the ancient temple, 2,270 feet above the level of the sea, perched on the highest points of the perpendicular crags, its walls one with their precipices,

now stands the monastery of *S. Silvestro*. It is a sublime position, removed from and above everything else. Hawks circle around its huge cliffs, and are the only sign of life. On a lower terrace are the church and hermitage of *S. Antonio*, ruined and deserted. To these solitudes came Constantine to seek for Sylvester the hermit, whom he found here in a cave and led away to raise to the Papal throne, walking before him as he rode upon his mule, as is represented in the ancient frescoes of the Quattro Incoronati at Rome.

' Sylvester, who had been elected bishop of Rome, fled from the persecution, and dwelt for some time in a cavern near the summit of Soracte. While he lay there concealed, the Emperor Constantine was attacked by a horrible leprosy : and having called to him the priests of his false gods, they advised that he should bathe himself in a bath of children's blood, and three thousand children were collected for this purpose. And, as he proceeded in his chariot to the place where the bath was to be prepared, the mothers of these children threw themselves in his way with dishevelled hair, weeping, and crying aloud for mercy. Then Constantine was moved to tears, and he commanded that the children should be restored to their mothers with great gifts, in recompence of what they had suffered.

' On that same night, as he lay asleep, S. Peter and S. Paul appeared at his bedside, and they stretched their hands over him, and said—"Because thou hast feared to spill the innocent blood, Jesus Christ has sent us to bring thee good counsel. Send to Sylvester, who lies hidden among the mountains, and he shall show thee the pool, in which having washed three times, thou shalt be clean of thy leprosy ; and henceforth thou shalt adore the God of the Christians, and thou shalt cease to persecute and oppress them." Then Constantine, awaking from this vision, sent to search for Sylvester. And he, when he saw the soldiers of the Emperor, supposed it was to lead him to death ; but when he appeared before the Emperor, Constantine saluted him, and said, "I would know of thee who are those two gods who appeared to me in the vision of the night?" And Sylvester replied, "They were not gods, but the apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ." Then Constantine desired that he would show him the effigies of these two apostles ; and Sylvester sent for the pictures of S. Peter and S. Paul, which were in the possession of certain pious Christians. Constantine, having beheld them, saw that they were the same who had appeared to him in his dream. Then Sylvester baptized him, and he came out of the font cured of his malady.'—Jameson's '*Sacred Art.*'

The oratory of Sylvester was enclosed in a monastery founded in 746 by Carloman, son of Charles Martel, and uncle of Charlemagne, and though later buildings have succeeded upon the same spot, and the existing edifice is externally of 1500, it encloses much of the church of Carloman, and the more ancient hermitage of Sylvester. The walls of the church are covered with mediaeval frescoes, fading, but still very beautiful. On the right of the entrance is S. Buonaventura; then come S. Anne, the Virgin, S. Roch



Convent of S. Silvestro, Summit of Soracte.

and S. Sebastian, but all have been much injured by the goat-herds who used to shelter their flocks here when the church was utterly deserted. The beautiful old high-altar is richly carved in stone taken from the mountain itself. Behind it are a curious holy water basin, and a priest's chamber. A martyr's stone—'Pietra di Paragone'—may be seen in the wall.

Beneath the lofty tribune is the cell of Sylvester, half cut in the mountain itself. It encloses the sloping mass of rock which formed the bed of his hermitage, and his stone seat.

Here also is the altar on which, first Sylvester himself, and afterwards Gregory the Great, said mass. On the walls are dim frescoes of the 7th century, faintly lighted by the rays stealing in above the altar—Christ, S. Sylvester, S. Gregory, and the Archangel Michael. A long inscription in the upper church tells the story of a later sainted monk of Soracte, Nonnosus, who is reported to have performed three miracles here. The first was when a monk broke a valuable lamp—‘una lampada orientale’—quite into small pieces in this church, and was in despair about the consequences, when Nonnosus fell on his knees and prayed, and the culprit saw the fragments miraculously joined together again. In the second, the olive-gardens of the convent failed, and the abbot was about to send out to buy up the oil of the paesani, when Nonnosus took the convent oil—‘il poco che fu’—and it was miraculously multiplied. In the third, he lifted by the force of prayer a large stone which had fallen back to its mountain ledge, where it may still be seen in proof of the power of this saint.

Behind the convent is its little garden, where legend tells that S. Sylvester would sow one day his turnips for the meal of the morrow, and that they were miraculously brought to perfection during the night. There is a grand view from this over all the wide-spreading country, but especially into the blue gorges of the Sabina, and the effect from hence is most beautiful when each of the countless villages within view lights its bonfire on the eve of the Ascension. The last monks who lived in S. Silvestro were Franciscans, and they left it in 1700, because seven of their number were then killed by lightning in a storm.

In descending the mountain, S. Romana is seen through the woods at its eastern base, near which are the deep fissures called Voragini, whence pestilential vapours arise. Pliny mentions these exhalations from Soracte as fatal to birds, and quotes Varro, who speaks of a fountain on Soracte four feet in width, which flowed at sunrise, and appeared to boil, and of which, when birds drank, they died. By Servius

a story is told of some shepherds who were sacrificing to Pluto, when the victims were carried off from the very altar by wolves. The shepherds pursuing them came upon the cave whence the pestilential vapours issued, which destroyed all who came within their reach. A malady ensued, and the oracle declared that the only remedy was to do as the wolves did—to live by plunder.¹ Hence they were called Hirpini Sorani—Pluto's wolves, from *hirpus*, which was Sabine for a wolf, and *Soranus*, another name for Pluto, and accordingly, robbers there always were on Soracte till the forests which clothed the whole neighbourhood were for the most part cut down in recent times. With the robbers the wolves and bears, which abounded on the sides of the mountain, disappeared, many persons being still alive who have had adventurous escapes from them. Cato says that there were also wild goats upon Soracte, of such wonderful activity, that they could leap sixty feet at one bound!²

From S. Oreste one looks across a wooded country to the village of *Rignano*, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant. It claims to be the birthplace of Caesar Borgia. Fragments of ancient columns and altars abound there, and in the piazza is preserved a curious primitive cannon. Rignano gives a title to the eldest son of Duke Massimo.

Seven miles south-east of Rignano is a hill crested by the ruined church of San Martino, which occupies the site of the Etruscan *Capena*, the faithful ally of Veii; indeed Cato says that Veii was founded by the Capenates. The citadel was strongly defended by nature, being situated on an insular rock connected with the neighbouring heights by a kind of isthmus, and was consequently almost impregnable. It was never taken by siege, but capitulated to the Romans, after vainly joining with the Falisci, in an attempt to succour Veii.

¹ After the fall of Veii, Valerius and Servilius marched to Capena; and, the inhabitants not daring to quit their walls, the Romans

² *Aen.* xi. 785.

* Cato ap. Varro. *Re Rust.* ii. cap. 3.
P 2

destroyed the country, and particularly the fruit-trees, for which it was celebrated.'—*Livy*, v. 24.

There are some small remains of the foundations of walls and towers, and of reticulated work, visible here and there amid the thickets of wild-pear, descendants of the fruit-trees mentioned by Livy, which are covered with blossom in spring.

'Placed, like Alba and Gabii, upon the verge of a volcano, Capena assumed the form of a crescent; the citadel was on the highest point westward, and communicated by a steep path with the Via Veientana. This road may be traced in the valley below, running towards the Grammiccia and the natural opening of the crater on the east; and it was only here, as the remains testify, that carriages could enter the city.'

'On ascending from this quarter, a fine terrace is observed, which is evidently placed on the top of the ancient walls. The squared blocks with which the place is strewed show that these were parallelograms of volcanic stone. They may yet be traced by their foundations round the summit of the hill.'

'Capena has something in it altogether peculiar: the situation, though commanding, seems singularly secluded, the country is once more wholly in a state of nature; nothing of animated life, except here and there flocks of goats or sheep, feeding on some green eminence or in the valleys below, which are spotted with such innumerable patches of underwood, that, were it not for the browsing of these animals, it would soon become a forest. The desolation is complete: Silvanus, instead of Ceres, is in full possession of the soil.'—*Gell's Topography of Rome*.

'The view from the height of Capena is wildly beautiful. The deep hollow on the south, with its green carpet; the steep hills over-hanging it, dark with wood—perhaps the groves celebrated by Virgil; the bare swelling ground to the north, with Soracte towering above; the snow-capt Apennines in the eastern horizon; the deep silence, the seclusion; the absence of human habitations (not even a shepherd's hut) within the sphere of vision, save the distant town of Sant' Oreste, scarcely distinguishable from the gray rock on which it stands;—it is a scene of more singular desolation than belongs to the site of any other Etruscan city in this district of the land.'—*Dennis's 'Cities of Etruria.'*

The stream of the Grammiccia probably once bore the name of Capenas.

'Dives ubi ante omnes colitur Feronia luco,
Et sacer humectat fluvialia rura Capenas.'

Sil. Ital. xiii. 84.

The site of Capena is best visited on horseback, and may be reached from Rome by leaving the Via Flaminia on the left at the Monte della Guardia. About three miles from Capena, on the Tiber, is *Fiano*, with the castle of the Duke of that name. This village is supposed to mark the site of the Flavinium of Virgil :—

‘Hi Soractis habent arces, Flaviniaque arva,
Et Cimini cum monte lacum lucosque Capenos.’
Aen. vii. 696.

and the Flavina of Silius :—

‘Quique tuos, Flavina, focos, Sabatia quique
Stagna tenent, Ciminique lacum.’—*Sil.* viii. 492.

Six miles north of Civita Castellana is *Corchiiano*, a most picturesque village occupying an Etruscan site, and surrounded, like almost all the towns of Etruria, with ravines full of mutilated sepulchres. One of these, half a mile distant, on the way to Falleri, is inscribed ‘Larth. Vel. Arnies,’ in Etruscan characters. Three miles further is *Gallese*, beautifully situated on a rock at the junction of two ravines. Canon Nardoni has written a work to prove that this is the Aequum Faliscum, mentioned by Strabo, Virgil, and Silius. It contains some obscure Roman remains, and there are many Etruscan tombs in the neighbouring valleys. Gallese was early the seat of a bishopric.

Six miles north-west of Corchiiano is *Vignanello*, and four miles beyond it *Soriano*, both Etruscan sites.¹

Dennis believes that he has identified the fragments of a city, half covered with wood, but marked by the ruined church of S. Silvestro (‘a mile and a half west of Ponte Felice, on the way to Corchiiano’), with the lost town of *Fescennium*, mentioned by Dionysius and Virgil, and celebrated in the history of Latin poetry for the nuptial songs called *Carmina Fescennina*, to which, according to Festus, it gave its name.

¹ For all these places see Dennis’s *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, vol. ii.

Montorso (Stat.). This is the station for the famous historic convent of Farfa. A humble diligence for *Poggio Mirteto*, which travels at a foot's pace, meets the early train from Rome, and a two-horse carriage (25 frs.) may be obtained there for the day to Farfa, 5 m. distant, or may be ordered to be ready at the station. $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour must be allowed for the return drive from Farfa to Montorso, where there is no inn, so that those who are late for the last train to Rome must go on to sleep at Terni or Spoleto.

An excursion to Farfa should be made in the spring. In the latter part of April, or still better in May, it is quite impossible to visit a place of more radiant loveliness. It is the ideal Italy—the most fertile part of the beautiful Sabina, and no transition can be more complete than that from the desolate Campagna, with its ruined tombs and aqueducts speaking only of the past, to these exquisite woods and deep shady valleys amid the purple mountains, filled with life and in the richest cultivation, and watered by the rushing stream of the Farsarus.

One can scarcely open a page of Italian history in the middle ages without meeting the name of Farfa. Doubly founded by saints, its monastery rose to the utmost height of ecclesiastical importance. Its Benedictine monks were looked upon as the centre of Italian learning, and the 'Chronicle of Farfa,' compiled from its already decaying charters and records by Thomas the Presbyter, about 1092, and now preserved amongst the most valuable MSS. of the Vatican, has ever since been one of the most important works of reference for church history. The abbots lived as princes and considered themselves as the equals of the Popes. It is narrated that the Abbot of Farfa once met a Pope at Corese, and knew that he must be going to the monastery. He said to his majordomo, who was with him—'That is the Pope, and he is going to Farfa; of course I cannot be expected to return, but you will go back to receive him, and you will desire that the same respect should be paid to him which is paid to me, and that a fatted calf

should be killed in his honour.' The monks of Farfa appear never to have numbered more than 683, but the amount of their possessions is almost incredible :—'urbes duas, Centumcellas (Civita-Veccchia) et Alatrium ; castaldatus 5 ; castella 132 ; oppida 16 ; portus 7 ; salinas 8 ; villas 14 ; molendina 82 ; pagos 315 ; complures lacus, pascua, decimas, portoria, ac praediorum immanem copiam. Till the recent suppression, the revenues of the abbot, who has long resided at Rome, amounted to nine thousand scudi annually.

But in 1686, when Mabillon made his monastic tour, the buildings of Farfa were already falling into decay. In the summer and autumn months the air of the Farfarus was considered unhealthy, and the abbot resided at the castle of Fara on the hill side above the monastery, and the monks eight miles off, at the convent of San Salvatore. Since that time Farfa has been more and more neglected till its very name and existence are almost utterly forgotten.

Various towns and villages crest the different hills between Montorso and Farfa : to the left, Cantalupo, Pompeo, Poggio Catino, and Aspra ; to the right, Montopoli. The largest town is *Poggio Mirteto*, called by the natives 'Il Parigi della Sabina,' which has rather a handsome church and piazza. Strange to say, the population of this considerable, though out of the way place, is chiefly Protestant.

An excellent road leads from Poggio Mirteto to Montopoli, along the ridges of the swelling hills, which are covered with olive, chestnut, and peach trees, with an under-carpet of corn. On the left a wide valley runs up between the mountains, which are here clothed with wood almost to their summits, ending in the rock-built town of *Torfea*. The further mountain is crowned by a castle. This is the famous fortress of *Fara*, which protected the abbey beneath it in time of trouble, and which is spoken of in the chronicle of Farfa as 'Castellum Pharae in hoc eminente monte.' On the hill beyond, at the spot called Bucci, is another castle of the monastery called Tribucci or Buccinianum. A tall ruined tower on a nearer hill is called Cottetino.

Embosomed in woods, beneath La Fara, the great monastery of Farfa stands boldly out from the side of the mountain. It is on the spot where the Syrian hermit Lorenzo, who had been made Bishop of Spoleto, retired from the world about A.D. 550 and built a hermitage, where by his prayers he destroyed a poisonous dragon which had long devastated the neighbouring valleys. The exact site of his cell was long marked by three tall cypresses, but they are now only to be seen in a fresco in the church. Many brethren and disciples gathering around his retreat, he built a monastery which he called after the name of the farm—Casale Acutianus—in which it was erected, and dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin. The monastery of Acutianus became a place of pilgrimage, as containing the shrine of Lorenzo, and attained great splendour, no less than five basilicas being raised there, one of which was intended for women. But the monastery was attacked and destroyed by the Lombards in 568. It then remained desolate till 681, when S. Thomas the Venerable, while praying before the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, beheld in a vision the Blessed Virgin, who commanded him to rebuild her sanctuary and that of her servant Lorenzo. The buildings were restored, and the monastery rose to such magnificence, that no other in Italy, except that of Nonantula, could rival it. Early in the 11th century the name seems to have been changed to Farfa. The famous Chronicle speaks of it by both its names—‘*Liber Chronic Monasterii Acutiani sive Farfensis in Ducatu Spoletano.*’

‘About the year 936, the reigning abbot was murdered by two of the fraternity, Campo and Hildebrand. The last words of the abbot, addressed in doggerel Latin to Campo, were “*Campigenans Campo, male quam me campegenastis.*”

‘Campo was abbot in 936, and Hildebrand in 939. The conduct of Campo seems to have been particularly disgraceful : his children he portioned from the effects of the church, and he seems to have been addicted to every species of riotous and disorderly living, to the great scandal of the place and times.

‘These crying sins of the Christians, says the history, calling aloud for punishment, the Agareni (Saracens) invaded the country (A.D. 1400

and surrounded the monastery of Farfa. The abbot of that time, Peter, made a stout resistance, and drove away the invaders several times; and, in the interim, found means to send away all the treasure of his convent to Rome, to Rieti, and Fermo. The valuable marbles of the churches lie hid underground, and they have never since been discovered. The Saracens, when they at length took the deserted monastery, though enraged at the loss of their expected booty, admired the place so much, that instead of burning it, they converted it into a residence for themselves. The abbey was subsequently destroyed by fire; certain Christian marauders from Poggio Catino, who had taken up their lodging there for the night, whilst the Saracens were absent upon some occasion, had lighted a fire in a corner, which (being alarmed by some noise in the abbey) they left burning; and, hurrying away, the neglected fire spread, and the stately buildings were completely destroyed.

After this, Farfa lay in ruins forty-eight years; till Hugo, king of Burgundy, coming into Italy, the abbot Raffredus began to restore it, with the treasures sent to Rome and to Fermo; but those which had been conveyed to Rieti had fallen into the hands of the Saracens.'—*Sir W. Gell's 'Rome and its Vicinity.'*

From the time of S. Thomas the Venerable in 680, to Nicholas II. in 1388, the list of the abbots of Farfa is almost intact, and the place constantly increased in importance. One of its monks, Bernardo, chosen Abbot of Subiaco in the 13th century, pompously begins his installation-edict with: 'We, Bernardo Eretoni, of the Order of S. Benedict, monk of the holy and imperial abbey of S. Maria of Farfa, and afterwards by the grace of God abbot of S. Scolastica, &c.'

Through the valley beneath the monastery flows the beautiful river Farfarus or Fabaris:—

'Qui Tybrim Fabarimque bibunt.'—*Virgil, 'Aen.'* vii. 715.

'Amoena Farfarus umbrae.'—*Ovid, 'Metam.'* xiv. 330.

and is crossed by an ancient bridge.

As in classical times, the valley is almost buried in verdure. Plautus alludes to it:—'You shall be dispersed like the leaves of Farfarus.' A stony road (possible for carriages) ascends from the stream, through thickets of oaks, and of Judas trees, which make the very ground pink with their falling flowers in spring. The banks are carpeted

with periwinkles and anemones, and cuckoos and nightingales sing incessantly in the thick shades. An outer wall surrounds the monastic enclosures, and serves also as protection to the little village, which nestles under the shadow of the church. Twice a year, after Easter and Michaelmas, there is a famous fair here, much frequented by those who purchase the oil of Farfa, which is sold here in huge barrels. Over the outer of the two gateways, both very richly sculptured, the sainted founders, Lorenzo and Tommaso, over the inner Benedict and Scholastica, kneel before



Convent of Farfa.

the Virgin and Child, in two very beautiful frescoes by an early Umbrian master. The church is cruciform, and almost covered with frescoes, which, if not very good as works of art, are at least highly picturesque. The Papal benefactors of the monastery are represented between the arches, which are supported by ancient granite pillars. The ceiling is richly carved in wood. At the cross is an intricate pavement of opus-Alexandrinum. The choir is now stripped of its 'choir books plated with gold and silver and set with gems,' and is no longer rich in 'gold and silver ornaments,

and in dresses for the officiating priests, embroidered with gold, and studded with precious stones.' The whole of the western wall above the door is occupied by a fresco of the Last Judgment, which, when executed, was considered 'so terrible to behold, that those who looked upon it thought of nothing but death for many days.'

On the left of the altar is the chapel of S. Lorenzo Siro, where he is buried, and where the brazen hoop of the *scatola* in which he carried a famous picture of the Virgin to Farfa is preserved. This picture is still over the high-altar: four heads, the Virgin, with the Bambino beneath, and two seraphin set in gold—black of course, and attributed to S. Luke. On the right is the chapel of the second founder, Tommaso, with a picture of him receiving the commands of the Virgin; the hill of Farfa and the three cypresses of Lorenzo are represented in the background. Here also, and in other parts of the church, the original building is pourtrayed with two towers, only one of which remains.

The vast monastic buildings are now in the hands of some English agriculturists, and are chiefly used for farm purposes. In the corner of the cloister is an ancient well, apparently a relic of some pagan temple on this site, to which the pillars of the church also probably belonged. It is beautifully sculptured with the Battle of the Amazons in high relief. Outside is the terrace, where the Chronicle says that the monks were sitting before supper, in the year 1125, when 'they beheld the tower of the castle of Farfa stricken and burnt by a flash of lightning.'

Passo Correse (Stat.). Near this, the Via Salaria, now called Strada di Sabina, crosses the brook called *Rio Linguessa*, which falls into the Tiber below. Beyond the bridge, the Strada di Rieti turns up to the right, reaching at a distance of 3 miles the ruined *Church of S. Pietro*, which is regarded as having once been the metropolitan cathedral of this district, now almost deserted on account of the malaria.

A mile further, on the same side of Rio Linguessa as the church, is the village of *Correse*, which represents and almost occupies the site of the ancient Cures, the capital of the Sabines. Half a mile north of the village is a square enclosure, surrounded by walls of huge stones, and with some appearance of gates, and there are other ruins on the neighbouring hills. Dionysius, who calls it the greatest city of the Sabines, says that Cures, or Quiris, was built by Medius Fidius, son of a maiden of the Aborigines by Quirinus. Here Titus Tatius, King of the Sabines, had his palace, and in the compact which he made with Romulus stipulated that though the new city should be called Rome, the united people must be called Quirites. Hence Numa Pompilius went to reign in Rome.

‘Curibus parvis et paupere terra,
Missus in imperium magnum.’—‘*Aen.*’ vi. 811.

But Strabo narrates that in his time Cures, ‘once a noble city,’ was only ‘a small village.’ In the middle ages it belonged to the monastery of Farfa.

Monte Rotondo (Stat.). Two miles distant, in the hills on the left, is Monte Rotondo, which was the scene of a battle between the Papal troops and Garibaldians. The fine old castle, built by the Barberini, on the site of a fortress of the Orsini, is now the property of the Buoncompagni.

Two miles further is the village of *Mentana*, with the height which was (October 1867) the site of the battle in which the Papal troops, assisted by the French, totally defeated the Italians under Garibaldi. Some blocks of marble in the village street are the only remains of the ancient Latin city Nomentum, which is spoken of by Virgil¹ and Dionysius² as a colony of Alba. It was one of the thirty cities of the Latin league,³ and continued to flourish in the times of the Empire, when Seneca had a country

¹ vi. 773.

² ii. 53.

³ Niebuhr, ii. 17.

house there,¹ and also Martial, who frequently speaks of it in his poems, and contrasts its peaceful retirement with the vanities of Baiae and more fashionable summer *villeggiature*.

- ‘Me Nomentani confirmant otia ruris,
 Et casa jugeribus non onerosa suis,
 Hic mihi Baiani soles, mollisque Lucrinus ;
 Hic vestræ mihi sunt, Castrice, divitiae.
 Quondam laudatas quoquaque libebat ad undas
 Currere, nec longas pertimuisse vias :
 Nunc urbi vicina juvant, facilesque recessus,
 Et satis est, pigro si licet esse mihi.’—VI. 43.
- ‘Numae colles, et Nomentana relinques
 Otia ? nec retinet rusque focusque senem.’—X. 44.
- ‘Cur saepe sicci parva rura Nomenti,
 Laremque villaæ sordidum petam, quaeris ?
 Nec cogitandi, Sparse, nec quiescendi
 In urbe locus est pauperi.’—XII. 57.

Martial praises its wine, which is also extolled by Seneca and Pliny.

- ‘In Nomentanis, Ovidi, quod nascitur agris,
 Accepit quoties tempora longa merum,
 Exuit annosae mores, nomenque senectae,
 Et quidquid voluit, testa vocatur anus.’

Mart. i. 106.

In the Middle Ages the place was called Civitas Nomentana, and was the seat of a bishopric. Here, in A.D. 800, Leo III. met Charlemagne, when he came to be crowned at Rome, and here the great Consul Crescentius was born. Mentana was granted by Nicholas III. (1277-81) to his own family, the Orsini, by whom it was sold to the Peretti, whose arms still remain upon the walls of its 15th-century castle. The place now belongs to the Borghese.

The Via Nomentana proceeds hence to join the Via Salara near Correse, passing—three miles beyond Mentana—*Grotta Marozza*, believed with much reason to occupy the site of the Sabine Eretum, which, from its position on the frontier between the Latins and Sabines, was constantly

¹ *Sen. Ep. 104.*

the scene of warfare between the two nations. It was never a place of much importance. Valerius Maximus speaks of it as 'Vicus Sabinae regionis.'

(The road from Mentana to Rome follows the Via Nomentana, and, through forests of oaks, soon reaches *Monte Gentile*, the supposed site of the Latin city of Ficulea or Ficulnea, frequently mentioned by both Livy and Dionysius in the early history of Rome. Gell speaks of the ground near the fine mediaeval tower, called *Torre Lupara*, as 'strewn with tiles and pottery—perhaps one of the surest indications of an ancient city.' It has been supposed, from an inscription found near the farm of the Cesarini, referring to a charitable institution of M. Aurelius for 'Pueri et Puellae Alimentarii Ficelensium,' and from the expression 'Ficulea vetus' used by Livy,¹ and 'Ficelias veteres' by Martial,² that there may have been a second town called Ficulea, built in later times nearer the capital. Ficulea was the seat of an early bishopric. It is said to derive its name from the wild figs, which are still found in abundance on the supposed site of the city. In the Acts of Pope Caius and S. Laurence the Martyr it is called 'Civitas Figlina extra Portam Salariam.' The Via Nomentana itself is sometimes spoken of as *Via Ficulea*.

Beyond Casa Nuova the ancient pavement is very perfect. Near the farm called Cesarini a road turns off to the left to *Palombara*, a town of the Sabina, once a fortress of the Savelli, but now belonging to the Borghese, most beautifully situated at the foot of Monte Gennaro. This road passes under the Montes Corniculani, of which the nearest height is occupied by *S. Angelo in Cappoccia*, asserted, without any authority, to occupy the site of the Latin city Medullia.

Passing the disinterred Basilica of S. Alessandro (see 'Walks in Rome,' ii.), the Casale dei Pazzi, and the tomb known as the *Torre Nomentana*, the road descends and crosses the river by the picturesque Ponte Nomentano,

occupying the site of the ancient bridge, but itself mediaeval : hence it ascends, by the Basilica of S. Agnese, to Rome. The green slopes on the north of the bridge are the *Mons Sacer*, where the famous secession and encampment of the plebs in B.C. 494 extorted from the patricians the concession of tribunes who were to represent the interests of the people.)

A mile and a half beyond Passo Correse, near Fonte di Papa, the railroad and road cross an insignificant brook, which is decided, more than any other, to coincide with the description which Livy¹ gives of the fatal *Allia*, a description so accurate as to show that this place was not necessarily familiar to his readers, viz :—

‘Aegre ad undecimum lapidem occursum est, qua flumen Allia Crustuminiis montibus preealto defluens alveo, haud multum infra viam Tiberino amni miscetur.’

Here, then, and in the upland hollows, which are watered by the same brook, the Romans underwent their famous defeat by the Gauls under Brennus (B.C. 390), which led to the capture of the city on July 18 (A.D. xv. Kal. Sextiles), called thenceforth *Dies Alliensis*, and regarded as so ill-omened that no business was transacted upon it.

‘Haec est in fastis cui dat gravis Allia nomen.’

Ovid, ‘In Ibin.’ 221.

‘Quosque secans infaustum interluit Allia nomen.’

‘Aen.’ vii. 717.

‘Damnata diu Romanis Allia fastis.’—Lucan, vii. 408.

At about nine miles from the city, when the dome of S. Peter's is beginning to rise over the hills, we pass (on the left) beneath the extensive farm-buildings called *Marcigliana Vecchia*, which are usually believed to occupy the site of the city of Crustumerium, though some place it at *Sette Bagni*, the next large farm on the left of the road to Rome, where

there are traces of ancient buildings ; while others refer it to Monte Rotondo.

Dionysius speaks of Crustumium as an Alban colony sent out long before the building of Rome. The city was taken by Romulus, again by Tarquinius Priscus, and again during the Roman Republic, B.C. 499, after which it remained subject to Rome. In B.C. 477 occurred the 'Crustumina Secession,' when the army which was being led by the Decemvirs against the Sabines deserted, and retreated to Crustumium. Virgil¹ mentions the Crustumian pears, and Servius says that they were red only on one side. It is interesting that wild pears of this kind still grow in abundance over all these desolate uplands, amongst which Crustumium must certainly have been situated.

Every hillock now teems with historic associations. On the right rises an almost isolated hill called *Castel Giubileo*, from the farm buildings upon it, which were erected by Boniface VIII. in the year of Jubilee. This hill is believed to have been the Arx of ancient Fidenae. Towards the river it is very steep, but it is united by a kind of isthmus to the high table-land where the rest of the city is supposed to have stood.

'Dionysius, who is generally an excellent antiquary, says that Fidenae was an Alban colony, founded at the same time with Nomentum and Crustumium, the eldest of three emigrant brothers building Fidenae. But it is evident that the great mass of the original inhabitants were Etruscans, for it appears from Livy (i. 27) that only a portion of the inhabitants "ut qui coloni additi Romanis essent) Latine sciebant." The same author elsewhere states that when the Romans wanted a spy upon the Fidenates, they were obliged to employ a person who had been educated at Caere, and had learned the language and writing of Etruria ; and in another place (i. 15) he expressly says, "Fidenates quoque Etrusci fuerunt." The Fidenates were the constant allies of the Veientes, with whom they were probably connected by race.

"The city," says Dionysius, "was in its glory in the time of Romulus, by whom it was taken and colonized ; the Fidenates having seized certain boats laden with corn by the Crustumini for the use of the Romans, as they passed down the Tiber under the walls of Fidenae."

¹ *Georgics*, ii. 88.

Livy (lib. iv. 22) calls Fidenae "urbs alta et munita ;" and says, "neque scalis capi poterat, neque in obsidione vis ulla erat." —*Gell.*

Making the circuit of Castel Giubileo, you are led round till you meet the road, where it issues from the hollow at the northern angle of the city. Besides the tombs which are found on both sides of the southern promontory of the city, there is a cave, running far into the rock, and branching off into several chambers and passages. Fidenae, like Veii, is said to have been taken by a mine ; and this cave might be supposed to indicate the spot, being subsequently enlarged into its present form, had not Livy stated that the *cuniculus* was on the opposite side of Fidenae, where the cliffs were loftiest, and that it was carried into the Arx.

The ruin of Fidenae is as complete as that of Antemnae. The hills on which it stood are now bare and desolate : the shepherd tends his flock on its slopes, or the plough furrows its bosom. Its walls have utterly disappeared ; not one stone remains on another, and the broken pottery and the tombs around are the sole evidences of its existence. Yet, as Nibby observes, "few ancient cities, of which few or no vestiges remain, have had the good fortune to have their sites so well determined as Fidenae." Its distance of forty stadia, or five miles from Rome, mentioned by Dionysius, and its position relative to Veii, to the Tiber, and to the confluence of the Anio with that stream, as set forth by Livy, leave not a doubt of its true site.' —*Dennis.*

Horace speaks of Fidenae as if it was almost deserted in his time :—

' Scis, Lebedus quam sit Gabii desertior atque
Fidenis vicus.' —*Epist.* ii. 7.

But in the reign of Tiberius it appears to have been a municipal town :—

' Hujus qui trahitur praetextam sumere mavis,
An Fidenarum Gabiorumque esse potestas.'
Juvenal, 'Sat.' x. 99.

and that its population was considerable is attested by the greatness of a public calamity which took place there.

'The retirement of Tiberius was followed by a succession of public calamities. . . . A private speculator had undertaken, as a matter of profit, one of the magnificent public works which in better times it was the privilege of the chief magistrates or candidates for the highest offices to construct for the sake of glory or influence. In erecting a vast wooden amphitheatre in the suburban city of Fidenae, he had omitted the necessary precaution of securing a solid foundation ; and when the

populace of Rome, unaccustomed, from the parsimony of Tiberius, to their favourite spectacles at home, were invited to the diversions of the opening day, which they attended in immense numbers, the mighty mass gave way under the pressure, and covered them in its ruins. Fifty thousand persons, or, according to a lower computation, not less than twenty thousand, men and women of all ranks, were killed or injured by this catastrophe.'—*Merivale's 'Hist. of the Romans,'* ch. xiv.

A low range of hills now appears on the left, and a few crumbling bits of wall near some old bay-trees are pointed out as fragments of the *Villa of Phaon*, the freedman of Nero, where the emperor died.

'The Hundred Days of Nero were drawing rapidly to a close. He was no longer safe in the city. . . . He would have thrown himself into the Tiber, but his courage failed him. He must have time, he said, and repose to collect his spirits for suicide, and his freedman Phaon at last offered him his villa in the suburbs, four miles from the city. In undress and barefooted, throwing a rough cloak over his shoulders, and a kerchief across his face, he glided through the doors, mounted a horse, and, attended by Sporus and three others, passed the city gates with the dawn of the summer morning. The Nomentane road led him beneath the wall of the praetorians, whom he might hear uttering curses against him, and pledging vows to Galba; and the early travellers from the country asked him as they met, *What news of Nero?* or remarked to one another, *These men are pursuing the tyrant.* Thunder and lightning, and a shock of earthquake, added horror to the moment. Nero's horse started at a dead body on the road-side, the kerchief fell from his face, and a praetorian passing by recognised and saluted him. At the fourth milestone the party quitted the highway, alighted from their horses, and scrambled on foot through a corn-brake, laying their own cloaks to tread on, to the rear of the promised villa. Phaon now desired Nero to crouch in a sand-pit hard by, while he contrived to open the drain from the bath-room, and so admit him unperceived; but he vowed he would not go alive, as he said, *underground*, and remained trembling beneath the wall. Taking water in his hand from a puddle, *This,* he said, *is the famous drink of Nero.* At last a hole was made, through which he crept on all fours into a narrow chamber of the house, and there threw himself on a pallet. The coarse bread that was offered him he could not eat, but swallowed a little tepid water. Still he lingered, his companions urging him to seek refuge, without delay, from the insults about to be heaped on him. He ordered them to dig a grave, and himself lay down to give the measure; he desired them to collect bits of marble to decorate his sepulchre, and prepare water to cleanse and wood to burn his corpse, sighing meanwhile, and muttering, *What an artist to perish!* Presently a slave of

Phaon's brought papers from Rome, which Nero snatched from him, and read that the senate had proclaimed him an enemy, and decreed his death, *in the ancient fashion*. He asked what that was, and was informed that the culprit was stripped, his head placed in a fork, and his body smitten with a stick till death. Terrified at this announcement, he took two daggers from his bosom, tried their edge one after the other, and again laid them down, alleging that *the moment was not yet arrived*. Then he called on Sporus to commence his funeral lamentations; then he implored some of the party to set him the example; once and again he reproached himself with his own timidity. *Fie! Nero, fie!* he muttered in Greek, *Courage, man! come, rouse thee!* Suddenly was heard the trampling of horsemen, sent to seize the culprit alive. Then at last, with a verse of Homer hastily ejaculated, *Sound of swift-footed steeds strikes on my ears*, he placed a weapon to his breast, and the slave Epaphroditus drove it home. The blow was scarcely struck, when the centurion rushed in, and thrusting his cloak against the wound, pretended he was come to help him. The dying wretch could only murmur, *Too late, and, Is this your fidelity?* and expired with a horrid stare on his countenance. He had adjured his attendants to burn his body, and not let the foe bear off his head; and this was now allowed him: the corpse was consumed with haste and imperfectly, but at least without mutilation.'—*Merivale's Hist. of Romans under the Empire*, vii. 45.

The railway now crosses the plain called *Prato Rotondo*, the scene of the battle which led to the destruction of Alba.

'When the combat between the Horatii and Curiatii was agreed upon, the compact had been, that the nation whose champions should be victorious was to command the obedience and service of the other; and the Albans fulfilled it. When, however, Fidenae, having driven out or overpowered the Roman colonists, was defending itself with the help of the Veientines against Tullus and the Romans in the battle that ensued, the Romans stood against the Veientines; on the right, over against the Fidenates, were the Albans under their dictator, Mettius Fufetius. Faithless, and yet irresolute, he drew them off from the conflict to the hills. The Etruscans, seeing that he did not keep his engagement, and suspecting that he meant to attack their flank, gave way, and fled along his line; when the twofold traitor fell upon them in their disorder, in the hope of cloaking his treachery. The Roman king feigned himself deceived. On the following day the two armies were summoned to receive their praises and rewards. The Albans came without their arms, and heard the sentence of the inexorable king; that, as their dictator had broken his faith both to Rome and the Etruscans, he should in like manner be torn in pieces by horses driven in opposite directions, while, as for themselves and their city,

they should be removed to Rome, and Alba should be destroyed.'—*Niebuhr*, i. 329.

'On the same field was fought many a bloody fight between the Romans and Etruscans. Here, in the year of Rome 317, the Fidenates, with their allies of Veii and Falerii, were again defeated; and Lars Tolumnius, chief of the Veientines, was slain. And a few years later, Manlius Aemilius and Cornelius Cossus, the heroes of the former fight, routed the same foes in the same plain, and captured the city of Fidenae. Here, too, Annibal seems to have pitched his camp when he marched from Capua to surprise the city.'—*Dennis*.

Close to the *Torre Salaria*, a fine mediaeval tower on the right, built upon a Roman tomb, which is itself used as an osteria, is an ugly modern bridge, occupying the site of the grand old bridge built by Narses in the 6th century, which was blown up during the panic caused by the approach of Garibaldi and the insurgents in 1867, and the ruins of which, though of the greatest interest, were destroyed by the Government in 1874. An earlier bridge upon this site was the famous *Ponte Salario*, where Manlius fought with the Gaul.

The hill above the bridge was once the site of the 'turri-gerae Antemnae' of Virgil,¹ one of the most ancient cities of Italy.

‘Antemnaque prisco
Crustumio prior.’

Silius Ital. viii. 367.

‘Not a tree—not a shrub on its turf-grown surface—not a house—not a ruin—not one stone upon another, to tell you the site had been inhabited. Yet here once stood Antemnae, the city of many towers. Not a trace remains above ground. Even the broken pottery, that infallible indicator of bygone civilisation, which marks the site and determines the limits of habitation on many a now desolate spot of classic ground, is here so overgrown with herbage that the eye of an antiquary would alone detect it. It is a site strong by nature, and well adapted for a city, as cities then were; for it is scarcely larger than the Palatine Hill, which, though at first it embraced the whole of Rome, was afterwards too small for a single palace. It has a peculiar interest as the site of one of the three cities of Sabina, whose daughters, ravished by the followers of Romulus, became the mothers of the Roman race.’²—*Dennis*.

¹ *Aen.* vii. 630.

² The other two cities were Caccina and Crustumium.

On the left we now catch a glimpse of the picturesque *Ponte Nomentano*, by which the Via Nomentana crosses the Anio. Then the railway ascends the edge of the Esquiline. Below, on the left, we see the ancient Basilica and the modern cemetery of S. Lorenzo. Then we reach the Aurelian Walls and enter Rome close to the Porta Maggiore.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PERUGIA AND ASSISI.

It is $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour by rail from Cortona to Perugia, changing trains at the next station of Terontola (4 frs. 40 c. ; 3 frs. 15 c.).

SOON after leaving Camuccia, the railway begins to skirt the *Lake of Thrasyrnene*. Even when seen in this way it produces an impression different from that of all other lakes : it has a soft, still beauty especially its own. Upon the vast expanse of shallow pale-green waters, surrounded by low-lying hills, storms have scarcely any effect, and the birds which float over it, and the fishing-boats which skim across its surface, are reflected as in a mirror. At Passignano and Torricella, picturesque villages, chiefly occupied by fishermen, jut out into the water, but otherwise the



Lake of Thrasyrnene

reedy shore is perfectly desolate on this side, though, beyond the lake, convents and villages crown the hills which rise between us and the pale violet mountains beyond Montepulciano. In regarding this peaceful scene, and reading of the battle of B.C. 217, in which 15,000 Romans perished, one may well exclaim :—

‘Is this the spot where Rome’s eternal foe
Into his snares the mighty legions drew,
Whence from the carnage, spiritless and few,
A remnant scarcely reached her gates of woe ?

Is this the stream, thus gliding soft and slow,
 That, from the gushing wounds of thousands, grew
 So fierce a flood, that waves of crimson hue
 Rushed on the bosom of the lake below ?
 The mountains that gave back the battle-cry
 Are silent now ;—perchance yon hillocks green
 Mark where the bones of those old warriors lie !
 Heaven never gladdened a more peaceful scene ;
 Never left softer breeze a fairer sky
 To sport upon thy waters, Thrasymene.'

Charles Strong.

'The mountains stand about the quiet lake,
 That not a breath its azure calm may break ;
 No leaf of these sere olive trees is stirred,
 In the near silence far-off sounds are heard.
 The tiny bat is flitting overhead,
 The hawthorn doth its richest odours shed
 Into the dewy air ; and over all
 Veil after veil the evening shadows fall,
 And one by one withdraw each glimmering height,
 The far, and then the nearer, from our sight—
 No sign surviving in this tranquil scene,
 That strife and savage tumult here have been.'

Archbishop Trench.

The strip of land between the hills and the lake which the railway passes through was the actual scene of the slaughter. No one will grudge reading the vivid description of Arnold on the spot.

'The consul (C. Flaminius) had encamped in the evening on the side of the lake, on the Tuscan side of Passignano : he had made a forced march, and had arrived at his position so late that he could not examine the ground before him. Early the next morning he set forward again ; the morning mist hung thickly over the lake and the low grounds, leaving the heights, as is often the case, quite clear Flaminius, anxious to overtake his enemy, rejoiced in the friendly veil which thus concealed his advance, and hoped to fall upon Hannibal's army while it was still in marching order, and its columns encumbered with the plunder of the valley of the Arno. He passed through the defile of Passignano, and found no enemy : this confirmed him in his belief that Hannibal did not mean to fight. Already the Numidian cavalry were on the edge of the basin of the Tiber : unless he could overtake them speedily, they would have reached the plain ; and Africans, Spaniards, and Gauls, would be rioting in the devastation of

the garden of Italy. So the consul rejoiced as the heads of his columns emerged from the defile, and, turning to the left, began to ascend the hills, where he hoped at least to find the rear-guard of the enemy.

' At this moment the stillness of the mist was broken by barbarian war-cries on every side ; and both flanks of the Roman column were assailed at once. Their right was overwhelmed by a storm of javelins and arrows, shot as if from the midst of darkness, and striking into the soldier's unguarded side, where he had no shield to cover him ; while ponderous stones, against which no shield or helmet could avail, came crashing down upon their heads. On the left were heard the trampling of horse, and the well-known war-cries of the Gauls ; and presently Hannibal's dreaded cavalry emerged from the mist, and were in an instant in the midst of their ranks ; and the huge forms of the Gauls and their vast broad swords broke in upon them at the same moment. The head of the Roman column, which was already ascending to the higher ground, found its advance also barred ; for here was the enemy whom they had so longed to overtake ; here were some of the Spanish and African foot of Hannibal's army drawn up to await the assault. The Romans instantly attacked these troops, and cut their way through ; these must be the covering parties, they thought, of Hannibal's main battle ; and eager to bring the contest to a decisive issue, they pushed forward up the heights, not doubting that on the summit they should find the whole force of the enemy. And now they were on top of the ridge, and to their astonishment no enemy was there ; but the mist drew up, and, as they looked behind, they saw too plainly where Hannibal was ; the whole valley was one scene of carnage, while on the sides of the hills above were the masses of the Spanish and African foot witnessing the destruction of the Roman army, which had scarcely cost them a single stroke.

' The advanced troops of the Roman column had thus escaped the slaughter ; but being too few to retrieve the day, they continued their advance, which was now become a flight, and took refuge in one of the neighbouring villages. Meantime, while the centre of the army was cut to pieces in the valley, the rear was still winding through the defile beyond, between the cliffs and the lake. But they, too, were attacked from the heights above by the Gauls, and forced in confusion into the water. Some of the soldiers in desperation struck out into the deep water swimming, and weighed down by their armour presently sank ; others ran in as far as was within their depth, and then stood helplessly till the enemy's cavalry dashed in after them. Then they lifted up their hands and cried for quarter : but on this day of sacrifice, the gods of Carthage were not to be defrauded of a single victim.

' Thus, with the exception of the advanced troops of the Roman column, who were about 6,000 men, the rest of the army was utterly destroyed. The consul himself had seen the wreck consummated. On

finding himself surrounded, he had vainly endeavoured to form his men amidst the confusion, and to offer some regular resistance : when this was hopeless, he continued to do his duty as a brave soldier, till one of the Gaulish horsemen, who is said to have known him by sight from his former consulship, rode up and ran him through the body with his lance, crying out, “So perish the man who slaughtered our brethren, and robbed us of the lands of our fathers.”—‘*History of Rome*,’ vol. iii.

‘Far other scene is Thrasymene now ;
 Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
 Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough ;
 Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
 Lay where their roots are ; but a brook hath ta’en—
 A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
 A name of blood from that day’s sanguine rain ;
 And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
 Made the earth wet, and turned the unwilling waters red.’

Byron, ‘Childe Harold.’

The lake of Thrasymene is of rounded form, being about twenty-six miles in circumference and seven miles broad. There is a project for draining it (!), happily in abeyance, in consequence of the enormous cost and small profit of draining the Lago Fucino, and the unhealthiness it has engendered. Artists will find charming subjects in the neighbourhood of Passignano, but they will do well to go thither for the day from Perugia ; for the inn will scarcely be found endurable as to lodging, though it will supply a luncheon of eels or carp—‘Reina del Lago.’

There are three islands on the lake : *Isola Polvese*, most to the south, which is inhabited ; *Isola Minore*, which is quite desolate ; and *Isola Maggiore*, at the northern side, where there is an Olivetan Convent, and which is connected with the story of S. Francis.

‘S. Francis was inspired to go and pass the time of Lent in an island on the lake, and begged a friend, out of love to God, to conduct him in his boat to an island uninhabited by man, and to take him there in the night of Ash Wednesday, so that none might know where he was. The friend, out of the great devotion he bore to S. Francis, granted his request, and conducted him to the desert island. S. Francis took nought with him but two small loaves. When they had reached

the island, his friend left him and returned home ; the saint entreated him to reveal to no one where he was, and not to come and fetch him before Holy Thursday ; to which he consented. S. Francis being quite alone, entered a thick part of the wood all overgrown with brambles and other creeping plants, and forming as it were a kind of hut, and there began to pray and enter into the contemplation of divine things. He passed the whole of Lent without eating or drinking aught but half of one of the small loaves he brought with him, as we learn from his friend, who went to fetch him on Holy Thursday, and found one of the loaves untouched and the other only half consumed. It is presumed that S. Francis ate this half out of respect to our blessed Lord, who fasted forty days and forty nights without taking any material food ; for by eating this bit of bread he put aside the temptation to vain-glory, and yet fasted forty days and forty nights in imitation of the Saviour. In later times God worked many miracles on the spot where S. Francis had fasted so wonderfully ; on which account by-and-by a little town rose up there, with a convent called the Convent of the Isle.'—*Fioretti di S. Francesco.*

It is here also that Bonaventura tells the story of the friendship of S. Francis with the wild rabbit, which 'returned to the father's bosom, as if it had some hidden sense of the pitifulness of his heart.'

Perugia (Stat.).

Ordinary travellers may see Perugia in a day, but by those who wish to examine or profit by it much more time will be spent there. Omnibus to town 1 franc. The *Grand Hotel di Perugia* of Brosani, in a delightful airy situation outside the town, near S. Domenico, is a first-rate hotel, with every comfort. Pension in the season, 12 francs ; in the summer, 10 francs. *Hotel la Posta* or *Gran Bretagna*, in the Corso, is very inferior, but near the Cathedral, Palazzo Pubblico, &c.

The palaces and churches of Perugia are very numerous and interesting, but with the single exception of those in S. Pietro de' Casinensi, it should be remembered that all the important pictures mentioned in guide-books as existing in the churches will now be found in the Pinacoteca. The most important sights are, the Sala del Cambio, the Cathedral, S. Severo, the Arco d' Augusto, S. Angelo and the Pinacoteca, on one side of the town ; and S. Domenico and S. Pietro de' Casinensi on the other.

The Pinacoteca is open daily, except on Mondays and Thursdays, from 9 to 12.

Perugia, the ancient Perusia, was one of the twelve cities of the Etruscan Confederation. It was surrendered

to Fabius in B.C. 309. Little more is known of its early history till Augustus besieged Lucius Antonius, brother of the triumvir, within its walls. The town was reduced by starvation, but one of the inhabitants setting fire to his house, the flames spread and the whole city was burnt. It was rebuilt as a Roman colony by Augustus. In 1416, the famous chieftain Fortebraccio was received as Lord of Perugia, and under his wise rule it attained great prosperity. After his death it was chiefly ruled by the great family of the Baglioni, whose whole history is one of crime and bloodshed.

'The Church was reckoned the supreme administrator of the Perugian commonwealth. But in reality no man could set foot on the Umbrian plain without permission from the Baglioni. They elected the officers of state. The lives and goods of the citizens were at their discretion. When a Papal legate showed his face, they made the town too hot to hold him. One of Innocent VIII.'s nephews had been murdered by them. Another Cardinal shut himself up in a box, and sneaked on mule-back like a bale of merchandise through the gates to escape their fury. It was in vain that from time to time the people rose against them, massacring Pandolfo Baglioni on the public square in 1393, and joining with Ridolfo and Bracco of the dominant house to assassinate another Pandolfo, with his son Niccolo, in 1469. The more they were cut down, the more they flourished. The wealth they derived from their lordships in the duchy of Spoleto and the Umbrian hill-cities, and the treasures they accumulated in the service of the Italian republics, made them omnipotent in their native town. There they built tall houses on the site which Paul III. afterwards chose for his *castello*, and which is now an open space above the Porta S. Carlo. From the balconies and turrets of these palaces, swarming with their *bravi*, they surveyed the splendid land that felt their force—a land which even in midsummer from sunrise to sunset keeps the light of day upon its upturned face. And from this eyrie they issued forth to prey upon the plain, or to take their lust of love or blood within the city streets.'—*J. A. Symonds.*

Perugia was finally seized as an appanage of the Church in 1538. In 1553, Julius III. accorded many privileges to the town, which continued to form part of the Papal States till the Sardinian invasion of 1859–60.

Perugia had then become already remarkable for a rebellion, in quelling which the Papal troops, as they occupied the town, being under the belief that they were attacked by

the citizens from the windows, avenged themselves by a massacre, which, though greatly exaggerated at the time, was still so cruel and barbarous, that the rule of Victor Emanuel, when Perugia was really annexed to his dominions, was naturally more welcomed here than elsewhere.

It is a long ascent from the station to the grey city walls, which stand crowned with towers and churches at the top of a green hill covered with the utmost luxuriance of vegetation, ‘as green as England and as bright as Italy alone.’ Each turn of the way is beautiful, and most so on a market day, when it is almost blocked up with the herds



Perugia.

of goats and oxen and flocks of sheep, attended by their gaily dressed herdsmen, who sing wild *stornelli* in deep Umbrian voices as they go.

The bastion of the city which projects towards the valley is that which was once occupied by the fortress-like palaces of the Baglioni, and here, after Paul III. took the city, he caused the fortress called Citadella Paolina to be built in 1540 by Sangallo—‘ad coercendam Perusinorum audaciam.’ At this time much of the old Etruscan wall of Perusia was destroyed, but Sangallo preserved the shell of the gate called *Porta Manzia* by enclosing it in his own fortifications. In the last few years, the castle of Paul III. has in

its turn almost entirely perished under the existing government, and the frightful public offices which are such an eyesore in all distant views of the town have been erected on its site. Nevertheless all strangers will visit the open space which was once the platform of the fortress (now called Piazza Vittorio Emanuele) to enjoy the view, so unspeakably beautiful towards sunset, of the rich valley of the Tiber, with the churches of S. Domenico and S. Pietro crowning the nearer heights. This, then, we may take as a centre for two sightseeing excursions in Perugia.

Facing us as we look back towards the Corso, on its right, is the handsome *Palazzo Monaldi*, which contains a large picture by *Guido*, of Neptune in his chariot, receiving tribute from the Earth.

Entering the Corso, on the right is the *Casa Baldeschi*, which contains a valuable sketch executed by *Raffaelle* for one of the frescoes carried out by *Pinturicchio* in the library at Siena. It represents Pius II. (*Aeneas Silvius*), as a bishop, betrothing Frederick III. to Eleanora of Portugal.

The Via Nuova, on the right beyond this, leads (left) to the long narrow *Piazza del Sopramuoro*, which derives its name from the subterranean masonry by which it is supported, filling up the space between two hills. The dark brown houses with their heavy windows, their shields of arms, and projecting roofs, and the fountain in the midst surrounded by fruit and vegetable sellers, are most picturesque. On the left, on entering from the Via Nuova, is the *Biblioteca Pubblica*, which contains a very valuable local collection, but little that is of importance to strangers.

Returning to the Corso, on the left, marked high on the wall by the griffin of Perugia, is the *Sala del Cambio*, the disused Exchange, containing some of the noblest works of *Perugino*, executed in 1500 for 350 gold ducats paid by the Guild of Wool.

In the first chamber are represented first (on the left wall) Pagan Virtues with the classical heroes who illustrated them, viz. :—

Justice . . .	{ Furius Camillus. Pittacus. Trajan.
Wisdom . . .	{ Fabius Maximus. Socrates. Numa Pompilius.
Fortitude . . .	{ Lucius Licinius. Leonidas. Horatius Cocles.
Temperance . . .	{ Publius Scipio. Pericles. Cincinnatus.

Hence we pass to (on the right wall) the Triumph of Religion. Above is God the Father, and below, the prophets Isaiah, Moses, Daniel (said to be a portrait of Raffaelle), David, Jeremiah (shown as a portrait of Pinturicchio), Solomon ; and the sibyls Erythraea, Persica, Cumana, Libyca, Tiburtina, Delphica. Opposite the entrance are the Nativity and the Transfiguration, the latter one of the most glorious works of the master, the Saviour seeming so completely to float in mid-air, between the adoring figures of Moses and Elijah. On the central pillar on the left is a portrait of Perugino himself, with the inscription :—

‘Perdita si fuerit, pingendi hic retulit artem ;
Si nusquam inventa est hactenus, ipse dedit.’

On the left of the door is Cato the Censor. On the roof are the seven planets and the signs of the zodiac, with Apollo in the centre. The Renaissance wood decorations are by Antonio Mercatello di Massa.

‘The manner in which Perugino has placed his figures, in rows one beside the other, is characteristic of him : a Florentine, by ingenuous allusions of every kind, would have mingled them in groups, while a Venetian would, at all events, have represented the *Santa Conversazione*.’

—Kugler.

‘It is in the Sala del Cambio that we obtain a really new conception of the faculty of Perugino. Upon the decoration of this little hall he concentrated all his powers of invention. The frescoes of the Transfiguration and the Nativity, which face the great door, are the triumphs of his devotional manner. On other panels of the chamber he has pourtrayed the philosophers of Greece and Rome, the kings and generals

of antiquity, the prophets and the sibyls who announced Christ's advent. The roof is covered with arabesques of delicate design and dainty execution, labyrinths of fanciful improvisation, in which flowers and foliage and human forms are woven into an harmonious framework for the medallions of the seven planets. The woodwork with which the hall is lined below the frescoes, shows to what a point of perfection the art of intarsia had been carried in his school. All these decorative masterpieces are the product of an ingenuous style. Uninfluenced by the Roman frescoes imitated by Raffaelle in his Loggie of the Vatican, they breathe the spirit of the earlier Renaissance, which created for itself free forms of grace and loveliness without a pattern, divining by its innate sense of beauty what the classic artists had achieved. Take for an example the medallion of the planet Jupiter. The king of gods and men, hoary-headed and mild-eyed, is seated in his chariot drawn by eagles ; before him kneels Ganymede, a fair-haired, exquisite, slim page, with floating mantle and ribands fluttering round his tight hose and jerkin. Such were the cup-bearers of Galeazzo Sforza and Giampaolo Baglioni. Then compare this fresco with the Jupiter in mosaic upon the cupola of the Chigi chapel in S. Maria del Popolo at Rome. A new age of experience had passed over Raffaelle between his execution of Perugino's design in the one and his conception of the other. He had seen the marbles of the Vatican, and had heard of Plato in the interval : the simple graces of the earlier Renaissance were no longer enough for him ; but he must realise the thought of classic myths in his new manner. In the same way we may compare this Transfiguration with Raffaelle's last picture, these sibyls with those of S. Maria della Pace, the sages with the school of Athens, these warriors with the Battle of Maxentius. What is characteristic of the full-grown Raffaelle, is his universal comprehension, his royal faculty for representing past and present, near and distant, things the most diverse, by forms ideal and yet distinctive. Each phase of the world's history and of human activity receives from him appropriate and elevated expression. What is characteristic of the frescoes in the Sala del Cambio, and indeed of the whole manner of Perugino, is that all subjects, sacred or secular, allegorical or real, are conceived in the same spirit of restrained and well-bred piety. There is no attempt at historical propriety or dramatic realism. Grave, ascetic, melancholy faces of saints are put on bodies of kings, generals, sages, sibyls, and deities alike. The same ribands and studied draperies clothe and connect all. The same conventional attitudes of meditative gracefulness are repeated in each group. Yet the whole effect, if somewhat feeble and insipid, is harmonious and thoughtful. We see that each part has proceeded from the same mind, in the same mood, and that the master's mind was no common one, the mood itself was noble. Good taste is everywhere apparent : the work throughout is a masterpiece of refined fancy. To Perugino the

representative imagination was of less importance than a certain delicate and adequately ideal mode of feeling and conceiving. The consequent charm of his style is that everything is thought out and rendered visible in one decorous key.'—*J. A. Symonds.*

The second chamber, an exquisitely beautiful chapel, is painted by *Giannicola Manni*, a contemporary of Perugino, with the Meeting of the Virgin and S. Elizabeth, the Birth of the Baptist, the Feast of Herod, the Beheading of the Baptist, and the history of S. John the Baptist. The Sibyls on either side of the entrance are believed to have been executed before the Sibyls in S. Maria della Pace ; the Fathers on the ceiling, and the Apostles surrounding God the Father, are glorious works of art. The altarpiece, of the Baptism of our Saviour, is by *Perugino*.

Close to the Sala del Cambio (on the left) is the immense and stately *Palazzo Pubblico*, of mutilated but rich Italian Gothic. The splendid round-headed door has seven varieties of Gothic ornaments and huge griffins and lions : in the lunette are the three protectors of Perugia, S. Lorenzo, S. Ludovico, and S. Ercolano. Above are two long ranges of beautiful Gothic windows. Between those in the lower range are some richly wrought iron cressets. In the interior there is not much to see except a fresco in the Sala del Consiglio Comunale of Julius III. restoring to the city the magistrates who had been taken away by Paul III. ; and, in the chapel of the Priors, a fresco of *Benedetto Bonfigli*, 1460.

Between the palace and the cathedral is the beautiful *Fountain* designed by *Fra Bevignato* and *Boninsegna*, and adorned with sculpture by *Niccolò Pisano*, who was then in his seventy-fourth year, and his son Giovanni. The bronze work, of 1277, was by Maestro Rosso of Perugia, called 'Il Padellaio.'

'In the year 1274, Niccolò Pisano went to Perugia to design a fountain for the piazza. He did not, however, reside there during the time necessary for its construction ; but after planning out its details returned to Pisa, whence he sent the statuettes which he had undertaken to make for the upper basin to his son Giovanni, who remained at Perugia to superintend the work, and sculpture the bas-reliefs about the lower basin.

In the upper of these basins, stands a column supporting a bronze tazza, from which rises another column with nymphs round its base, and griffins and lions upon its summit. The twenty-four statuettes attributed to Niccolò, which are set against pilasters, are simply designed, broadly-draped figures, the best of which represent Melchizedek, SS. Peter, Paul, and John, and the Catholic Church. The fifty bas-reliefs sculptured by Giovanni Pisano represent the months, the signs of the zodiac, the trivium and quadrivium, prophets, apostles, emperors and kings, some of Aesop's fables, and various heraldic devices. Proud of their beautiful fountain, the magistrates enacted severe laws for its preservation, in which it is mentioned as the most valuable possession of the city, and as unique not only in Italy, but in the world ; encomiums which, even in its present state of decay, seem little exaggerated.'—Perkins's '*Tuscan Sculptors*'.

The fountain seldom or never plays, but the water bursts forth beneath. The grey fountain with the dark end of the cathedral, here inlaid with red and white marble, is a beautiful subject for an artist. So also is the site of the Palazzo Pubblico towards the fountain. It has a loggia supported by three arches of red and white marble, and is adorned with bronze beasts, the Griffin for Perugia, the Lion as the emblem of the Guelfs. Opposite, at the corner of the Via del Commercio, is another old Gothic palace.

Attached to the cathedral is the pulpit whence Fra Roberto da Lecce in 1448 used to move audiences of 15,000 persons to cries of 'Misericordia.' From the same pulpit, S. Bernardino had preached twenty-three years before during one of those religious revivals which were even more frequent in Italy in the Middle Ages than in England in the 19th century.

"On September 23, 1425," says Graziani, the chronicler of Perugia, "there were, as far as we could reckon, upwards of 3,000 persons in the cathedral. The sermon of San Bernardino da Massa was from the sacred scripture, reproving men of every vice and sin, and teaching Christian living. Then he began to rebuke the women for their paints and cosmetics, and such-like wanton customs : and in like manner the men for their cards and dice-boards and masks and amulets and charms : insomuch that within a fortnight the women sent all their false hair and gewgaws to the convent of S. Francis, and the men their dice, cards, and such gear, to the amount of many loads. And on October 29, Fra

Bernardino collected all these devilish things on the piazza, where he erected a kind of wooden castle between the fountain and the Bishop's Palace ; and in this he put the said articles, and set fire to them ; and the fire was so great that none durst go near ; and in the fire were burned things of the greatest value, and so great was the haste of men and women to escape the fire that many would have perished but for the quick aid of the burghers." Together with this onslaught upon vanities, Fra Bernardino connected the preaching of peace and amity. It is noticeable that while his sermon lasted and the great bell of S. Lorenzo went on tolling, no man could be taken or imprisoned in the city of Perugia.'—*J. A. Symonds.*

'Often and often have those steps of the Duomo run with blood of Baglioni, Oddi, Arisposti, and La Staffa. Once the whole church had to be washed with wine and blessed anew before the rites of Christianity could be resumed in its desecrated aisles. It was here that within the space of two days, in 1500, the catafalque was raised for the murdered Astorre and for his traitorous cousin Grifonetto Baglioni. Here, too, if more ancient tradition does not err, were stretched the corpses of twenty-seven members of the same great house at the end of one of their grim combats.'—*J. A. S.*

The *Cathedral of S. Lorenzo* is Gothic, of the end of the 15th century. Externally it is rugged and unfinished, but not without grandeur. The interior is modernised, poor and gaudy.

Right, 1st Chapel. Surrounded by a beautiful screen of wrought iron. A Deposition by *Baroccio* (1569), considered to be his masterpiece, and some beautiful wood-carving by *Ercoli di Tommaso* and *Jacopo Fiorentino*. The painted window, representing the preaching of S. Bernardino of Siena, was executed by *Constantino da Rosaro* and *Fra Brunacci* of Monte Casino from a drawing by *Arrigo Fiamingo* (1565). Close by is a fine tomb of a bishop, 1451.

The *2nd Chapel* (the Baptistry) has a canopy in low relief, by *Pietro Paolo da Como* (1477).

The *3rd Chapel* (of the Sacrament), designed by *Galeazzo Alessi*, has frescoes by *Leopardi*.

On the left wall of the Right Transept is a monument with a papal tiara over the grave of three Popes—the great Innocent III., who died here on his way to Pisa, to reconcile that city with Genoa, July 11, 1216 ;¹ Urban IV., 1264, the French enemy of Manfred, who sum-

¹ Richard of S. Germano, after reporting the death of Innocent III. in the simple words—'Languore correptus, feliciter expiravit'—quotes from a contemporary poet the lines—

'Nox accede, quia cessit sol ; lugeat orbis
In medio lucis lumen obisse suum.'

moned his fellow-countryman Charles of Anjou to the throne of Sicily ; and Martin IV., 1282.

The Winter Choir contains an altar-piece by *Luca Signorelli*, 1484. A Madonna enthroned with saints, 'which,' says Kugler, 'combines a very harsh naturalism with a noble sentiment.'

The 1st Chapel on left, also with a beautiful screen, is called *Il Santo Anello*, from an ancient ring of onyx, believed to have been the wedding-ring of the Virgin.¹ It is preserved in a beautiful tabernacle by *Rossetto* (1517). Here was the famous Sposalizio of Perugino, now at Caen, in Normandy.

The stalls of the choir are by *Giulio da Majano* and *Domenico Tasso Fiorentino* (1491).

In the neighbouring *Canonica* four papal councils were held, viz., under Honorius III., 1226 ; Clement IV., 1265 ; Coelestine V., 1294 ; Clement V., 1305.

At the north-west of the cathedral, in the *Piazza del Papa*, is the famous bronze *Statue of Pope Julius III.*, erected by the citizens in gratitude for his restoration of privileges which his predecessor had taken away, and executed by *Vincenzo Danti* in 1555.

'Through all this petty tumult which keeps beguiling one's eyes and upper strata of thought, it is delightful to catch glimpses of the grand old architecture that stands round the square. The life of the flitting moment, existing in the antique shell of an age gone by, has a fascination which we do not find in either the past or present, taken by themselves. It may seem irreverent to make the gray cathedral, and the tall, time-worn palaces echo back the exuberant vociferation of the market ; but they do so, and cause the sound to assume a kind of poetic rhythm, and themselves look only the more majestic for their condescension.'

'On one side, there is an immense edifice devoted to public purposes, with an antique gallery, and a range of arched and stone-mullioned windows, running along its front ; and by way of entrance it has a central Gothic arch, elaborately wreathed around with sculptured semi-circles, within which the spectator is aware of a stately and impressive gloom. Though merely the municipal council house and exchange of a decayed country town, this structure is worthy to have held in one portion of it the parliament hall of a nation, and in the other, the state

¹ 'L'anello, con quale S. Giuseppe sposò Maria Vergine, è una pietra d'un color trasparente azzurro, e d'un contorno assai grosso : ecco com' io l'ho veduto ; ma dicono che quell' anello cambia miracolosamente colore e forma, a misura degli occhi diversi che se gli avvicinano.'—*C. Goldoni, Memorie*, cap. xi.

apartments of its ruler. On another side of the square rises the mediaeval front of the cathedral, where the imagination of a Gothic architect had long ago flowered out indestructibly, achieving, in the first place, a grand design, and then covering it with such abundant detail of ornament, that the magnitude of the work seems less a miracle than its minuteness. You would suppose that he must have softened the stone into wax, until his most delicate fancies were modelled in the pliant material, and then had hardened it into stone again. The whole is a vast, black-letter page of the richest and quaintest poetry. In fit



Statue of Julius III., Perugia.

keeping with all this old magnificence, is a great marble fountain, where again the Gothic imagination shows its overflow and gratuity of device in the manifold sculptures which it lavishes as freely as the water does its shifting shapes.

Besides the two venerable structures which we have described, there are lofty palaces, perhaps of as old a date, rising story above story, and adorned with balconies, whence, hundreds of years ago, the princely occupants were accustomed to gaze down at the sports, business, and popular assemblages of the piazza. And, beyond all question, they thus witnessed the erection of a bronze statue, which, three centuries since, was placed on the pedestal that it still occupies.

'It is the figure of a pope, arrayed in his pontifical robes, and crowned with his tiara. He sits in a bronze chair, elevated high above the pavement, and seems to take kindly yet authoritative cognizance of the busy scene which passes before his eyes. His right hand is raised and spread abroad, as if in the act of shedding forth a benediction, which every man—so broad, so wise, and so serenely affectionate is the bronze pope's regard—may hope to feel quietly descending upon the need, or the distress, that he has closest at his heart. The statue has life and observation in it, as well as patriarchal majesty. An imaginative spectator cannot but be impressed with the idea that this benignly awful representative of divine and human authority may rise from his brazen chair, should any great public exigency demand his interposition, and encourage or restrain the people by his gesture, or even by prophetic utterances worthy of so grand a presence.'

'And, in the long, calm intervals, amid the quiet lapse of ages, the pontiff has watched the daily turmoil around his seat, listening with majestic patience to the market cries, and all the petty uproar that awakes the echoes of the stately old piazza. He has been the enduring friend of these men, and of their forefathers and children—the familiar face of generations.'—Hawthorne, '*The Marble Faun.*'

Opposite the west-end of the cathedral is the *Palazzo Conestabili Staffa*, once celebrated for a lovely little Madonna of Raffaelle now in the Hermitage at S. Petersburg.

Passing hence (right) through the little Piazza dei Gigli, the first turn on the left of the next street ascends to the *Convent of S. Severo*, which contains the earliest fresco of Raffaelle. The saints were painted after Raffaelle's death by *Perugino*, in 1521.

'Christ is in the centre, with the dove of the Holy Spirit above and two youthful angels beside him. Over the group is God the Father, with two angels; this part of the picture is much injured. On each side of the middle group, and somewhat lower, are three saints, seated. It is a very grand composition, and reminds us, on the one hand, of Fra Bartolommeo's now ruined fresco in S. Maria Nuova at Florence, as well as of older paintings, and on the other it may be considered as the original of Raffaelle's own celebrated "Disputa" in the Vatican. The figures of the saints are very dignified: the Christ is beautiful, and with a mild expression; and the angels—at least the one on the left of the Saviour, folding his hands on his breast—most interesting and graceful. The drapery, although severe, is well executed in grand lines and masses. The painting has unfortunately suffered materially, and the upper group is almost entirely destroyed.'

Under it is a niche, on each side of which are three saints, painted by Perugino in 1521, and painfully showing the weakness of the surviving master.'—*Kugler*.

There is a most lovely view from the upper windows of the Convent, over the city and the rainbow-tinted plain girdled by soft blue mountains tipped with snow. The street which passes below S. Severo leads to the *Church of S. Antonio di Via Superba*, marked externally by the mutilated carcass of his famous pig upon a pedestal, and decorated internally by *Matteo di Gualdo* and *Pietro Antonio di Foligno*.

'The paintings of S. Antonio on the side walls of the church have a beautiful mildness of expression.'—*Kugler*.

A little beyond the adjoining gate (right) is the Convent of S. Lucia, with the pilgrimage *Church of S. Maria Assunta*. It is a picturesque spot, with a street of booths for the sale of rosaries, &c., and there is an exquisite view from the terrace which leads to it.

Returning to the Piazza del Papa, and following (left) the Via Vecchia, we reach by a steep descent (left) the famous ancient gateway called *Arco d'Augusto*, from the inscription 'Augusta Perusia' over it, which was added by Augustus. On either side of the arch is a tower, of which the lower part is ancient, but an open loggia has been added above that on the left.

'The gate is formed of regular masonry of travertin, uncemented, in courses eighteen inches high; some of the blocks being three or four feet in length. The masonry of the arch hardly corresponds with that below it, and is probably of subsequent date and Roman, as the inscription seems to testify, though the letters are not necessarily coeval with the structure. The arch is skew or oblique; and the gate is double, like those of Volterra and Cosa. Above the arch is a frieze of six Ionic colonettes, fluted, alternating with shields; and from this springs another arch, now blocked up, surmounted by a second frieze of Ionic pilasters, not fluted. All the work above the lower arch is evidently of later date than the original construction of the gateway. The entire height of the structure, as it now stands, cannot be less than sixty or seventy feet. . . . Within the city a noble wall of rusticated

masonry rises to the height of fifty or sixty feet, now unconnected with the gate, whatever it may have been of old.'—*Dennis*.

Close to the gate on the left is the magnificent *Palazzo Antinori*. The Via Longara, which leads in a direct line from hence, passes (on the right) the *Church of S. Agostino*, once celebrated for its Peruginos. Nineteen pictures have been removed from hence by the present authorities. Among those which remain may be noticed an Adoration of the Magi by *Domenico Alfani* (right transept), and a Descent of the Holy Ghost, by *Taddeo Bartoli* (left transept). The stalls of the choir are by *Baccio d'Agnolo* from designs of Perugino.

The actual grave of Perugino is unknown. He is supposed to have been buried under an oak at Fontignano, but his sons afterwards contracted with the monks of S. Agostino for his removal to their church, a design which was never carried out, as funerals in the town were forbidden at that time, owing to the plague, which was then raging.

Close to the end of the Via Longara, on a rising ground on the right, is the *Church of S. Angelo*, very curious architecturally, and having evidently once been a temple.

Externally, the lower part of the building is circular, the upper octagonal; within, it is circular and supported by 16 ancient columns. Originally there were three circles of pillars, of granite and dark grey marble, but only one now remains perfect, and two of the pillars which formed this circle have been moved, and their places supplied by others from the outer circle (those with sculptured bases). All the columns in S. Pietro dei Casinensi were brought from hence, two columns in Il Gesù, and two in the Piazza Sopramuro. One pillar, in the wall, marks the second circle. Local authorities call the building 'Il Tempio della Gloria:' it bears a great resemblance to S. Stefano Rotondo at Rome. The roof is covered with ribs. The ancient high-altar had a pyramidal baldacchino, like that now preserved in the Pinacoteca, as may be seen by a picture in the sacristy. Near

the present high-altar is an altar in honour of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Another ancient sacrificial altar remains in the church.

Outside the Porta S. Angelo is the desecrated *Convent of S. Francesco del Monte*. The injured frescoes of Perugino formerly in its church are removed to the Pinacoteca.

Near this, crossing the street (and under an arch) is the *Convent of S. Agnese*, which contains, in the *Cappella della Consolazione*, the last fresco of *Perugino*, of a Madonna and Saints (1522). In another chapel is a fresco of God the Father in glory, also by *Perugino*, but as the Convent is a *Clausura*, these frescoes cannot be seen without an especial order from the Cardinal.

Returning to the end of the Via Longara, the Via de Pasteni, on the right, leads to the *University*, founded in 1307, in an Olivetan convent. It is the third largest University in Italy.

Here also is the *Pinacoteca*, arranged in the desecrated church and its sacristies. Hither the best pictures in the town have been removed, and greatly lose in interest by separation from the places for which they were intended and painted. It is, however, a most important collection, and contains scarcely a single picture which is not worthy of study, and many passing visitors will be glad to be saved a tedious round of churches to seek them. There are thirty-four works of *Perugino* here. The most remarkable pictures are :—

No. 2. *Pietro Perugino*. A Transfiguration (a reduction from the picture in the Sala del Cambio), from S. Maria Nuova.

4. *Boccati da Camerino* (1447). A Madonna with saints and angels who are singing in an actual choir with stalls; some brothers of the Misericordia are presented in front. From the Convent of S. Domenico.

*5. *Domenico Alfani* (1524), his most beautiful picture, Madonna with SS. Nicholas, Peter, Paul, and Lucia.

6. *Perugino* (1512). S. Giacomo della Marca.

Beneath this (unnumbered) *Pinturicchio*. S. Augustine and praying brethren.

8.* *Eusebio di S. Giorgio* (1505). The Adoration of the Magi, a

most grand picture, often attributed to Raffaelle, also to Ghirlandajo, and to Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. From S. Agostino.

9. *Perugino*. An Angel. From S. Agostino.

12. *Baccio d' Agnolo*, from a drawing of Perugino.

13. *Fiorenzo di Lorenzo* (1472). Madonna with saints and angels, in five compartments.

14. *Benedetto Bonfigli*. Madonna with angels, and SS. Thomas Aquinas, Jerome, Francis and Bernardino (the faces of the two latter are destroyed).

16. *Berto di S. Giovanni*. S. John the Evangelist, as an old man, writing in Patmos, God the Father in the lunette above. This is very Raffaellesque, and the drawing for it is shown in Stockholm as a Raffaelle. The landscape is painted in great detail. From S. Giuliana.

18. *Bonfigli*. The Adoration of the Magi—full of character.

21. *Boccali da Camerino*. Madonna and angels.

23.* *Perugino*. Nativity. This is one of the most beautiful and scriptural specimens of the Master. Nothing can exceed the simple assurance and trust of the Virgin, the holy surprise of Joseph, and the earnest adoration of the shepherds. From S. Agostino.

25. *Lo Spagna (Giovanni di Pietro)*. Madonna with SS. Jerome, Antony of Padua, Francis, and the Baptist.

26.* *Giannicola Manni*. Christ in glory between the Virgin and the Baptist. Beneath, 14 saints. The Baptist especially beautiful. From the Baglioni Chapel in S. Domenico.

27. *Perugino*. The Coronation of the Virgin, with 12 Apostles. This picture turns round. On the other side is a crucifix, with the Madonna, S. Francis, an exquisite S. John, and S. Mary Magdalene painted behind it. From S. Francesco del Monte.

29. *Fiorenzo di Lorenzo* (1487). S. Peter, S. Paul, and a lunette of the Madonna. From S. Francesco de' Conventuali.

30. (Standing alone in the Choir) *Pinturicchio*, 1498. An immense altar-piece. Madonna with the Child holding a pomegranate, and the infant S. John with a long cross. Left, S. Augustine. Right, S. Jerome. Above, an Annunciation, and over that, a Pietà. In the Predella, the four Evangelists, S. Augustine and S. Jerome. From S. Maria de' Fossi.

'This work is one of Pinturicchio's finest paintings, and displays, perhaps more than any other of the Umbrian school, the deep and pure feeling of Niccolò Alunno, united with a better knowledge of form and a more beautiful manner; in the heads especially, the character and expression are conceived and rendered with the deepest feeling.'—*Kugler*.

(Behind this, unnumbered) *Lalanzo della Marca*. A great altar-piece. A scene during the plague at Perugia; the patron-saints, Ercolano and Lorenzo, are interceding with the Virgin for the people. From S. Maria del Popolo.

31. *Perugino.* Madonna in glory, with S. Francis, and S. Bernardino presenting a religious confraternity. From S. Bernardino.
- 33.* *Perugino.* The Saviour between S. Francis, S. Jerome, S. Sebastian, and S. Antony of Padua. From S. Francesco de' Conventuali.
34. *Perugino.* God the Father. From S. Agostino.
- 35.* *Perugino* (1488). Madonna and Child with a kneeling crowd of penitents. From S. Pietro Martire.
- 37.* *Eusebio di S. Giorgio.* Madonna and Child with two saints.
39. *Domenico Ghirlandajo?* The Adoration of the Magi. From S. Maria Nuova.
- 41.* *Perugino.* The Baptism of Christ. A perfectly lovely picture. The figures stand supported by the water. The adoration of the Baptist is quite indescribable—‘ He must increase, but I must decrease ; ’ above are two angels and six winged seraphims. From S. Agostino.
42. *Perugino.* Daniel. A medallion.
43. *Domenico Alfani* (1536). The Nativity.
47. *Piero della Francesca* (1469). Madonna and Child. In the niches at the sides, SS. Francis, Chiara, J. Baptist, and Antony. Above, the Annunciation, between SS. Agata and Chiara.
49. *Lo Spagna.* God the Father with angels—a lunette.
50. *Fiorendo di Lorenzo.* The Nativity. From S. Maria di Monte-Luco. The local botany is curiously portrayed, even to the dandelions in seed.
51. *Bonfigli.* The Annunciation, with the figure of S. Luke, quaintly introduced, noting down the fact.
- 52, 54, 55, 57. *Berto di Giovanni* (1525). The Birth, Presentation, Marriage, and Death of the Virgin. A predella to the Coronation of the Virgin, now in the Vatican, which belonged to the nuns of Monte-Luco.
56. *Perugino.* S. Jerome and S. Mary Magdalene. From S. Agostino.
- 53, 58. *Giannicola Manni.* Saints.
59. *Dom. Alfani.* Madonna with SS. Joseph, John Baptist, Joachim, and Anna. S. Joseph gives a pomegranate to the Holy Child—‘ *Divae Annae dicatum.* ’
61. *Bonfigli.* S. Catherine and S. Peter. From S. Domenico.
63. *Duccio da Siena.* Madonna.
64. *Fiorendo di Lorenzo.* S. Sebastian.
65. *Bernardino da Perugia.* Madonna with S. Andrew and S. Giuliano.
67. *Taddeo Gaddi.* A Tabernacle. Madonna and saints. A predella with four scenes from the life of Christ.
68. *Lello da Velletri.* Madonna between SS. J. Baptist, Augustine, Agata, and Liberatore. From S. Agostino.

70.* *Boccato da Camerino.* Madonna with angels.

73. *Ben. Bonfigli.* S. Paul and S. Peter Martyr.

75. *Niccold Aiunno* (1456). Annunciation with S. Philip and S. Giuliana praying for a kneeling brotherhood. Above is God the Father. From S. Maria Nuova.

'The form of the heads of Gabriel and the Madonna is wonderful; the devotion of the angels thoroughly naive.'—*Burckhardt*.

In the middle of the church is an altar-baldacchino, with a pyramidal top, of the 9th century, from the church of S. Prospero. In the right transept is the tomb of S. Egidius, a rich sarcophagus of the 4th century, from S. Francesco.

Passing a passage full of the works of *Sinibaldo Ibi* and *Meo* and *Guido da Siena*, we reach another room filled with mutilated frescoes; here also is—

Margheritone. A great crucifix.

In the room within this are:—

Perugino. The Nativity—an exquisitely beautiful fresco, removed from S. Francesco del Monte.

164. *Perugino.* Martyrdom of S. Sebastian.

206. *Benozzo Gozzoli.* Madonna and saints.

209, 210, 213, 214, 227, 228, 233, 234. A series of exquisitely finished pictures from the life of S. Bernardino of Siena, by an unknown painter of 1473.

236. *Raffaelle?* A Madonna and Child (reading). From S. Maria della Misericordia.

The collection of illuminated choir books is part of the spoils of S. Domenico.

The *Etruscan Museum*, on the first floor, has a good collection of vases and small articles found in the neighbourhood, but the discoveries here have not been so productive as those of Cortona and other places. As the Etruscans of Perugia generally burned their dead, very few sarcophagi have been found.

There is a striking view of the town from hence. The pile of buildings on the opposite hill is the *Convent of S. Francesco dei Conventuali*, sometimes called *S. Francesco del Prato*. A winding road, lined with trees, leads thither. The

church is a Gothic building of 1230, modernised in 1748. In the 1st chapel on the left of the church is a copy of Raffaelle's Entombment, by the *Cav. d'Arpino*, substituted for the original when Paul V. carried it off. In the sacristy are preserved the bones of the famous Condottiere, Braccio Fortebraccio, killed June 5, 1424, at the siege of Aquila.

In the little green square close to the convent is the *Oratory of S. Bernardino* ('La Giustizia'), a beautiful specimen of Renaissance decoration. Its marble front is inscribed 'Opus Augustini Fiorentini Lapidica, 1461,' and is the work of *Agostino della Robbia*. In the niches are statues of S. Ercolano, S. Costanzo, the Virgin, and the angel Gabriel.

'This façade, with its terra cottas and parti-coloured marbles, forms one of the most charming examples of polychromatic architecture in Italy. An infinite variety of reliefs, arabesques, and ornaments cover its architraves, flat-spaces, and the side posts of its doors; above rises an arch, the principal architectural feature of the façade, in the lunette of which San Bernardino appears in a glory of flaming tongues, attended by angels playing upon musical instruments. Among the figures in relief upon the pilasters of this arch, is a group of two angels, one of whom is playing upon a lute, and a lovely figure of Chastity with a lily branch in her hand, whose draperies, arranged in subtle and delicate folds, fall with consummate grace. The reliefs over the door, representing scenes from the life of San Bernardino, are notably realistic in style, and eminently naïve in sentiment. In treatment, they are quite unlike Luca della Robbia, whose surfaces are always rounded, whereas these are flat, like Donatello, resembling also his style in careful rendering of nature, irrespective of beauty; while in plastic power, and facility of invention, they surpass any of the terra-cotta works of Luca della Robbia or his scholars.'—*Perkins's 'Tuscan Sculptors.'*

Hence, passing the *Madonna di Monte Luco*, a beautiful little church designed by *Galeazzo Alessi*, and under the tall towers called *Torre degli Sciri*, or *degli Scalzi*, we re-enter the town by the Via dei Priori. On the right (by the Via della Cupa), nearly opposite the Chiesa Nuova, is, at 18 Via Deliziosa, on the steep of a hill, the two-storied *House of Pietro Perugino* (*Pietro Vannucci*), whither, in 1495, the

twelve-year-old Raffaelle went to his lessons. And so we return to the Corso.

From the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, by the Porta Marzia, a winding road, fringed with trees, descends to the lower town, which leads to the Porta Romana. At the bottom of the descent, on the left, is the picturesque octangular Gothic *Church of S. Ercolano*, built in 1325 by *Fra Berignate*. It is covered inside with frescoes. S. Ercolano was Bishop of Perugia c. 546, and encouraged and assisted the people under the siege of the city by Totila, by whom, when it was taken, he was beheaded on the ramparts. His effigy appears on the ancient coinage.

On the opposite side of the way (No. 13) is the *Palazzo della Penna*, which contains, amongst other pictures, a beautiful *Perugino*, of the Madonna between S. Jerome and S. Francis, 1507.

On the left of the Corso di Porta Romana is the great grey *Church of S. Domenico*, a fine Gothic building designed by *Giovanni Pisano* in 1304, but altered by Carlo Maderno in 1632. Its stained east window, one of the most beautiful in Italy, was executed in 1411 by *Bartolommeo di Pietro da Perugia*.

In the left transept is the glorious monument of Pope Benedict XI., General of the Dominicans, who was murdered 1304, by poisoned figs, by order of Philippe le Bel. The tomb is one of the best works of *Giovanni da Pisa*. A Gothic canopy, supported by spiral columns, encrusted with mosaic, covers the whole. Beneath, two exquisitely lovely female figures draw aside curtains to display the figure of the murdered Pope, which lies on a richly-decorated sarcophagus. A second and inner canopy, supports figures of the Virgin and saints. It is a tomb which has been often imitated, but never surpassed.

'Rien de plus charmant que ce premier élan de la vive invention et de la pensée moderne à demi engagées dans la tradition gothique. Le pape est couché sur un lit, dans une alcove de marbre dont deux petits

anges tirent les rideaux. Au-dessus, dans une arcade ogivale, la Vierge et deux saints sont debout pour recueillir son âme. On ne peut rendre avec des paroles l'expression étonnée, enfantine et douloureuse de la Vierge ; le sculpteur avait vu quelque jeune fille en larmes au chevet de sa mère mourante, et, tout entier à son impression, librement, sans réminiscence de l'antique, sans contrainte d'école, il exprimait son sentiment.'—*Taine, 'Voyage en Italie.'*

'A contrast is here established between the repose of the dead and the ever-watchful activity of celestial ministers. Sleep so guarded, the sculptor seeks to tell us, must have glorious waking ; and when those hands unfold upon the resurrection morning, the hushed sympathy of the attendant angels will break into smiles and singing, as they lead the just man to the Lord he loved in life.'—*J. A. Symonds.*

At the end of the long street, outside the heavy but handsome Porta Romana, we reach the Benedictine convent of *S. Pietro de' Casinensi*. It has a slender tower with a fringe of machicolation half-way up, and a low spire, conspicuous in all distant views of Perugia. Here the church, being complete as a picture gallery, has not been robbed of its contents. It bears some resemblance to *S. Maria Maggiore* at Rome, and is an ancient basilica, built before 1007 by Vincioli, the first abbot of the convent. The nave is supported by eighteen granite and marble columns, with Ionic capitals, taken from *S. Angelo*. Above are pictures by *Antonio Vassilacci*, commonly called *L'Aliense*, a pupil of Tintoretto, who exactly copied his manner, and here carried his style into his native place.

On the right of the entrance are pictures of *S. Peter* in prison, and *S. Peter* healing the lame man by *Alfani*. Over the third altar in the right aisle is a picture of *S. Benedict* giving his Rule, by *Massolino da Panicale*. In the chapel which opens from this aisle, is a Madonna with *S. John* and *S. Elizabeth*, a copy of *Andrea del Sarto*. Over the doors of the sacristies, on the right of the choir, are copies of saints of Perugino by *Sassoferrato* and a Holy Family by *Bonifazio*. A picture of the Resurrection is by *Alfani*.

In the sacristy are five exquisite little half-length figures by *Perugino*—*S. Scholastica*, *S. Ercolano*, *S. Pietro Abbate*, *S. Costanzo*, and *S. Mauro*, which belonged to the sides of an

Ascension painted for the high-altar of this church, now in the gallery at Lyons ; the predella is at Rouen ; the lunette in S. Germain l'Auxerrois ; and three more saints—Benedetto, Placido, and Flavia—are in the Vatican gallery. The best of those here are Scholastica and Costanzo, and the colouring of the latter is quite magnificent. He was bishop of Perugia in the 3rd and 4th century, and was martyred under Marcus Aurelius : he is much overrated in this part of Italy, and the district between Perugia and Foligno is still called Strada di Costanzo. Costanzo and Ercolano are both represented in the famous picture of Perugino called ‘*Madonna con Quattro Santi*,’ now in the Vatican. The picture of S. Francesca Romana is by *M. A. Caravaggio*. On the right wall is a Holy Family of *Parmigianino*, and in the corner the earliest known work of *Raffaelle*, S. John embracing the Infant Saviour. At the opposite corner is a head of Christ by *Dosso Dossi*.

The choir has beautiful stallwork with reliefs by *Stefano da Bergamo*, 1535, executed from designs of Raffaelle. The 24 choir books have admirable illuminations of 1400 and 1500 by the monks of the convent.

Entering the left aisle we have, at the end, the Dead Christ on the knees of his Mother between S. Leonard and S. Jerome, by *Ben. Bonfigli*, 1468. In the adjoining Cappella Vibi is a marble altar by *Mino da Fiesole*, 1473. The next chapel contains—The Agony in the Garden, by *Guido Reni*. Then, on the pillar, is a Judith, a very grand piece of colour by *Sassoferrato*, and in the third chapel three frescoes by *Vasari*, the Marriage at Cana, the Prophet Elisha curing the Sick, and S. Benedict re-assuring the monks of Monte Cassino when they were without food. S. Benedict giving his Rule, with the convent of Monte Cassino in the background, is by *Fiamingo*. On the next pillar is an Adoration of the Magi by *Adone Doni (Eusebio di S. Giorgio)*; then an Assumption by *Alfani*; an Annunciation by *Sassoferrato*; and a Pietà by *Perugino*.

The *Chapel of S. Martino* in the adjoining convent has

frescoes by *Lo Spagna* and *Pinturicchio*. Close by, inside the neighbouring gate of S. Costanzo, is a charming little *Passeggiata* ('La Veduta'), with a glorious view over hill and valley.

'Perugia is the empress of hill-set Italian cities. Southward from its high-built battlements and church towers, the eye can sweep a circuit of the Apennines unrivalled in its width. From cloud-like Radicofani, above Siena in the west, to snow-capped Monte Catria, beneath whose summit Dante spent those saddest months of solitude in 1313, the mountains curve continuously in lines of austere dignity and tempered sweetness. Assisi, Spoleto, Todi, Trevi, crown lesser heights within the range of vision. Here and there the glimpse of distant rivers lights a silver spark upon the plain. Those hills conceal Lake Thrasymene ; and here lies Orvieto, and Ancona there : while at our feet the Umbrian champaign, breaking away in the valley of the Tiber, spreads in all the largeness of majestically converging mountain slopes. This is a landscape which can never lose its charm. Whether it be purple golden summer, or winter with sad tints of russet woods and faintly rosy snows, or spring attired in tenderest green of new-fledged trees and budding flowers, the air is always pure and light and finely tempered here. City gates, sombre as their own antiquity, frame vistas of the laughing fields. Terraces, flanked on either side by jutting masonry, cut clear vignettes of olive-hoary slopes, with cypress-shadowed farms in hollows of the hills. Each coign or point of vantage carries a bastion or tower of Etruscan, Roman, mediaeval architecture, tracing the limits of the town upon its mountain plateau. Everywhere art and nature lie side by side in amity beneath sky so pure and delicate, that from its limpid depth the spirit seems to drink new life. What air-tints of lilac, orange, and pale amethyst are shed upon those vast ethereal hills and undulating plains ! What wandering cloud-shadows sail across their sea of olives and of vines, with here and there a fleece of vapour or a column of blue smoke from charcoal burners on the mountain flank ! To southward, far away beyond those hills, is felt the presence of eternal Rome, not seen, but clearly indicated by the hurrying of a hundred streams that swell the Tiber.'—*J. A. Symonds.*

A great building which occupies a projecting buttress of hill upon the right, now the Military Hospital, was the *Convent of S. Giuliana*. Its church, a fine Gothic edifice, with a grand rose window, was built in 1253 by Cardinal Giovanni di Toledo.

At the base of the hill on which Perugia stands, about two miles from the city, on the road to Rome, is the famous *Tomb of the Volumnii*, which none must fail to visit. Those who drive to Assisi may take it on the way.¹

' You descend a long flight of steps to the entrance, now closed by a door of wood : the ancient one, a huge slab of travertin, which was placed against it—a mere "stone on the mouth of the sepulchre"—now rests against the rock outside. You enter,—here is none of the chill of the grave, but a warm, damp atmosphere. On one of the doorposts, which are slabs of travertin, an inscription in Etruscan characters catches your eye, and so sharply are the letters cut, and so bright is the red paint within them, that you can scarcely credit the epitaph to have anything like an antiquity of two thousand years.

' Daylight cannot penetrate to the further end of the tomb ; but when a torch is lighted you perceive yourself to be in a spacious chamber with a very lofty pitched roof, carved into the form of beam and rafters. On this chamber open nine others, of much smaller size, and all empty, save one at the further end, opposite the entrance, where a party of revellers, each on a snow-white couch, with chapleted brow, torque-decorated neck, and goblet in hand, lie—a petrifaction of conviviality—in solemn mockery of the pleasures to which for ages on ages they have bidden adieu.

' There are seven urns in this chamber, five with recumbent figures of men, one with a female in a sitting posture, and one of a peculiar character. All, except the last, are of travertin, coated over with a fine stucco ; they are wrought, indeed, with a skill, a finish, and a truth to nature by no means common in Etruscan urns. The inscriptions show them all to belong to one family, that of " Velimnas," or Volumnius, as it was corrupted by the Romans. Four of the urns are very similar, seeming to differ in little beyond the ages of the men, each of whom is reclining, in half-draped luxury, on his banqueting couch ; but here it is not the sarcophagus or urn itself which represents the couch, as is generally the case ; but the lid alone, which is raised into that form, hung with drapery, and supported by elegantly-carved legs, while the receptacle for the ashes forms a high pedestal to the couch. On the front of each of these ash-chests are four *paterae*, each with a Gorgon's head in the centre.

' The fifth male, who occupies the post of honour at the upper end of the feast, lies on a couch more richly decorated than those of his kinsmen, and on a much loftier pedestal. His urn is the grand monument of the sepulchre. In the centre is represented an arched doorway, and on either hand sits, at the angle of the urn, the statue of a winged Fury, half draped, with bare bosom and a pair of snakes knotted over

¹ The keys are kept in a house close to the tomb.

her brows. One bears a flaming torch on her shoulder, and the other probably bore a similar emblem, but one hand, with whatever it contained, has been broken off. They sit cross-legged, with calm but stern expression, and eyes turned upwards, as if looking for orders from on high respecting the sepulchres they are guarding. The archway is merely marked with colour on the face of the monument, and within it are painted four females—one with her hand on the door-post, and eyes anxiously turned towards the Furies outside, wishing, it would seem, to issue forth, but not daring to pass the threshold through dread of their stern gaurds. The whole scene has a mysterious Dantesque character eminently calculated to stir the imagination.

'The sixth urn belongs to a female, who is distinguished from the lords of her family by her position, for she sits aloft on her pedestal like a goddess or queen on her throne; indeed, she has been supposed to represent either Nemesis or Proserpine, an opinion which the frontlet on the brow and the owl-legs to the stool beneath her feet are thought to favour. This is, however, more probably an effigy of the lady whose dust is contained in the urn, and whose name is inscribed on the lid.

'Lastly, you are startled on beholding among these genuine Etruscan monuments an urn in marble, in the form of a Roman temple, with a Latin inscription on the frieze. But while you are wondering at this, your eye falls on the roof of the urn, and beholds, scratched in minute letters on the tiles an Etruscan inscription, which you perceive at once to correspond to the Latin—"P. Volymnivs, A. F. Violens Cafatia Natus." That is, Publius Volumnius, son of Aulus, by a mother named Cafatia.

'The roof of the chamber is coffered in concentric recessed squares, and in the centre is an enormous Gorgon's head, hewn from the dark rock, with eyes upturned in horror, gleaming from the gloom, teeth bristling whitely in the open mouth, wings on the temples, and snakes knotted over the brow. Depending by a rod from the lintel of the doorway, hangs a small winged genius of earthenware, and to its feet was originally attached a lamp of the same material, with a Medusa's head on the bottom. . . . On each side of the entrance to the inner chamber, a crested snake or dragon projects from the rocky wall, darting forth its tongue, as if to threaten the intruder into this sanctuary. These reptiles are of earthenware, but their tongues are of metal.

'Never shall I forget with what strange awe I entered this dark cavern—gazed on the inexplicable characters in the doorway—described the urns dimly through the gloom—beheld the family party at their sepulchral revels—the solemn dreariness of the surrounding cells. The figures on the walls and ceilings strangely stirred my fancy. The Furies, with their glaring eyes, gnashing teeth, and ghastly grins; the snakes, with which the walls seemed alive, hissing and darting their tongues at me; and, above all, the solitary wing (on one side of the entrance),

chilled me with an undefinable awe, with a sense of something mysterious and terrible.'—*Dennis*.

Many other tombs have been opened in the neighbouring hillside, but are of minor interest. A small museum of the antiquities taken from them is shown close by in the *Palazzo Baglioni*.

Two miles from Perugia, on the Florence road, is a very perfect vaulted tomb, with an Etruscan inscription. It is called *Il Tempio di S. Manno*, because it contains two blocks of travertine, apparently altars, in which grooves seem to have been cut for carrying off the blood.

The road to Thrasymene and Cortona passes the hill-set village and castle of *La Magione*, where the heads of the great feudal houses—Vitelli, Orsini, Bentivoglio, &c.—met to conspire against Caesar Borgia.

It is 40 minutes by rail (2 frs. 55 c. ; 1 fr. 75 c. ; 1 fr. 25 c.) from Perugia to Assisi, and as the distance is only 12 miles, it is far better to drive thither (12 frs.).

There is an omnibus from the station to the town, which is 2 miles distant, 1 fr. It is better to take a little carriage ($1\frac{1}{2}$ fr.) and to go to S. Maria degli Angeli before ascending the hill. Those deeply interested in the life of S. Francis should visit Rio Torto also.

The *Albergo Subasio*, kept by Sgr. Andrea Rossi, is an excellent small hotel, in an airy situation with a delightful view, close to S. Francesco; pension 6 frs. a day. The *Albergo Leone* is in the middle of the town.

At least two whole days should be given to Assisi.

1st day. *Morning.* S. Francesco. Lower and Upper Church, and Monastery.

Afternoon. Chiesa Nuova. S. Chiara and S. Damiano.

2nd day. *Morning.* Good walkers should start early by the Cathedral to S. Francesco delle Carceri—a very hot walk in the middle of the day after March.

Afternoon. Revisit the Lower Church of S. Francesco, and, unless they are taken in going to the railway, visit Rio Torto and S. Maria degli Angeli.

No Englishman should try to visit Assisi who goes there steeled against all sense of beauty or goodness in the followers

of a creed which is not his own ; for it is impossible to have any just impression of Assisi which is not interwoven with the memory of Francesco Bernardone, son of Pietro Bernardone, and Madonna Pica his wife, who was born here in 1182. And however ‘protestant’ the visitor may be, he will be prejudiced indeed if he declines to draw many a simple lesson from what he sees, when he remembers the great influence which the beautiful life of S. Francis has had upon the whole Christian world, and how, in the words of one of his biographers¹—

‘S. Francis and his companions, having been called by God to carry the cross of Christ in their hearts, to practise it in their lives, and to preach it by their words, were truly crucified men both in their actions and in their works. They sought shame and contempt, out of love to Christ, rather than the honours of the world and the respect and praise of men. Indeed they rejoiced to be despised, and were grieved when honoured. Thus they went about the world as pilgrims and strangers, carrying with them nothing but Christ crucified ; and because they were of the true Vine, which is Christ, they produced great and good fruits to many souls which they gained to God.’

After leaving Perugia, the interest of the journey thickens at every step. It is with a thrill of unspeakable interest and expectation that the well-read traveller first approaches Assisi, and he is not disappointed. Above the plains laden with their gorgeous wealth of corn, vines, olives, and melons, a steep promontory projects on the left from the surrounding mountains, its sides made more abrupt by long ranges of terraced arches supporting the church and the huge convent of S. Francis. Beyond the convent, the town, looking much larger than it is, scrambles and clings along the hill-side, and ends in the tower of S. Chiara, which rises above the grave of the most devoted and romantic disciple of the great founder. Close by the very station itself rise the vast pile of buildings of the Angeli, enclosing the holy cell of the Porziuncula.

¹ The traveller who in our own day visits Assisi, finds himself sur-

² *Fioretti di San Francesco*—the Fioretti are attributed to Giovanni da San Lorenzo, made Bishop of Bisignano in 1354.

rounded by a population of about three thousand souls ; and amidst the thirty churches and monasteries which attract his eye, he distinguishes, as pre-eminent above them all, the Sagro Convento, where repose the ashes of S. Francis. It is a building of the sixteenth century, extending over the summit of a gentle eminence at the base of the Apennines. A double row of gigantic arches, resembling two vast aqueducts, the lower of which forms the basis of the higher, sustains a sumptuous terrace, which stands out against the evening sky, like the battlements of some impregnable fortress. The luxuriant gardens, and the rich meadows below, watered by a stream which gushes out from the adjacent mountains, encircle the now splendid church of S. Mary of Angels ; where may still be traced the Porziuncula in which Francis



S. Maria degli Angeli.

worshipped, and the crypt in which his emaciated body was committed to the dust. And there also, on each returning year, may be seen the hardy mountaineers of Umbria, and the graceful peasants of Tuscany, and the solemn processions of the Franciscan orders, and the long array of civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries, waiting till the chimes of the ancient clocks of the holy convent shall announce the advent of the day in which their sins are to be loosed on earth, and their pardon sealed in heaven.'—*Sir J. Stephen.*

The vast church of *Santa Maria degli Angeli* is one of the great works of Vignola (1569). Half destroyed by earthquake in 1832, it was restored by Poletti, but the cupola remained intact. Enclosed in the midst of the bare interior, the little Chapel of the Porziuncula stands gem-like, its front blazing with colour. Over the entrance is a beautiful fresco by Overbeck (partly taken from Tiberio d' Assisi) of the Saviour and the Virgin throned in glory, surrounded by floating angels—being the vision of S. Francis, when he

heard a voice saying, ‘They shall take neither gold nor silver, nor money in their purses, nor shoes, nor staff: this is that which I seek.’

This fresco is as it were an introduction to the study of Assisi, as revealing the motive-power which pervades the whole story both of the place and of the wonderful character to whom it owes all its importance. For it was in the little house of the Porziuncula that the first seven disciples



The Porziuncula, S. Maria degli Angeli.

of S. Francis collected around him, having hardly room to lie down. Here, he first gave them a name, not Franciscans, as they were afterwards called, but *Fratres Minores*, the humblest of God’s servants. Here he had his first vision of the future greatness of his order, and, waking from sleep, said to his companions, ‘Be comforted, carissimi, and be not sad because we are few, for God has shown me that ye

shall increase to a great multitude, and shall go on increasing to the end of the world.' Here, standing at the door, he sent forth his first disciples, saying, 'Go, proclaim peace to men, preach repentance for the remission of sins. Be patient in tribulation, watchful in prayer, strong in labour, moderate in speech, grave in conversation, thankful for benefits.' And to each separately, as he bade him farewell —'Cast all thy care upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee.' And here also, after his male order was established, he received with torches the first female Franciscan, who had escaped in the night from her father's house, the beautiful Chiara—'Clara nomine, vita clarior, clarissima moribus.'¹

With strikingly good taste the greater part of the ancient chapel has been left almost untouched. The curious carved doors remain. The interior is black with age, though now covered with silver votive offerings and lighted by hanging lamps. Behind, on the outer gable, is a fresco by *Perugino* (much restored), of the Crucifixion: only the figures of the spectators remain. S. Francis is embracing the cross of the Saviour, the upper part of which has been destroyed in alterations of the church. A beautiful child standing near the fainting Virgin is unaltered.

No Christian should gaze upon the Porziuncula without remembering to whom it owes its existence.

'There were no church-building commissioners in those days. In their stead, a half-starved youth in the rags of a bedesman moved along the streets of his native city, appealing to every passer-by, in quiet tones and earnest words, and with looks still more persuasive, to aid him in reconstructing the chapel of La Porziuncula; a shrine of Our Lady of Angels, of which the remains may yet be seen, at once hallowing and adorning the quiet meadow by which Assisi is surrounded. "He wept to think upon her stones, it grieved him to see her in the dust." Vows were uttered, processions formed, jewels, plate, and gold were laid at the feet of the gentle enthusiast; and Mary with her attendant angels rejoiced (so at least it was devoutly believed) over the number and the zeal of the worshippers which once more thronged the courts erected in honour of her name.'—*Sir J. Stephen.*

¹ Celano.

Formerly, on August 1, when S. Maria was the scene of the plenary indulgence—*Il Perdono*—especially given here, the whole church was filled with pilgrims who approached the chapel on their knees from the doorway entrance with perfectly Indian enthusiasm, often licking the dust the whole way, and leaving a continuous bloody trail by their lacerated tongues from the door to the altar.

Close to the Chapel of the Porziuncula, in the choir, is that raised by S. Buonaventura over the cell in which S. Francis lived, and where, as the inscription narrates—‘Our seraphic father S. Francis died in 1226.’ His heart and intestines are preserved here. Over the altar is a picture of the saint, which draws up and discloses a terra-cotta figure made from the mask which his companions caused to be taken from his dead face, full of character and expression. Around are frescoes of the twelve companions of S. Francis, wonderful works of *Lo Spagna*. Here also is preserved, in a niche, the monastic cord of S. Francis. Passing through the Sacristy, which contains, with much fine wood carving, a beautiful small *Perugino* of the Saviour, and visiting a chapel, which has a portrait of S. Francis painted on a wooden plank which formed part of his bed, we are taken to a courtyard behind the convent, which encloses a little garden of roses. Once they were thorns, but when S. Francis rolled his naked body upon them to mortify the flesh, they blossomed, and the roots have remained, say the monks, and put forth fresh leaves and blossoms ever since. Close by, the monogram IHS. over a low door, announces the *Cappella delle Rose*, which was built by S. Buonaventura over the cave in which S. Francis lived in darkness—‘costante in aspra vita, povero e lieto’—till he was summoned to his divine mission by the angels. Beneath the altar you look into the terrible cell of his penance; in it are preserved two pieces of wood which formed part of his pulpit. The restored frescoes in the choir are by *Lo Spagna* (1516), of the Almighty, and saints. Those surrounding the walls are a series of the deepest interest

and of marvellous beauty, by *Tiberio d' Assisi*, a pupil of Perugino.

1. S. Francis throws his naked body upon the thorns, which are converted to roses.
2. S. Francis is led by two angels to the Porziuncula.
3. The vision of S. Francis at the Porziuncula.
4. Francis offers his roses to Pope Innocent and obtains the papal indulgence.
5. The solemn publication of the Indulgence (the old façade of the Porziuncula with the picture of Lo Spagna, which preceded that of Overbeck, is seen in the background).

Returning to the church we may admire a glorious copper lamp which hangs before the high-altar, and an altar-piece by *Luca della Robbia* in the right transept—its principal subjects the Coronation of the Virgin, and S. Francis receiving the Stigmata.

The green space in front of the convent has never been built upon, for it was here that S. Chiara, who had taken the veil in this church many years before, was permitted to dine with S. Francis.

'S. Francis prepared the meal on the bare ground, as was his custom. The hour of dinner having arrived, S. Francis and S. Clare, with one of the brothers of S. Francis and the sister who accompanied the saint, sat down together, and all the other companions of S. Francis were humbly seated round them. When the first dish was served, S. Francis began to speak of God so sweetly, so sublimely, and in so wonderful a manner, that the grace of God visited them abundantly, and they all became lost in the contemplation of Christ. Whilst they were thus entranced, with their eyes and hearts raised to heaven, the people of Assisi and of Bettone, and of all the country round about, saw S. Maria degli Angeli as it were on fire, as well as the convent and the woods adjoining. But on arriving at the convent, they only found S. Francis, S. Clare, and all their companions, sitting round their humble meal, but absorbed in contemplation; and they then knew of a certainty, that what they had seen was a celestial, not a material fire, which God had miraculously sent to bear witness to the divine flame of love, which consumed the souls of these holy monks and nuns, and they returned home with great consolation in their hearts. After a lapse of time, S. Francis, S. Clare, and their companions came back to themselves; and, being fully restored by the spiritual food, cared not to eat that which had been prepared for them.'

—*Fioretti di S. Francesco.*

It was here also that in later years the first general Chapter of the Order (called ‘Storearum’ from the reed huts in which those from a distance were lodged) was held by S. Francis—Cardinal Ugolino, and it is said, S. Dominic, also, being present.

We may now ascend by the excellent new road which leads to the city, and which follows the course of the stony path up which S. Francis so often walked in eager converse with his favourite disciple Leone—his ‘little sheep’—(pecorello di Dio) as he was wont affectionately to call him. The town is entered beneath the vast convent of S. Francesco, standing out above the hillside on a series of lofty arches. As we approach we are reminded of the description in Dante :

‘Intra Tupino e l’ acqua che discende
Dal colle eletto del beato Ubaldo,
Fertile costa d’ alto monte pende,
Onde Perugia sente freddo e caldo
Da Porta Sole, e dirietro le piange
Per greve giogo Nocera con Gualdo.
Di questa costa, là dov’ ella frange
Più sua rattezza, nacque al mondo un sole
Come fa questa tal volta di Gange.
Però chi d’ esso loco fa parole
Non dica Ascesi, chi direbbe corto,
Ma Oriente, se proprio dir vuole.’—

‘Par.’ xi.

The streets of Assisi are well paved and clean, but desolate. There are abundant fountains, and here and there a handsome palace with half-closed windows. Still, as we ascend to the piazza, we are walking in the footprints of S. Francis. It is the street in which as a young man, meeting with ‘a certain soldier of honour and courage, poorly and vilely clad,’ he took off his own fine clothes and gave them to him ; and in which, after his first vocation, he punished a lingering longing for pastry (!) by begging from door to door for the vilest scraps of refuse, which he took home for his maintenance.

In the Piazza Grande, beneath the tall tower of S. Maria della Minerva, is the portico of a *Temple of Minerva*, with six Corinthian columns of travertine. Goethe describes how he ascended the hill of Assisi on purpose to visit this pagan monument, which so delighted him that he would not mar the impression by any Christian associations, and left the convent unseen !

Just above the piazza is the *Cathedral of S. Rufino*, with a tower and handsome unaltered façade of 1140. It has three portals sculptured in low relief, and, above them, three rose windows, and many detached figures of monsters on brackets. It contains a Madonna of *Niccolò d'Alunno*, but its chief interest will always arise from the recollection that it was here that 'S. Francis preached in such a wonderful way on holy penance, on the world, on voluntary poverty, on the hope of life eternal, on the nakedness of Christ, on the shame of the passion of our Blessed Saviour, that all those who heard him, both men and women, began to weep bitterly, being moved to devotion and compunction.'¹

On the right, at the opening of the street which leads from the piazza to S. Chiara, is the *Chiesa Nuova*, built over the paternal house of S. Francis. As this church and convent belong to the Spaniards, they have escaped suppression. The high-altar is believed to occupy the site of the chamber of S. Francis, in which he had his visions of angels. To the left is a chapel—an unaltered chamber of the house, it is said—showing the original walls, with a door where the angel appeared to the mother of S. Francis before his birth, in 1182, to announce that her infant, like the Saviour, must be born in a stable. Hard by, is the caverned cell in which S. Francis as a child, 'il dolce figlio,' was shut up by his father to prevent what he then considered as fantastic acts of devotion. In a narrow alley, a little behind the church, is the stable, which is the reported birthplace of S. Francis, now enclosed in a chapel.

It was in front of the house whose site this church

¹ *Fioretti di S. Francesco*, ch. xxx.

occupies, that Francis, irritated by the anger of his father Pietro at his having taken money to which he was not entitled for the restoration of S. Damiano, stripped himself of all the gay garments he had given him, and flung them at his feet. Henceforward, as he vehemently declared, he would have no father but God, while he was standing clothed only in the hair shirt which he wore beneath his other raiment, to the astonishment of the crowd who had collected, till the bishop—with the spirit of mediaeval times—took him in his arms, and covered him with his episcopal mantle.



S. Chiara, Assisi.

The Church of S. Chiara, close to the gate, striped in red and white, and with a lofty tower, is of great interest. The roadway passes beneath its enormous flying buttresses. The ceiling over the altar is decorated by 13th century painters with figures of female saints (Agnes, Monica, Catherine, Chiara, Cecilia, and Lucia). In the right transept are injured frescoes by *Giotto*.

A flight of steps in front of the altar leads to a crypt, where you stand in darkness, and a nun, behind a grating in a lighted inner chapel, draws up a screen, and reveals the body of S. Chiara, the beloved friend and disciple of S. Francis, clad in the habit which she wore when living. It is still visited by pilgrims upon their knees with prayers and tears. The *Reliquary* contains the long flaxen tresses of the saint, cut off when she took the veil, her boxwood comb, and a skein of thread wound by her—also the (black) hair of S. Francis and his breviary.

S. Antonio, near the Perugia gate, is also a fine church, with a good Lombardic façade and rose windows. *S. Andrea* and *S. Giacomo* have works of *Andrea Alovigi* of Perugia, commonly called *L'Ingegno*.

But the great sight of Assisi is the convent of S. Francesco, certainly one of the most remarkable buildings in Italy, beloved by artists now, and where, in past ages, as Rio says, ‘all artists of renown have prostrated themselves in succession, and have left on the walls of the sanctuary the pious tribute of their pencil.’



S. Francesco, Assisi.

‘On the Umbrian mountains by Assisi, sleeps in the peace of heaven, S. Francis, who left such sweet odour of sanctity in the middle ages. Round his tomb assembled, from every part of Christendom, pilgrims to pay their vows. With their offertories there was erected over his grave a magnificent temple, which became a rallying point to all painters of Christian feeling, who thus displayed their thankfulness to God for the gift of genius, who here in the solitude laid in fresh stores of inspiration, and who having left upon these walls a proof of their powers, returned home joyous and rich. Cimabue, one of the first leaders in the holy war against Byzantine mannerism, here painted the most beautiful of his Madonnas; his pupil, the shepherd of Mondone, here drew those simple stories which established his fame; hither flocked the artists of Siena, Perugia, Arezzo, and the best of the Florentines—the beatified Fiesole, of angelic life and works,

Benozzo Gozzoli, Orcagna, Perugino, and lastly, Raffaelle, the greatest of painters.

'Thus was formed in the shadow of the sanctuary a truly Christian school, which sought its types of beauty in the heavens ; or which, when the scene of its subjects lay below, chose the saints of earth as its models. It loved to represent, now the Virgin Mother, kneeling before her Son, or seated, caressing and holding him up to the veneration of saints or patriarchs ; now the life of Christ, his teachings, his sufferings, his triumph ; or again to portray the touching legends of those simple times, the martyrs crucified by early tyrants, the devotion of a hermit in a lonely cave, a soul of the blessed borne on the wings of seraphs, a religious procession, the miracle of a preacher, the solemnity of a sacrament ; but ever, images of comfort and of hope, cherubs singing and making melody, maidens smiling at the unfolding heavens, scenes which have their beginning on earth and their end in the world beyond the clouds, where the Madonna and the Saviour are seen, in radiant and joyful serenity, watching from above the gathering of faithful suppliants in the world below.'—*Bona.*

Since the accession of the present Government the convent has been cruelly suppressed, only eight of the brethren being allowed to remain as chaplains, and these forbidden to wear the habit of the order. The grand religious services which were celebrated here some years ago no longer exist.

The building of the magnificent double *Church of S. Francesco* was begun in 1228, only two years after the death of S. Francis. The Lower Church was completed four years after, the Upper not till 1253. The body of S. Francis was removed hither in 1230. The architect was Jacopus, a German.

The *Lower Church* is approached through a cloistered quadrangle, from which a flight of steps ascends to the grassy platform in front of the Upper Church. The entrance is by a beautiful Gothic porch supported by pillars. In the centre of the arch is a small but precious mosaic of S. Francis. The church is constantly used for services, and is open all day except from 12 to 3. We enter by a long wide vestibule, which is two centuries later in date than the rest of the building, but perfectly harmonises with it in form and colour. Nothing can be more solemn or more beautiful

than the general effect, which, after all, and not the details, will make the most lasting impression. Besides the grand play of light and shadow and the glorious effect of colour from the frescoes, great effect is given by the inlaid work of red and white marble round the lower surface of most of the walls. Making the round of the church, on the left of the entrance is a fresco by *Sermei*, then the little chapel of S. Sebastiano with frescoes by *Martelli*, a pupil of Domenichino. Then a Madonna and Child with S. Antonio Abbate, S. Antonio of Padua, and a bishop, a beautiful work of *Ottaviano da Gubbio*. Opposite, are three interesting tombs. The first, belonging to the Cerchi family of Florence, supports a porphyry vase, presented to the church, filled with ultramarine for its decorations, by a sister-in-law of Queen Hecuba of Cyprus, thirty years after the death of the latter. The second tomb, long supposed to be that of Joseph, King of Jerusalem, who became a Franciscan in 1237, is now discovered to be that of Catherine, daughter of Queen Hecuba. Here the papal bulls in favour of the convent are engraved. The third tomb is proved by archives which have been found to be that of Hecuba herself, who died here in 1240, erected by the Florentine sculptor Fuccid for her daughter. It much resembles the beautiful tomb of Benedict XI. at Perugia. Beyond these is the chapel of S. Antonio Abbate, with tombs of the Dukes Blaschi of Spoleto. The chapel at the end of the vestibule, Il Crocifisso, was built by Cardinal Albornoz, who was once buried there, but has been removed. The frescoes of S. Catherine of Alexandria and S. Agata of Catania are by *Pace da Faenza*. Hence opens a most picturesque cloister with two tiers of arches.

Entering the *Nave*, we find the walls covered with frescoes. Those on the left, from the Life of our Saviour, are supposed, though by an unknown artist, to be the oldest in Assisi. Those opposite, of the Life of S. Francis, are by *Mino da Torrita*. Beginning to examine the chapels from the left, we see

The *Chapel of S. Martin* of Tours, erected by Cardinal Gentile, possessing a beautiful altar-front of needlework, and covered with paintings of the life of S. Martin by *Simone Memmi*, viz. :—

1. S. Martin divides his cloak with the beggar at the gate of Amiens.
2. Our Saviour appears, wearing the cloak.
3. S. Martin is invested with sword and spurs by the Emperor Julian.
4. His interview with Julian when he renounces his service.
5. He kneels before S. Hilary to receive ordination.
6. The Emperor's chair takes fire under him, because he does not rise to receive S. Martin.
7. Angels place golden bracelets on the arms of S. Martin as he elevates the host.
8. He heals a sick child.
9. He dies and is carried up to heaven by angels.
10. He is buried.

Cardinal Gentile, founder of the chapel, is represented kneeling to S. Martin in the lunette above the entrance.

The next chapels are of no especial interest. Outside, in the nave, is a pulpit inlaid with mosaic, whence the relics are shown on the 5th Sunday after Easter. On the wall behind is a Coronation of the Virgin by *Fra Martino*, nephew of Simone Memmi.¹ Above are frescoes of the Life of S. Stanislaus. On the right is the papal throne : on the left a fresco marks the tomb of the Beata Giacobba delle Sette Sole, the friend of S. Francis, whom he sent for on his death-bed.

The high-altar stands under the cross above the tomb of S. Francis, and is formed by a slab brought from Constantinople, resting on twenty-two Gothic columns. The groined roof above, bending over the shrine of S. Francis, is divided into four triangles, which contain the masterpieces of *Giotto*, taken from the story of the Vision of S. Francis in the plain below S. Quirico, in which he saw three maidens—interpreted as Chastity, Obedience, and Poverty—who uttered the words ‘Welcome, Lady Poverty.’ The frescoes represent—

¹ Falsely attributed to Giottino.

Northern. Sancta Castitas. Chastity is a maiden praying in a tower, to whom one angel presents a palm branch and the other a book. Two warriors are prepared to defend the fortress. Between them, a knight receives the baptism emblematical of his vow of purity. In the angle on the left, S. Francis welcomes three disciples : in that on the right, Penance, winged, puts to flight the World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

Southern. Sancta Obedientia. Obedience, robed in black, and supported by Prudence and Humility, puts the yoke over the head of a kneeling monk. On the roof of the loggia beneath which these figures are placed, is S. Francis, attended by kneeling angels.

Western. Sancta Paupertas. S. Francis, in a rocky wilderness, is wedded by our Saviour to Poverty. She stands among thorns, attended by Hope and Charity as bridesmaids. In the foreground are two boys mocking her, on either side groups of Angels as witnesses. In the left angle S. Francis gives his robe to the poor soldier ; in that on the right are three men in rich robes, probably benefactors of the convent. The idea of the principal subject was probably suggested by the beautiful lines of Dante :—

‘ Chè per tal donna giovanetto in guerra
Del padre corse, a cui, com’ alla morte,
La porta del piacer nessun disserra :

E dinanzi alla sua spiritual corte,
Et coram patre le se fece unito,
Poscia di dì in dì l’ amo più forte.
Questa, privata del primo marito,
Mille e cent’ anni e più dispetta e scura
Fino a costui si stette senza invito :

Ma perch’ io non proceda troppo chiuso ;
Francesco e Povertà per questi amanti
Prendi oramai nel mio parlar diffuso.’¹

‘Paradiso,’ xi.

¹ ‘A dame, to whom none openeth pleasure’s gate,
More than to death, was, ‘gainst his father’s will,
His stripling choice ; and he did make her his,
Before the spiritual court, by nuptial bonds,

Eastern. Gloriosus Franciscus. S. Francis is seated in glory, surrounded by angels, and above his head is a banner, bearing a cross and surrounded by seven stars. A tradition ascribes the design of these paintings collectively to Dante, who was an intimate friend of Giotto.

'Ici les personnages, les grandes femmes nobles rangées en processions hiératiques, ressemblent aux Mathilde, aux Lucie de Dante ; ce sont les sublimes et flottantes apparitions du rêve. Leurs beaux cheveux blonds sont chastetement et uniformément relevés autour de leur front ; pressés les uns contre les autres, ils contemplent ; de grandes tuniques à longs plis, blanches ou bleues, ou d'un rose-pâle, tombent autour de leur corps ; ils se serrent autour du saint, autour du Christ, silencieusement, comme un troupeau d'oiseaux fidèles, et leur têtes un peu tristes ont la langueur grave du bonheur céleste.'—*Taine*.

The tribune is occupied by a Last Judgment of *Sermei*. On the wall to the left, above the stairs to the monastery, is a glorious fresco of the scene at La Vernia when S. Francis received the stigmata, by *Giotto*. On the other side of the tribune and on the northern wall are other frescoes by *Giotto* relating to the resuscitation by S. Francis of a child, who was killed by falling from a house. The angels above are also by *Giotto*.

The *North Transept* is chiefly decorated by frescoes of *Puccio Capanna*, a pupil of *Giotto*. The glories of the saints are raised. The pictures represent the last scenes in the life of Christ, and S. Francis receiving the stigmata. On the left wall is a large Crucifixion by *Pietro Cavallini*. It is the only work in existence of this master, who was the ablest of the pupils of *Giotto*. But it is a noble composition. The sky is filled with angels wringing their hands. The figure riding a white horse is said to be Walter de

And in his father's sight : from day to day,
Then loved her more devoutly. She, bereav'd,
Of her first husband, slighted and obscure,
Thousand and hundred years and more, remain'd
Without a single suitor, till he came.

But not to deal
Thus closely with thee longer, take at large,
The lover's titles—Poverty and Francis.'

Cary's Translation

Brienne, Duke of Athens, for whom the fresco was painted. By the same artist, who has represented himself below (in a kind of predella) with his hands upraised, is a beautiful Madonna and Child, with S. Francis and S. John, below the Crucifixion.

'The personal character of Pietro Cavallini was pure and noble ; no sordid views influenced him as an artist, and as a man he was deeply religious, charitable to the poor, loving and beloved by every one, and his old age exhibited such a pattern of holiness and virtue, that he was reverenced as a saint on earth, and more than one of his paintings was invested after death, in popular estimation, with miraculous powers. He died, it is said, at Rome, in the 85th year of his age, and was buried in the basilica of S. Paolo.'—Lindsay's '*Christian Art*'

The transept is closed by the Chapel of S. Diego with a beautiful stained window, which, like most of those in this church, is by *Bonino d' Assisi*. On the left hangs a masterpiece of *Lo Spagna*, the Madonna and Child, between SS. Catherine, Francis, Roch, Clara, and Louis. Close to this picture is the entrance of the double sacristy. In the outer division are a double series of frescoes, the upper by *Sermei*, the lower by *Georgetti*.

Over the door of the inner room is a portrait of S. Francis¹ painted soon after his death, and four of his miracles, by *Giunta da Pisa*. Amongst the relics preserved here are the veil of the Virgin (!) and the copy of the rules of the Order which was approved by Honorius III., and which the saint always carried about with him.

In the *South Transept* the walls are chiefly occupied with scenes from the life of Christ and of S. Francis by *Taddeo*

¹ Thomas of Celano, who wrote only three years after the death of S. Francis, has left a more precious verbal portrait of him :—'Oh, how lovely, how splendid, how glorious he appeared in innocence of life, in simplicity of speech, in purity of heart, in the delight of divine things, in brotherly charity, in frequent obedience, in amiable courtesy, in angelical aspect. . . . He was of middle stature, rather under than over, with an oval face and full but low forehead : his eyes were dark and clear, his hair thick, his eyebrows straight ; he had a straight and delicate nose ; a voice soft, yet keen, and fiery ; lips modest, yet subtle ; a black beard, not thickly grown ; a thin neck, square shoulders, short arms, thin hands with long fingers, small feet, delicate skin, and little flesh ; roughly clothed ; sleeping little ; his hand ever open in charity.'

Gaddi and *Giovanni da Milano*. Beginning on the upper side of the west wall :—

‘The frescoes by Giovanni on the vault represent the early history of our Saviour; the composition is admirable, the story told at a glance, the accessory objects or persons are well chosen and few, the faces and attitudes full of expression and even beauty, the drapery is dignified and noble, the colouring soft as well as rich, and a certain natural grace prevails throughout, which is very winning. I may cite the Adoration of the Kings, the Purification, and the Dispute with the Doctors, as examples of his composition, and the Massacre of the Innocents for an expression and feeling in the groups of agonised mothers, not inferior to Giotto himself.’—*Lindsay’s ‘Christian Art.’*

Six figures of saints on the south wall are by *Simone Memmi*. Near them is a beautiful Madonna and Child by *Fra Martino*. On the left wall, above a grating which covers the tomb of the companions of S. Francis, are an immense Virgin and Child with angels, and a figure of S. Francis, by *Cimabue*. The Chapel of the Sacrament, which closes this transept, is painted with scenes from the life of S. Nicholas and figures of the twelve Apostles, by *Giottino*. Over the altar two angels draw back a curtain from the tomb of Cardinal Orsini.

Returning by the chapels on the left of the nave, that of La Maddalena has frescoes of the life of the saint by *Buffalmacco*, a scholar of Giotto (1320); that of S. Antony of Padua, once decorated by Giottino, has now frescoes of which the upper range are by *Sermei* and the lower by *Marianelli*. Passing a martyrdom of S. Lorenzo, attributed to *Giottino*, we reach the last chapel, of S. Louis of France. The frescoes of the Preaching and Death of S. Stephen are by *Dono Doni* (1560). On the roof are frescoes of prophets and sibyls by *Ingegno d’ Assisi*, a scholar of Perugino (1560), imitated by Raffaelle in S. Maria della Pace at Rome.

A flight of steps descends to the modern *Crypt*, a Greek cross, erected around the spot where the bones of S. Francis were discovered in 1818. A shrine with sixteen columns of jasper and marble seems scarcely a suitable resting-place

for him whom Bossuet calls ‘Le plus désespéré amateur de la pauvreté qui est peut-être dans l'église’—but it encloses a piece of the solid rock, in which the tomb was found, and above, by the light of a lamp, we see the stone sarcophagus itself with a raised iron grille. The travertine lid of the sarcophagus is in the arm of the cross. In the passage leading to the convent are colossal statues of Pius VII. and Pius IX.

The *Upper Church* is an exquisite masterpiece of pure Gothic architecture. It is generally closed, but is opened by the sacristan below. It is a Latin cross, 225 feet long, 36 wide, and 60 high. Of the five compartments of the roof, two have only stars on a blue ground, the others frescoes by *Cimabue*. The walls of the nave are covered with important frescoes, but since the change of Government they have, for the most part, been ‘refreshed’ to their total destruction. The lower range were by *Giotto* (1298). They begin from the right transept and represent the story of S. Francis :—

1. S. Francis meets a Simpleton, who spreads his cloak for him to walk on, in prophetic vision of his future. The temple in the piazza is seen in the background.
2. S. Francis gives his robe to the poor officer. The scene is the valley below Assisi.
3. The Dream of S. Francis, who sees armour provided for his followers, typical of the spiritual warfare they are to fight.
4. The figure on the Crucifix of S. Damiano bids S. Francis to repair his house.
5. S. Francis renounces his father Bernardino.
6. Pope Innocent III. in a vision sees S. Francis supporting the basilica of the Lateran.
7. Pope Honorius III. confirms the Order of S. Francis.
8. His sleeping brethren see the spirit of S. Francis in a chariot of fire.
9. A monk has a vision of the thrones prepared in heaven for S. Francis and his disciples.
10. S. Francis sends Brother Sylvester to exorcise the wicked town of Arezzo.
11. S. Francis begs to test his faith before the Sultan.

12. S. Francis in ecstacy.
13. S. Francis preaches before a *presepio*.
14. S. Francis, ascending to La Vernia, calls water from a rock.
15. S. Francis preaches to the Birds at La Vernia.
16. The Count of Celano dies while he is hospitably entertaining S. Francis.
17. S. Francis preaches before the Pope and Cardinals.
18. S. Francis appears in vision, while S. Antony of Padua is preaching at Arles.
19. S. Francis receives the stigmata at La Vernia.
20. The death of S. Francis.
21. A brother of the Order lying sick sees the death of S. Francis in vision, and crying out, 'Tarry, father ! I come with thee,' falls back and expires.
22. One Jerome doubts the stigmata of S. Francis, and examines the marks of the nails.
23. S. Chiara looks her last upon the dead body of the saint, as it is being carried to Assisi—a very beautiful picture.
24. The Canonisation of S. Francis.
25. The truth of the stigmata is brought home to Pope Gregory X. by a vision.
26. A Catalonian, mortally wounded by robbers, is healed by the spirit of S. Francis.
27. A woman of Monte Marino who had died unabsolved, is permitted, by the intercession of S. Francis, to return to life till she has confessed.
28. S. Francis vindicates the innocence of a bishop imprisoned on accusation of heresy.

The upper range of frescoes (most of them much injured) are by *Cimabue*, 1286. They narrate the story of the Old and New Testament from the Creation to the Crucifixion.

'In these works there is an evident struggle in the mind of the artist to give to traditional form the expression of a living intention, but all that belongs to a closer imitation of Nature in her individual peculiarities, all that belongs to the conception of characteristic or graceful action, is still wanting. The form of the countenance is alike throughout, the expression as conveyed by mien always constrained. Yet, notwithstanding all these defects, these works must be regarded as having been mainly instrumental in opening a new path to the free exercise of art.'—*Kugler*.

The walls of the transepts are covered with frescoes (also much injured) by *Giunta da Pisa* (c. 1252). In the centre

of the tribune is the papal throne of red marble, erected by Gregory IX., and attributed to *Fuccio*. On the left of the nave is an exquisite little Gothic pulpit. Round the altar is a screen, with columns brought from the lower church. The frescoes are being injudiciously, ignorantly, and gaudily restored.

The *monastic* buildings are grand in scale and proportions. The principal cloister is surrounded by double arcades, and decorated with injured frescoes of celebrated Franciscans by *Dono Doni* (1505). The Refectory is of vast size. Passing the Lavatory of red marble, we see the Winter Choir, with a Last Supper by *Dono Doni*. In an immense room above are the hundred and two beautiful carved stalls with intarsiatura work by *Domenico di S. Severino* (1506), removed by the present Government from the upper church. The outer loggias, running through the great arches, which are so conspicuous a feature below, form a most beautiful walk with wide and lovely views. Near the angle of the convent is a curious figure of Pope Sixtus IV. seated in a niche.

Amongst the historical monks of this monastery was Guido da Montefeltro, the famous Ghibelline chieftain, who had taken the habit of S. Francis, and who, when summoned hence by Boniface VIII. to assist him in reducing Palestine, advised him to 'promise much but perform little.' Returning to his convent, he died here in 1298.

After all, the convents in Assisi itself, wondrously beautiful and interesting as they are, are only commemorative : the sites connected with the actual lives of Francis and Chiara must be sought without the walls, and form the object of three short separate excursions.

1. A picturesque but rugged road of two miles, impossible for carriages, leads (under the arch which joins the cathedral and passing a Roman tomb) along the side of the mountain to the *Hermitage of S. Francesco delle Carceri*. It

stands in a cleft filled with luxuriant wood in the midst of the scorched and arid limestone rocks of Monte Subasio. A low gateway, with a fresco of the Virgin and Child between S. Francis and S. Chiara, is the entrance to a wood which is filled with wild flowers, and where nightingales sing abundantly. A knot of brown conventional buildings occupies the most picturesque position in the gorge, and encloses the cell whither S. Francis retreated as a young man to combat



S. Francesco delle Carceri.

with his passions in perpetual solitude and penance. His stone bed is shown, and his wooden pillow, a fountain which burst forth in answer to his prayers, and the hollow by which the tormenting Devil escaped. In the dormitory is a large cross given by S. Bernardino. In the cell of S. Francis, now a chapel, is a miraculous crucifix which is said to have conversed with the nun Diomira ‘di gran bontà e perfezione,’ and to have told her that it so loved two Franciscans (Fra Cristoforo of Perugia and another) that the whole world

might be saved by their prayers. Not only this, but when Fra Silvestro dello Spedalicchio, overwhelmed by fatigue, fell asleep before it, it woke him with a cuff—‘un soavissimo schiaffo’—bidding him go and sleep in a more suitable place, *i.e.* his dormitory! Five other penitential cells remain in the wood, through the midst of which runs a stream which, when it threatened to destroy his hermitage, was stopped by the prayers of S. Francis. It is said that it now rages violently when any public calamity is at hand. In this wood, says one of his biographers, while S. Francis was singing the praises of God in French—to him the language of song—he was attacked by robbers, who, disappointed by his absolute poverty, for he possessed nothing but a hair shirt with a peasant’s tunic over it, threw him into a ditch filled with snow.

2. A road which turns to the right outside the Foligno gate, beyond S. Chiara, leads half a mile down the hill (practicable for carriages but very steep) to the beautifully situated *Convent of S. Damiano*, which is one of the most interesting and perfectly preserved historical shrines in Italy. An inscription over the door announces ‘Questo è il primo convento di S. Chiara.’ It was given to her by S. Francis, to whom it had been made over by the Benedictines. Here she founded the order which was first called the ‘Poor Ladies of S. Damiano,’ but afterwards the ‘Poor Clares,’ and here she lived for forty-two years, and died on August 12, 1253. Her mother Ortolana and her younger sister Agnese became members of her sisterhood. She appears seldom to have seen S. Francis after her profession. Not being a priest, he could not hear confession from her or direct her spiritual life; on the contrary, he was rather in the habit of sending to consult her and seeking her advice and prayers, when he was in any trouble. Before his last journey to Rieti, when he was already smitten with his death-sickness, he visited her, ‘comforting her with holy words and bidding her a humble farewell.’

The convent is wonderfully little changed by more than 600 years, and many parts of it remain exactly as they were left by Chiara, unspoilt by the later gilding and decorations which generally contaminate the houses of the saints. Over the entrance is a rude fresco, marking a window from which she is said, with the Sacrament in her hand, to have repulsed the Saracens who were scaling the convent. The low vaulted church, black with age, has on the right a fresco attributed to Giotto, representing a story in the life of Francis, which occurred here. While praying in the church before a crucifix (now at S. Chiara) it spoke to him saying, ‘Francis, my servant, thou shalt restore my church,’ and he, taking it literally, stole a purse of money from his father and brought it hither to the priest, but being pursued by his father, who discovered the theft, threw the purse in at an open window. The scene is graphically told—the amazed priest, the angry father with a stick, &c.

Opposite is a reliquary containing the breviary of Chiara, her bell, the alabaster pyx with which she repulsed the Saracens, and the pectoral cross of S. Buonaventura. The shrine close by was that of the Beato Antonio di Stroncone, whose office is still recited here. It is now empty, and it is a curious evidence of the value set upon the relics of saints, that the inhabitants of Stroncone, near Spoleto, took advantage of the confusion consequent upon the French occupation, to break into the convent and carry off the body to their native town, where it is still.

In a chapel on the right of the church is a crucifix—most wonderful in character and power—by *Fra Innocenzo da Palermo*. A legend—‘una pia umana tradizione’—says that the head was left unfinished by the artist and carved by the angels in the night.

Near the altar are modern pictures, of the death of S. Chiara, and her benediction of bread, ‘pannotti,’ in the presence of Innocent IV. The present choir was built by S. Bernardino of Siena. From it, we enter the choir of S. Chiara, which is touchingly interesting and quite un-

altered ; the doors, the old worn desks, and the simple wooden seats which turn back, are the same. A tablet bears the names of the forty-eight nuns who worshipped here in the time of S. Chiara, beginning with her sister Agnese. They are for the most part buried between this and the church, but Chiara herself was carried fifteen years after her death to the convent which bears her name, whither the living nuns were also removed, as it was not considered safe for them to remain without the walls, and S. Damiano was given up to monks, who have ever since retained it. The Office of the Translation of S. Chiara is still sung here on October 3. In a corner of the old choir is a niche, which tradition claims to have been made by the shoulder of S. Francis, when the walls opened miraculously to conceal him from his angry father.

Passing through the cloister, which has frescoes of the Annunciation, and of S. Francis receiving the Stigmata, by *Eusebio Perugino*, we reach the absolutely unaltered *Refectory* of S. Chiara, with its low vaulted roof, and brown walls, and worn oak tables. Here, according to the legend, she nourished fifty persons with half a loaf of bread ; and here Francis, when dining with the nuns, heard the voice of the Saviour pronouncing his certainty of eternal life. Here also it is said that a cross appeared upon the conventional loaves of bread, when Chiara—‘that sweetest flower of S. Francis’—as his biographers call her, had prayed for a blessing upon them, being ordered to do so by the Pope himself, who was present.

Above is the *Dormitory*, where fifty nuns slept together without division into cells, and that where Chiara tended sick and infirm persons, leading to the room in which she died. Formerly a small chapel opened out of this room, from which she took the pyx to confront the Saracens at the window, which bears the inscription—‘*Da questa porta furono da S. Chiara ributtati i Mori col Santissimo Sacramento.*’

In a chapel of the outer cloister is a most lovely fresco

of *Tiberio d' Assisi*, representing the Madonna and Child throned, with floating angels holding a crown, between S. Antonio, S. Girolamo, S. Francis, and S. Agnese.

S. Damiano was suppressed and its monks most harshly treated by the Sardinian Government. But the convent, at once a shrine of Italian history and religion, has been since purchased by an English Roman Catholic peer, so that its preservation—without change—may be hoped for.

3. Turning to the left near S. Maria degli Angeli, less than two miles brings us to Rio Torto, where was the first convent of S. Francis, being in fact at first only a thatched hovel where he stayed with his companions on their first return from Innocent III. at Rome, the Porziuncula being too small. The great church raised over his cell was thrown down only a few years ago by earthquake, and the present edifice is quite modern. However, it encloses the cell, with the bed of the saint. Close by, two of his companions, Fra Egidio and Fra Corrado della Marca, were buried. The convent was given to S. Francis by the Benedictine monks on Monte Subasio, of whose convent nothing now exists, but a quit rent was always paid for this by the Franciscans, in the shape of a basket of the fish called *loschi*, sent over the hills to the far-away convent of Subiaco. The little Chapel of the Maddalena, which is passed between Rio Torto and the Angeli, is of the time of S. Francis.

And now we must return to the station and leave behind the mediaeval world in which we have been living. Yet the very dusty way itself which leads us there is that along which S. Francis went singing with Brother Egidio, and admonished people by the way, saying simply—‘O love and serve God, and repent perfectly of your sins,’ while Egidio added with childlike simplicity—‘Do what my spiritual father says to you, for he always says what is best.’ It was on this road that, as S. Francis was being carried home in a litter in his last illness, he bade the bearers to stop,

and said to his brethren, ‘Vedete, figli miei, never give up this place. Wheresoever you go, return always to this as your home, for this is the holy house of God.’¹ And as, for the last time, we pass the Convent of the Angeli we must remember that there, having touchingly added his welcome to ‘Sister Death,’² to his ‘Song of all Creatures,’ the great founder lay upon his deathbed, surrounded by the brethren, with his faithful friend Giacobba dei Settisoli. As the supreme moment approached, he ordered the beginning of the 13th chapter of S. John to be read to him ; then, in broken accents, he himself repeated the 142nd Psalm —and finally, as his glazing eyes told that ‘Sister Death’ was really come, passed away, saying to his weeping beloved ones—‘Farewell, my children, for now I go to God, to whom I commend you all,’ and, in the words of one of his biographers, ‘was absorbed into the abyss of the light of God.’

‘ O Francis, never may thy sainted name
Be thought or written save with soul aflame,
Nor spcken openly nor breathed apart
Without a stir or swelling of the heart :—
O mate of Poverty ! O pearl unpriced !
O co-espoused, co-transforstate with Christ.’

W. H. Myers.

¹ It is the recollection of these almost last words of S. Francis which has made the spoliation of Assisi so peculiarly bitter to his Order, to the Pope, and to the whole Catholic Church.

² ‘ Laudato sia mio Signore per suor nostra morte corporale :
Da la quale nullo homo vivente puo scapare.
Guai a quelli che more in peccato mortale !
Beati quelli che se trovano nella tua sanctissima voluntate
Che la morte secunda non li potra far male.’

CHAPTER XXVII.

CITTA DI CASTELLO AND BORGO SAN SEPOLCRO.

A decent little omnibus leaves the office in the Corso at Perugia every morning at $5\frac{1}{2}$ A.M. for Citta di Castello, performing the journey of 33 m. in $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours. But it sets out on its return journey at 3 A.M., so that if Citta di Castello is taken as an excursion from Perugia, it will be found much more convenient to engage a carriage for the two days, price 20 frs.

The *Locanda della Canzoniera* (Valino) at Citta di Castello is a very good specimen of a small Italian inn, exceedingly clean and moderate in charges.

There is no diligence between Citta di Castello and Borgo San Sepolcro : a carriage with 1 horse costs 7 frs.

A carriage may be taken from Borgo to Arezzo, or *vice versa*, for 17 frs., or Borgo may be easily visited in the day from Arezzo.

The *Albergo Fiorentino*, sometimes called *Locanda di Venezia*, at Borgo San Sepolcro, is very clean and comfortable for a country inn, and an artist might spend some time there pleasantly and most economically. This tour will not be worth while except to those who are really interested in Umbrian art, for the country is for the most part uninteresting and the towns are unpicturesque.

VERY beautiful is the rapid descent from Perugia, through the richly cultivated fields, bright in spring with gladiolus and bearded hyacinths, and with glorious views of the old city rising from its rocky platform. At *Ponte Felcino* (4 m.) the road crosses the Tiber by a very lofty bridge something like the *Ponte alla Maddalena* near Lucca. At 21 m. is *Fratta*, a small town with an octagonal church¹ and an old castle. Hence the road constantly ascends.

¹ The Coronation of the Virgin by Pinturicchio, now in the Vatican, came from Fratta.

(Two miles from Fratta, on a hill top, is the fine old Camaldoiese monastery of *Monte Corona*. Its church was founded by S. Romualdo himself, c. 1008, and retains a crypt of the 11th century. There were sixteen hermitages attached to the convent, after the fashion of the Eremo at Camaldoli. Under the recent spoliation, the monks at Monte Corona were treated with exceptional cruelty, because they appealed, out of regard for their long exercised charities, to be allowed to end their days in its walls : they have been not only expelled, but reduced to absolute beggary ; only one lay brother being allowed to remain for the sale of medicines in the *farmacia*.

A road leads from Fratta to Gubbio by the fine old castle of *Civitella Raniari* and the deserted convent of *Campo Reggiano*.)

Citta di Castello (*Inn, La Cannoniera*, excellent) occupies the site of Tifernum Tiberinum, of which Pliny the younger was chosen as patron while still a boy. In the 15th century it was ruled by the great house of the Vitelli, of whom Vitellozzo Vitelli was one of the earliest patrons of Raffaelle. Many of his great early works were painted here and were intended for the churches of this little town. The *Sposalizio*, now at Milan, belonged to the church of S. Francesco ; the *Coronation of S. Nicholas of Tolentino* hung in S. Agostino till it was sold to Pius VI. ; the Crucifixion, which Lord Dudley has now, was sold from the Gavari Chapel in S. Domenico in 1809 ; the Coronation of the Virgin in the Vatican, and the Adoration of the Magi, now at Berlin, were also painted at Citta di Castello.

In the centre of the dull town is the *Cathedral of S. Florida*, consecrated in 1012, but twice rebuilt. Its only ancient feature is its round campanile, which will recall those of Ravenna. The north door is an admirable specimen of 15th century work. Between the twisted pillars are two reliefs, with small figures or groups from Scriptural or saintly subjects, introduced between the

beautifully sculptured tendrils and fruit of a vine ; below are figures of Mercy and Justice. Entering by the west door, we may notice :—

Right, First Chapel. *Bernardino Gagliardi.* The Martyrdom of S. Crescentian.

4th Chapel (of the Sacrament). *Rosso Fiorentino.* The Transfiguration.

5th Chapel. *Facetti.* The Guardian Angel, with the Madonna in glory above ; on the left, S. Michael ; on the right, S. Raphael and Tobias. The scenes from the story of Tobias at the sides of the chapel are by *Virgilio Ducci*.

6th Chapel. *Squazzino.* Frescoes.

The Camera della Canonica contains a beautiful altar front, given by Pope Coelestine II., who was a native of the town. It is a marvellous specimen of goldsmith's work, decorated with scenes from the life of the Saviour.

The Cupola is painted by *Marco Benefial*.

The Stalls are of rich intarsia work, and are from the designs of *Raffaellino da Colle*.

A little behind the cathedral is the Via del Ospedale, containing the Hospital, whose chapel has a fine picture of the Pentecost by *Santi di Tito*. Close to this is the ugly Gothic Church of S. Domenico, which contains :—

Right. 1st Altar. *Santi di Tito.* Marriage of S. Catherine.

2nd Altar. *Gregorio Pagani.* Madonna and Child with saints. An interesting picture, said to have been presented in consequence of a vow of the citizen Antonio Corvini, who was serving under the Duke of Burgundy, and promised it to atone for having injured an image of the Virgin over the gate of some town.

5th Altar. Copy of the Crucifixion of Raffaelle, which formerly hung here, now the property of Lord Dudley.

The High Altar covers the remains of the Beata Margherita, a Dominican nun. Behind are : right, S. Sebastian, 1524, and the Annunciation, by *Francesco di Castello*, 1524 ; left, a Madonna of the 14th century.

Left of High Altar (the Brozzi Altar). *Luca Signorelli*, 1498. Martyrdom of S. Sebastian.

Close by is the little Church of S. Caterina, which contains :—

Right. *Andrea Carbone.* S. Francesco di Paola.

Left. *Squazzino.* Crucifixion.

The frescoes of the Story of S. Catherine are by *Cav. Borghese*.

Turning down the neighbouring Corso, the Via S. Egidio leads, close to the gate, to the *Palazzo di Paolo Vitelli*, a magnificent pile of 1540.¹ It is now the property of the Marchese Rondinelli of Florence.

The staircase is handsome, with a frescoed ceiling which, with the ceilings of all the chambers, was the work of the prolific artist, Cristoforo Gherardi, commonly known as Il Doceno. It leads to a great hall decorated by *Prospero Fontana*, in the style of the Zuccari, with frescoes relating to the glories of the house of Vitelli, viz. :

The Death of Giovanni Vitelli at the Siege of Osimo.

The Reconciliation of Sixtus V. with Niccolò Vitelli.

The Defence of the City by Camillo and Paolo Vitelli.

Alessandro Vitelli presents to Cosimo de' Medici the Strozzi and Cavalcanti prisoners.

Charles VIII. gives an Order to Camillo Vitelli.

Paolo Vitelli drives out the Venetian troops from the Casentino.

Giovanni Vitelli brings about the election of Cosimo I.

Charles V. creates Alessandro Vitelli Prince of Amatrice.

The succeeding halls are all decorated with frescoes. Behind the palace are gardens, now little better than a ploughed field, save for a boschetto of ilexes. At the end is the picturesque *Palazzino*, with an open loggia, having a ceiling by *Cristoforo Gherardi*, splendidly decorated with mythological subjects enclosed in a network of flowers, birds, and fishes. The whole is wonderfully preserved. On the walls are fresco portraits of members of the Vitelli family.

Returning to the Corso, and following the opposite Via Cavour, we reach (right) the *Church of S. Francesco*, which contains :—

Right. 1st Altar. N. Circinani. The Stoning of S. Stephen.

2nd Altar. Pictures of SS. John and Andrew, enclosing a reliquary of the 15th century, for relics of S. Andrew.

3rd Altar. N. Circinani. The Annunciation.

¹ There are three other Vitelli palaces in the town, but not worth seeing.

4th Altar. Raffaellino da Colle. The Assumption.

Left. 1st Chapel—Of the Vitelli, where they are buried.

G. Vasari. The Coronation of the Virgin, with saints below. The stalls, of intarsia work, represent the life of S. Francis.

2nd Chapel. Agostino and Andrea della Robbia. S. Francis receiving the Stigmata.

Several other churches may be briefly noticed.

S. Cecilia contains :—

Luca Signorelli. The Coronation of S. Cecilia.

Piero della Francesca. Coronation of the Virgin.

SS. Trinità contains :—

Sacristy. Two standards representing the Crucifixion and the Creation of Eve, attributed to Raffaelle.

S. Giovanni Decollato contains :—

Sacristy. A standard representing the story of S. John, by *Luca Signorelli*.

The *Palazzo Mancini* has a collection which is shown. The best works are :—

2. *Luca della Robbia.* The Ascension—a fragment.

7, 8, 9, 10. *Luca Signorelli.* Saints.

19. *Vasari.* Cosimo de' Medici.

20. *Luca Signorelli, 1515.* Virgin and Child with angels and saints.

In the *Palazzo Municipale* is a Virgin and Child with ten saints, by *Piero della Francesca*.

It is a drive of 12 miles from Citta di Castello to Borgo San Sepolcro, through a fertile plain. The road passes through the village of *San Giustino*, and skirts a beautiful garden belonging to the villa of the Marchese Buffalini of Florence. The frescoes of Cristoforo Gherardi here, so much praised by Vasari, have been ruined by an earthquake. After passing, at a little distance on the right, the village of *Cospaglia*, once a republic like San Marino, we reach a low pillar marking what was once the boundary between

Tuscany and the Papal States, one of the two neighbouring cottages under the same roof belonging to either kingdom. Here we come in sight of the towers of *Borgo San Sepolcro*.

The town has an ancient look, and its houses retain several of the tall towers which were the pride of mediaeval nobles, and which once gave the city the appearance which is still retained by San Gimignano, as may be seen by an old picture in one of the churches. Many of the most stately of the towers perished in the earthquake of 1789. Borgo belonged to the Holy See till 1440, when it was made over to the Florentines by Eugenius IV. Though an unimportant town in itself, it has acquired a lustre unequalled by many great cities, as the birthplace and home of many of the greatest masters of Italian art—Santi di Tito (1538–1603), the best painter of his own period; Raffaellino da Colle (c. 1540), born at Colle, a few miles from Borgo, an eminent follower of Raffaello and Giulio Romano; Cristoforo Gherardi (1500–1556), surnamed Doceno, a pupil of Raffaellino; but, above all, Piero della Francesca (1398–1484), of whom Luca Pacioli, writing in 1494, speaks as ‘the monarch of painting in our times.’

‘From Umbria he had drawn the secret of homely combinations and direct surprises; from Florence draughtsmanship, the power of dramatic distribution and combination, science and the passion of science, the resolve that art should leave no province of nature unattempted. From his own instincts he took the twofold choice that gives his work its charm and singularity—a love of colour in its fairest gradations and most fanciful harmonies, and, with that, a delight in the confident gestures of the strong, the innocent haughtiness of physical health, the courageous mien of those who stand on both feet, and hold their heads high, looking out with eyes of a frank indifferent sweetness upon a world of which they feel the masters.’—S. C.

In the centre of the town is a piazza containing the tall *Torre dell’ Orologio*. Opening from this is the Via del Duomo, on the right of which is the *Cathedral*, founded 1012, but retaining little of antiquity. It contains:—

Right Aisle (over side-door). The beautiful tomb of Bishop Galeotto Graziani.

Next Altar. *Santi di Tito.* The Incredulity of S. Thomas.

Choir. *Left.* *Perugino.* The Ascension—a replica of the great picture once in S. Pietro at Perugia, now at Rouen. *Right.* *Raffaelino da Colle.* The Resurrection.

Sacristy. *Luca della Robbia.* Figures of SS. Benedetto and Romualdo. *Cerino da Pistoja.* Fragments of frescoes of saints.

14th century. SS. Peter and Paul, with the story of S. John Baptist in the predella.

Left Aisle. *School of Luca della Robbia.* Ciborium.

3rd Altar. *Antonio Cavalucci.* Madonna del Rosario.

2nd Altar. *Durante Alberti.* Nativity.

1st Altar. *Giovanni Alberti.* Crucifixion.

Opposite the cathedral is a small building containing the *Municipio*, and the *Monte Pio*. Here is :—

* *Piero della Francesca.* A most grand fresco of the Resurrection. It is early morning in a wintry landscape, a valley in a wild Umbrian country, with great trees breaking the sky. In the centre is the tomb, from which the Saviour is rising grandly and triumphantly, with one foot on the ledge, a banner with the red cross in his right hand, his winding-sheet drawn round over the left shoulder, and his eyes looking forward with rapt intensity, the whole figure thrown out by the blackness of the hills behind, upon which the light has not yet risen. Below lie, or rather sit, the four guards in armour, greatly foreshortened, in the most intense sleep. The fresco is admirably seen, and the room is generally open : it is alone worth a visit to Borgo San Sepolcro.

Close by, behind the fountain, is the *Church of S. Francesco*, which contains :—

Left. *1st Altar.* *Domenico Passignano.* Christ with the Doctors. A very striking picture, almost wholly in shadow, the light just catching some bald heads in the foreground : the figure and expression of the boy-Saviour most beautiful.

Right. *3rd Altar.* *Giovanni de' Vecchi.* S. Francis receiving the Stigmata.

Just beyond, on the right, is the *Chapel of the Misericordia*, which contains :—

Left. *Raffaelino da Colle.* The Resurrection. What a contrast in its disturbance and confusion to the solemnity of the Piero della Francesca !

High Altar. A curious crucifix, said to have been miraculously discovered by oxen refusing to walk over the place where it was buried.

Beneath this chapel is the copy of the Holy Sepulchre, which gave the town (called Nocera before) its present name. It was built in 1300 in wood, in 1480 in stone. The bronze gates by *Alberti* have wonderful reliefs of the Temptation of Adam, and the expulsion from Paradise.

In the neighbouring Via della Misericordia (left) is the Hospital, containing, in its chapel :—

* *Piero della Francesca*. The Virgin shielding the inhabitants of Borgo with her robe, a memorial of the plague of 1348. All around the frame are tiny figures of saints, and four larger figures beneath. Above is the Crucifixion. In the gradino are :—The Agony in the Garden, the Flagellation, the Women at the Sepulchre, and the Appearance to the Magdalen.

On the left, at the angle of the town-wall, is the *Fortezza*, with long machicolations. Turning left, inside the neighbouring gate, we reach the *Church of S. Antonio*, which has a curious Gothic portal, with a relief of souls presented to the Saviour by their patron saints ; below, in quatrefoils, is the Annunciation. Within is :—

* *High Altar*. *Luca Signorelli*. An altar piece, originally a standard, painted on both sides and quite magnificent in colour. On one side are SS. Eligio and Antonio Abbate ; on the other the Crucifixion—the Virgin has fainted, and is lying at the foot of the cross.

Turning right from hence, at the end of the Via del Rio, is the *Church of the Minori Osservanti*, which contains :—

Choir. *Raffaellino da Colle*. Coronation of the Virgin.

Hence we may proceed in a direct line to the *Church of the Servi*, which contains :—

Right. 3rd Altar. *Giovanni de' Vecchi*. The Presentation in the Temple.

4th Altar. *N. Circinani*. Virgin and Child, with SS. Luke and Francis.

Choir. 15th century. The Assumption.

Left. 4th Altar. *Dom. Passignano?* The Annunciation.

A little further is the *Church of S. Chiara*, containing :—

* *High Altar*. *Piero della Francesca*. The Assumption. The Virgin, with an expression of the most intense humility and devotion,

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

UMBRIAN CITIES.

(SPELLO, FOLIGNO, SPOLETO, TERNI, AND NARNI.)

(Spello may be made an excursion from Assisi or Perugia, or may be taken on the way to Foligno. There are four trains daily in 20 min.)

ELEVEN kilometres from Assisi, on the left of the railway, cresting a low spur of the Apennines, is *Spello*. It occupies the site of Hispellum.

'His urbes Arna, et laetis Mevania pratis
Hispellum.'—*Sil. Ital.* viii. 458.

We find this town in inscriptions bearing the titles of 'Colonia Julia Hispelli' and 'Colonia Urbana Flavia,' from which it appears that it must have received two colonies, one under Augustus, the other under Vespasian. There are remains of a Roman *Amphitheatre* in the plain below the town, and one of the Roman gates—*Porta Veneris*—still exists, surmounted by three figures, with the remains of a triumphal *Arch of Macrinus*, in the Via del Arco. The inhabitants point out the house, and in it the tomb, of Propertius, who possibly lived here, though he himself records that he was born at Mevania.

But these remains are comparatively insignificant. The chief interest of Spello arises from its connection with the history of art. In 1501, while Perugino was occupied at Perugia in the Sala del Cambio, his contemporary Pinturicchio was employed here on noble frescoes which still remain, together with several from the hand of Perugino himself.

The collegiate *Church of S. Maria Maggiore* contains :—

Left. Cappella del Sacramento. The Annunciation, one of the noblest works of the master. It is signed, on the roof of the temple, ‘Bernardinus Pinturicchius, 1501.’ A distant view of the hills around Spello is seen. The portrait of the artist is introduced, hanging against the wall—evincing the satisfaction with which he executed these paintings.

The Nativity, with the shepherds reverently approaching, in a noble landscape. The singing angels are very beautiful.

The Dispute with the Doctors, signed ‘Pintoricchio.’ A very noble picture. Troilo Baglioni, the prior of the church for whom the fresco was painted, is introduced, holding a purse. In all these, the backgrounds are most carefully finished, and gold ornaments are laid on.

On the ceiling are the four Sibyls.

The Tabernacle of the *High Altar* is a beautiful work of the early Renaissance. On the pillar on the left is—*Perugino*, Madonna with the Magdalen and S. John, signed ‘Petrus de Castro plebis pinxit, 1521.’ ‘The expression in S. John,’ as Burckhardt says, ‘is pure and beautifully inspired.’ On the pillar on the right—*Perugino*. Madonna between S. Catherine and a bishop—an exquisite picture.

Over the altar of the *Sacristy* is—*Pinturicchio*, a Madonna.

On the right of the entrance is an ancient Cippus, with a relief of an equestrian figure and an inscription, used as a holy-water basin.

The Franciscan *Church of S. Andrea*, consecrated in 1228 by Gregory IX., contains, in the right transept, a noble picture by *Pinturicchio*, 1508. The Madonna is enthroned between SS. Francis and Laurence, and SS. Andrew and Louis. On the steps of the throne is a charming S. John writing ‘Ecce Agnus’—and a curious letter from Gentile Baglioni, Bishop of Orvieto, to the artist, is introduced. On the wall of a house opposite the convent (No. 30) is a Madonna by *Pinturicchio*. On the city wall is a Latin elegiac couplet in honour of the dimensions of the famous Orlando, and a mark is shown at a considerable height on the wall to which his lance is said to have reached.

Steep and tortuous streets lead up to the hill top, whence there is a beautiful view. Spello was the seat of

a bishopric till the 6th century when it was removed to Foligno.

Sixteen kilometres from Assisi is *Foligno*, the junction station for the lines to Ancona and Rome.

Inns—Croce Bianca, good; *Barbacci*; *Posta*.

Carriages from the station to the inns, 40 c., luggage included.

Foligno occupies the site of the ancient Fulginium.

'Iguvium, patuloque jacens sine moenibus arvo
Fulginia.'—*Sil. Ital.* viii. 461.

The great Emperor Frederick II. was brought up here, and afterwards bestowed many favours on the city: in one of his letters he says, 'In Fulginio fulgere pueritia nostra incepit.' The town, which appears in the background of Raffaelle's famous picture, is walled, and lies low in a rich envineyardèd plain, which is dreadfully hot in summer. There is not much to be seen except pictures, though the piazza with the west front of the cathedral and a high-striding red arch over a street close by are not unpicturesque.

At the entrance of the *Public Garden* is a modern statue of the artist *Niccolò d' Alunno*, who was a native of Foligno.

'Unendowed with any originality of invention, Niccolò possessed the art of giving his figures a generally attractive expression. In his female and his angelic heads especially, we mark a great refinement and purity, and in his male figures a greater earnestness and expression, accompanied by greater fulness and sturdiness than the succeeding Umbrian painters approved.'—*Kugler*.

The Church of S. Niccolò contains:—

Right. 2nd Chapel. Niccolò d' Alunno (his master-piece). A Tabernacle in fourteen compartments, the largest being the Nativity and the Resurrection. The predella of this picture was kept at the Louvre, when the rest was returned.

Chapel of S. Antonio. Niccolò d' Alunno. The Coronation of the Virgin, with SS. George, Bernardino, and Antonio below. In the predella an Ecce Homo with the Virgin and S. John.

S. Maria infra Portas contains :—

Niccold d' Alunno. SS. Jerome and Roch.

S. Annunziata contains :—

Pietro Perugino. An injured fresco representing the Baptism of our Lord.

The *Cathedral of S. Feliciano*, which has a very rich 15th-century portal, with monsters, has been modernized internally.

The *Palazzo del Governo*, or *Trinci*, has a chapel painted in fresco with the History of the Virgin by the rare master *Ottoviano Nelli* of Gubbio. It was to the *Convent of S. Anna* that the famous picture of Raffaelle, painted for Sigismondo Conti was removed by his nun-niece Anna, and hence it took the name of 'La Madonna di Foligno.' Scattered over the town are several of the interesting wall pictures known as *Maestas*, by *Pietro da Foligno* and other followers of the Alunno school.

An excursion of six miles may be made to the village of *Bevagna*, on the Clitumnus, the ancient Mevania, which retains some remains of a Roman *Amphitheatre*, a temple of Mars or Vertumnus, and other buildings. It was here that Vitellius attempted to make a last stand for the empire against Vespasian, and here Propertius was born, as he himself informs us.

‘Umbria te notis antiqua penatibus edit,
Mentior? an patriae tangitur ora tuae?
Qua nebulosa cavo rorat Mevania campo,
Et lacus aestivis intepet Umber aquis,
Scandentisque arcis consurgit vertice murus,
Murus ab ingenio notior ille tuo.’—*EI. IV. i. 121.*

In the Church of the *Beato Giacomo* is the tomb of the Beato Giacomo Bianconi, who died 1301.

About 3 miles further, on a high hill, is *Montefalco*—‘La Ringhiera dell’ Umbria’—which contains in its churches a

number of curious pictures of the Umbrian School. The town is highly picturesque and has in the fullest degree the Italian character of a 'Borgata Alpestre.' In the *Church of S. Francesco* is a choir covered with frescoes of the Story of S. Francis, executed for the Franciscan Jacopo di Montefalco by *Benozzo Gozzoli* (1452), the pupil and contemporary of *Fra Angelico*. The three medallion portraits under the window represent Giotto—'Pictorum eximus Jottus fundamentum et lux ;' Petrarch—'Laureatus Petrarca omnium virtut. monarca ;' and Dante—'Teologus Dantes nullius dogmatis expers.' A Madonna and two saints are by *Tiberio d' Assisi*.

The *Church of S. Chiara* contains the shrine of S. Chiara of Montefalco, an Augustinian nun, 1275-1308, in whom continual meditation on the Passion of our Lord is believed to have produced the outward signs of His suffering. Her sleeping figure has an exceedingly touching and beautiful expression. She was not canonised till December 8, 1881, but has long been supposed to shudder in her incorruptible body when any misfortune threatens the Church, and was chosen as an especial saint and protectress by Pope Leo XIII.

The *Church of S. Fortunato* ($\frac{3}{4}$ m. from the town) was once covered with frescoes by *Benozzo Gozzoli*. Only a fragment of the Virgin and Child, with an angel (1498), remains. In the cloisters is the *Cappella delle Rose*, covered with frescoes from the life of S. Francis by *Tiberio d' Assisi*.

Trevi (Stat.). The town, the ancient Trebia, is one of the steepest places imaginable, each house apparently rising on the hillside almost where the roof of the house beneath comes to an end. The *Church of La Madonna delle Lagrime* contains a large fresco of the Adoration of the Magi by *Perugino*. In the same church are a set of frescoes by *Lo Spagna*, in which that of the Deposition is evidently taken from the Raffaelle in the Borghese Palace at Rome.

In the lunette, S. Ubaldo sits in benediction between rows of kneeling monks. The *Church of S. Martino*, outside the town, has a fine altar-piece by *Lo Spagna*, of c. 1512. It represents the Coronation of the Virgin, with SS. Mary Magdalene and Catherine in the foreground, and in the distance a view of the convent of S. Francesco d' Assisi. In the dead-house of the adjoining convent is an Assumption by *Lo Spagna*, which is even more powerful in conception and design. A lunette of the Virgin and Child in the church is a beautiful work of *Tiberio d' Assisi*.

Two miles and a half beyond Trevi, near the little hamlet of Le Vene, the tiny *Temple of the Clitumnus* is seen on the left of the railway. It stands on a steep bank overlooking the little river, here still called *Clitumno*, which has its source near this, the name Le Vene being derived from the numerous springs or vents of water by which it is formed. In classical times, as now, it was famous for its clear water and the beauty of the cattle on its banks :

'Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxuma taurus
Victima, saepe tuo perfusi flumine sacro,
Romanos ad templa Deum duxere triumphos.'

Virgil, 'Geo.' ii. 196.

'Qua formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco
Integit, et niveos abluit unda boves.'

Propert. 'El.' II. xix. 25.

'Et lavat ingentem perfundens flumine sacro
Clitumnus taurum.'

Sil. Ital. viii. 452.

'Laeta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis
Iret, et a grandi cervix ferienda ministro.'

Juv. 'Sat.' xii. 13.

'Quin et Clitumni sacra, victoribus undas,
Candida quae Latii praebent armenta triumphis,
Visere dura fuit.'

Claud. 'Cons. Hon.' VI. 506.

'Nec si vacuet Mevania valles,
Aut praestent niveos Clitumna novalia tauros,
Sufficiam.'

Stat. 'Sylv.' i. 4.

We learn from Pliny that this spot was not only one of local veneration, but was visited by strangers. The Emperor Caligula travelled here for this purpose.¹ The building which still exists was probably a successor of one of the shrines or chapels (*sacella*) mentioned by Pliny, which were scattered over the hillside above the temple of the river-god. The little existing building is of the Lower Empire. It will be interesting to read upon the spot the description of C. Pliny, written to his friend Romanus :

' Have you ever seen the sources of the Clitumnus? If not (and I think, if you had, you would have mentioned it to me), go and see them. I saw them not long since, and I regret that I did not see them sooner. There is a rising ground of moderate elevation, thickly shaded with ancient cypresses. At the foot of this, a fountain gushes out in several unequal veins, and having made its escape, forms a pool, whose broad bosom expands, so pure and crystal-like, that you may count small pieces of money that you throw in, and the shining pebbles. Thence it is impelled forward, not by the declivity of the ground, but, as it were, by its own abundance and weight. Though yet at its source, it is already a spacious river, capable of bearing vessels, which it transports in every direction, even such as come upwards, and strive against the stream ; it is so powerful that oars give no assistance downwards, but upwards, oars and poles can scarce get the better of the current. It is a delightful recreation to those who amuse themselves with floating upon its surface, to exchange alternately, as they alter their direction, labour for ease, and ease for labour. Some parts of the banks are clothed with the wild ash, some with poplars, and the transparent river gives back the image of every one of them distinctly, as if they were submerged beneath its waters. The coldness of the water is equal to that of snow, and its colour nearly so. Hard by, is an ancient and venerable temple. There stands the God Clitumnus himself, not naked, but adorned with the *praetexta*. The oracles which are delivered there, indicate, not only the presence, but the prophetic power of the deity. Several chapels are scattered about the neighbourhood, each containing an image of the god ; each has a sanctity, and each a divinity peculiar to itself ; some also contain fountains. For besides the Clitumnus, who is, as it were, the father of all the rest, there are some smaller streams, distinct at the source, but which mingle with the river as soon as it passes the bridge. There ends everything sacred and profane. Above the bridge, navigation only is allowed ; below it, swimming is permitted. The inhabitants of Hispella, to whom Augustus made a present of the place, supply a bath and an inn for the accommodation of the public. Along

¹ Suet. Cal. 43.

the banks are a number of villas, to which the beauty of the stream has given birth. In a word, there is nothing with which you will not be delighted. For you may even indulge your propensity for study, and may read many inscriptions written by different persons on every pillar and every wall, in honour of the fountain and the god. Many you will applaud, some you will laugh at, though, in fact, such is your good nature, you will laugh at none. Farewell.'—*C. Plin. Lib. viii. Ep. 8. Eustace's Trans.*

The scene is still one of unspoilt loveliness, as when Byron visited it :

' But thou, Clitumnus ! in thy sweetest wave
 Of the most living crystal that was e'er
 The haunt of river nymph to gaze and lave
 Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
 Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
 Grazes ; the purest god of gentle waters !
 And most serene of aspect, and most clear ;
 Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughterers—
 A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters !

' And on thy happy shore a temple still,
 Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
 Upon a mild declivity of hill,
 Its memory of thee ; beneath it sweeps
 Thy current's calmness ; oft from out it leaps
 The finny darter with the glittering scales,
 Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps ;
 While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
 Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.'

' Childe Harold.'

Spoletō (Stat.).

Carriage to town, 50 c.

Inn, Albergo del Teatro Nuovo, spacious and comfortable ; *La Posta* and *Albergo della Ferrovia*, smaller.

Spoletō was the ancient Spoletinus, which is first mentioned in history when a Roman colony was established here B.C. 240, after the close of the first Punic War. In B.C. 217, just after the battle of Thrasymene, Hannibal advanced against Spoletium and was repulsed, a fact formally recorded on the gates of the town. In the later part of the same war this was one of the colonies which proved them-

selves most faithful and devoted to Rome. Florus speaks of Spoleto as 'Municipium Italiae splendidissimum,' Cicero as 'Colonia Latinis in primis firma et illustris.'¹ Here the Emperor Aemilianus was put to death by his soldiers after a three months' reign. The fortifications of the town were partially destroyed by Totila, but were restored by Narses. The Lombards (c. A.D. 570) made Spoleto the capital of a duchy, which in time became entirely independent, and did not cease to exist till the 12th century.

Since the accession of the existing Government, a quantity of new streets, and a broad road winding up the



Spoleto.

hill, have done much to annihilate the mediaeval aspect of Spoleto, but have greatly added to its convenience. The new road leads, by easy zigzags, almost to the castle—*La Rocca*—on the hill-top. This fortress was originally built by Theodoric, but, as it now stands, is chiefly the work of Pope Nicholas V. Just below it, is the entrance to the footway across the magnificent *Aqueduct delle Torre*, which unites the town to Monte Luco. Though often repaired in later times, it was built by Theodelapius, first Duke of Spoleto, in 604.²

¹ Cicero pro Balb. 21.

² Campello, *Storia di Spoleto*.

On the other side of the castle stands, on a lower level, the *Cathedral of S. Maria Assunta*, which was built between the destruction of the town by Frederic Barbarossa in 1155 and the year 1198. It is in the transition style. In the gabled west-front are eight rose windows. Between these, a mosaic, bearing the name of the artist, Solsternus, 1207, represents Christ throned between the Virgin and S. John, a work mentioned by Lord Lindsay 'as the earliest ascertained mosaic of the Italico-Byzantine revival.'¹ The beautiful renaissance portico, with five arches, a rich frieze, and a stone pulpit at either end, has been generally attributed to Bramante, but a document of the year 1491 shows that it was designed by Maestro Pippo da Firenze. The earlier door-frame is very richly sculptured.

The interior was reconstructed in the 17th century by Cardinal Barberini, who afterwards became Pope as Urban VIII. The beautiful pavement of opus-Alexandrinum belongs to the earlier date. A chapel on the right of the entrance contains a ruined *Pinturicchio* of the Virgin between S. Joseph and S. Lawrence. In the winter choir is a picture of the Virgin and Child between two aged saints ; it is generally ascribed to Lo Spagna, but is more probably the work of *Bernardino Campilius* (c. 1502), from whose hand many works remain at Spoleto. This picture serves as a monument to the Blessed Gregory of Spoleto, 'who died in converse with angels, in extreme old age, in a hermitage on Monte Luco, in 1473.' On the stalls in this chapel are allegorical figures of prophets and sybils, the work of *Jacopo Siculo*, another Spoletan artist, of the Lo Spagna school.

In the entrance of the chapel on the left of the high-altar, is the tomb of the Florentine painter *Fra Filippo Lippi* (141-269), with his bust.

'Fra Filippo was requested by the commune of Spoleto, through the medium of Cosimo de' Medici, to paint the chapel of their principal church—that of Our Lady—and this work, with the assistance of his pupil *Fra Diamante*, he was bringing to a successful termination, when

¹ *Christian Art*, ii. 55.

death prevented his completing it. It was believed that the profligacy of his conduct was the cause of his death, and that he was poisoned by persons who were related to the object of his affections.'—*Vasari*, ii.

Lorenzo de' Medici was sent as an ambassador by the Florentines to reclaim the body of their great fellow-citizen, but was refused by the Spoletons, because their city was 'so poorly provided with ornaments, above all with distinguished men, and Florence, in her superfluity, might be content without this one.' The epitaph is by Politian :

‘Conditus hic ego sum picturae fama Philippus
 Nulli ignota meae est gratia mira manus ;
 Artifices potui digitis animare colores
 Sperataque animos fallere voce diu :
 Ipsa meis stupuit natura expressa figuris,
 Meque suis passa est artibus esse parem.
 Marmoreo tumulo Medicos Laurentius hic me
 Condidit ; ante humili pulvere tectus eram.’

The monk Filippo Lippi was always dabbling in imprudent love-affairs, and already, many years before, had carried off a beautiful nun, Lucrezia Buti, from a convent at Prato, and by her had become the father of Filippino, but it was the relatives of a lady who had supplanted Lucrezia in his affections who are believed to have poisoned him.

Opposite the monument of Lippi are the tombs of Francesco Orsini and the Bishop Fulvio Orsini, 1581. In the choir are the frescoes on which Lippi was occupied at his death. At the sides of the Death of the Virgin, the Annunciation and the Nativity are depicted.

‘The first is in the spirit of Angelico's conception of the same subject, and his pictures are conjured up before the beholder's eyes, when he looks upon the angel presenting himself in the mouth of a portico in the form of those common to the Dominican and to Masolino at Castiglione di Olona—upon the Virgin's graceful surprise as she receives the message—or upon the Eternal, whose rays fall upon her through a window that lights the gallery.’—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle*.

‘In spite of all injuries, the charming fulness of the composition, the simple beauty of the figures, and the powerful colouring, produce an excellent effect.’—*Kugler*.

In the roof of the apse the Coronation of the Virgin is represented, surrounded by angels, prophets, and sibyls.

Opening from the portico of the Cathedral is the *Baptistry*, which is covered with interesting frescoes by *Jacopo Siculo*. On the roof are Adam, Noah, Moses and Melchizedek ; on the altar-wall, the Apostles ; on the left wall, Gabriel ; on the right wall, S. Jerome.

In the *Palazzo Comunale*, almost opposite the Cathedral, is the *Pinacoteca*, containing some Roman inscriptions and a small collection of pictures. It is open from 9 to 3 from October to April, and from 8 to 2 from May to September, but on festivals from 10 to 12 only. The most remarkable picture is the beautiful fresco by *Lo Spagna*, removed from the citadel, representing the Virgin between SS. Jerome and Nicholas of Tolentino, Catherine, and Brizio. The fresco was much injured by the French soldiers in 1799.

'Lo Spagna most retains his similarity to Perugino in this fresco.'—*Kugler.*

The third room contains a fresco of the Madonna between SS. Brizio and Stefano, by one of Lo Spagna's school, dated 1530, brought from the church of La Stella, and a tabernacle attributed to Benedetto da Rovezzano.

Hence we may descend, turning to the left, to the Porta Romana, outside which is a *passeggiata*, once charming but recently spoilt. It leads towards a convent on a hill, whence there is the best view of Spoleto. On the left, approached by a long flight of steps, is the *Church of S. Pietro*, the original cathedral dedicated to S. Brizio, who is buried there. The west front is most curious : between the square-headed doors are reliefs of monsters, men in conflict with lions, and angels and devils disputing over the dead. Above are cows, and male figures in high relief. Inside, is a modern statue of the metropolitan S. Brizio, kneeling before St. Peter.

'This church is mentioned as existing in the fifth century, and it continued to be the cathedral till 1067, when the present cathedral was constructed. No record remains of the date of the very curious façade,

but the style of its decorations, the rudeness of the workmanship, and the subjects which are introduced, give us reason to believe that this part of the building must have been added in the course of the twelfth century. By that time, bas-reliefs, in compartments, had been adopted ; and at that time, knights in armour, and allusions to the last judgment, were commonly introduced as the ornaments of ecclesiastical buildings. In one of the bas-reliefs it will be observed that an imp has concealed himself beneath the balance, and is pulling down the unfavourable scale.

' In the struggles between the Emperors and the Popes, Spoleto, by adhering to the latter, drew upon itself the vengeance of Frederick Barbarossa. It is not improbable that the church of S. Pietro, which stood in an exposed situation, may have been one of the buildings which was injured on that occasion, and that the existing façade may have been added after the storm had subsided.'—*H. Gally Knight.*

On the right of the *Passeggiata* are the *Convents of S. Paolo* and the *Madonna di Loreto*.

The great striped red and white *Church of S. Domenico* has a chapel covered with 14th-century frescoes, a Pietà attributed to *Lo Spagna*, and a good copy of Raffaelle's Transfiguration by *Giulio Romano*. In returning to the hotel from hence we pass under the *Porta della Fuga*, a Roman arch, formerly decorated with two lions, of which one was destroyed in 1874, and the other mutilated. The adjoining conventual church has a tabernacle by *Lo Spagna* containing a Virgin and Child between SS. John Baptist, Jerome, Scholastica, and Antonio Abbate. In the *Church of S. Ansano* is another noticeable *Lo Spagna* of the Virgin and Child.

There are many fragments of Roman and mediaeval architecture scattered through the tortuous streets of Spoleto. Among the latter may be specially noticed the lovely doorway of the ruined church of *S. Nicolò*, in the tympanum of which there is a fresco dated 1402. The *Chiesa del Crocifisso*, adjoining the Public Cemetery, near the railway station, is believed to have been built in the 6th century, and partly rebuilt after a fire in the 7th. The cross is visible in the rich classical sculpture of the façade. The interior is basilican in form. Many of the original columns

and capitals still remain. The building, no longer used as a church, is kept in repair by a fund created for the purpose.

A walk should be taken in the early morning to La Rocca, when the mists are rolling along the gorge and through the narrow arches of the mighty aqueduct. Most lovely is then the first burst of sunshine over Monte Luco —the whole mountain like a most luxuriant garden, covered with box, sage, arbutus, ilex, and juniper. Delightful paths wind upwards through the woods, and present new views, each more beautiful than the last. Scattered amongst the odoriferous thickets are a succession of chapels, and buildings which once were hermitages, for a perfect Thebaid was established here in 528 by S. Isaac of Syria, and the Catholic Church honours many saints who have spent a portion of their lives here. Half way up the mountain is the pilgrimage church of *La Madonna delle Grazie*. At the top, in a grove of chestnuts, is a *Franciscan Convent*, from the garden of which there is a fine view northwards towards Assisi.

The very ancient church of *S. Giuliano* stands in a solitary position on a spur of the mountain. Though now deserted, it has been scarcely altered since its foundation some nine centuries ago. The windows are mere loopholes. The frescoes of the central apse are dated 1442. No more beautiful or heaven-inspiring retreat could well be found than the cells in this flowery mountain forest. Michelangelo, on Sept. 18, 1556, wrote to Vasari:

' I have just been visiting, with no small fatigue and expense, but with great pleasure, the hermitages of the mountain of Spolto. I have scarcely brought the half of myself back to Rome, because one only finds true liberty, peace, and happiness amid such scenes.'

Those who stay long in Spoleto (and it is a delightful summer residence) will find much to interest them in the many minor works of Lo Spagna (ob. 1526) scattered through the smaller churches and the desecrated convents both in the town and in solitary situations in the neighbouring forests. This painter, whose real name was Giovanni

Spagnuolo di Pietro, was a friend and fellow-pupil of Raffaelle in the school of Perugino, and his works follow close in the footsteps of Raffaelle and Pinturicchio. He was made a citizen of Spoleto, where he married and spent the chief part of his life.

The most interesting works of Lo Spagna are in the poor village of *S. Giacomo*, four miles from Spoleto, on the way to the Temple of the Clitumnus. Here there is a small church dedicated to S. James of Galitzin. The frescoes in his honour for the most part relate to a picturesque legend in the life of the Apostle.

'There was a certain German, who with his wife and son went on a pilgrimage to S. James of Compostella. Having come as far as Torsola, they lodged at an inn there; and the host had a fair daughter, who, looking on the son of the pilgrim, a handsome and graceful youth, became deeply enamoured, but he, being virtuous, and, moreover, on his way to a holy shrine, refused to listen to her allurements.

'Then she thought how she might be avenged for this slight put upon her charms, and hid in his wallet her father's silver drinking-cup. The next morning, no sooner were they departed, than the host, discovering his loss, pursued them, accused them before the judge, and the cup being found in the young man's wallet, he was condemned to be hung, and all they possessed was confiscated to the host.

'Then the afflicted parents pursued their way lamenting, and made their prayer and their complaint before the altar of the blessed Saint Iago; and thirty-six days afterwards, as they returned by the spot where their son hung on the gibbet, they stood beneath it, weeping and lamenting bitterly. Then the son spoke and said, "O my mother! O my father!" do not lament for me, for I have never been in better cheer: the blessed apostle James is at my side, sustaining me and filling me with celestial comfort and joy!" The parents, being astonished, hastened to the judge, who at that moment was seated at table, and the mother called out, "Our son lives!" The judge mocked at them: "What sayest thou, good woman? thou art beside thyself! If thy son lives, so do these fowls in my dish." And lo! scarcely had he uttered the words, when the fowls (being a cock and a hen) rose up full-feathered in the dish, and the cock began to crow, to the great admiration of the judge and his attendants. Then the judge rose up from table hastily, and called together the priests and the lawyers, and they went in procession to the gibbet, took down the young man, and restored him to his parents; and the miraculous cock and hen were placed under the protection of the Church, where they

and their posterity long flourished in testimony of this stupendous miracle.

' In the vault of the apsis is the Coronation of the Virgin ; she kneels, attired in white drapery flowered with gold, and the whole group, though inferior in power, appeared to me in delicacy and taste far superior to the fresco of Fra Filippo Lippi at Spoleto, from which Passavant thinks it is borrowed. Immediately under the Coronation, in the centre, is a figure of S. James as patron saint, standing with his pilgrim's staff in one hand and the Gospel in the other ; his dress is a yellow tunic with a blue mantle thrown over it. In the compartment on the left, the youth is seen suspended on the gibbet, while S. James, with his hand under his feet, sustains him ; the father and mother look up at him with astonishment. In the compartment to the right, we see the judge seated at dinner, attended by his servants, one of whom is bringing in a dish ; the two pilgrims appear to have just told their story, and the cock and hen have risen up in the dish.'—Jameson's '*Sacred Art.*'

Three miles beyond S. Giacomo, close to the high road to Foligno, is the Temple of the Clitumnus.

The view on leaving Spoleto by railway is exceedingly fine—of the great aqueduct striding across the valley, with the fortress on one side, and on the other Monte Luco, dotted with hermitages peeping out of the rich foliage of evergreen woods. The railway then winds by cuttings and tunnels through the Monte Somma, which in *vetturino* days was a most picturesque and interesting pass. It is said to derive its name from a temple of Jupiter Summanus on its summit.

Terni (Stat. *Inns—Inghilterra, Tre Colonne*) is a small prosperous town, with some manufactories. It occupies the site of one of the many cities called *Interamna*, in this case, on account of its situation near the meeting of the Nar and Velinus, and it is said to have been founded B.C. 672. There is a tradition, without any foundation (though inscribed over the town gate), that Tacitus the historian was born here, but it was certainly the patrimonial residence of his descendants, the Emperors Tacitus and Florianus. Here, in A.D. 253, the Emperors Trebonianus Gallus and

Volusianus his son were put to death by their own soldiers while marching against Aemilianus. Some insignificant remains exist of an amphitheatre (in the bishop's garden) and of temples dedicated to Hercules and the Sun. A number of Roman inscriptions are collected on the walls of the Palazzo Pubblico. Terni is the seat of a very ancient bishopric, but the dull *Cathedral of S. Maria Assunta* was designed by Bernini. The *Church of S. Francesco* has a chapel with some interesting frescoes (c. 1475) attributed to *Fiorenzo di Lorenzo*, an admirable, though little-known master, whose principal works are at Perugia.

It is a drive of about 4 miles from the town to the celebrated Falls of the Velino, *La Caduta delle Marmore*. A carriage costs from 5 to 10 francs, but a distinct agreement must be made. Plenty of small copper coins should be taken, as various gates have to be opened, and various points of view are exhibited, for which fees of from 2 to 5 soldi are amply sufficient. There are two ways of seeing the Falls : either (1) by ascending the hills to the summit, a long and fatiguing drive, especially on a hot day, and descending near the Fall on foot by a zigzag path amongst the rocks ; or (2) driving through the valley to the gate leading to the Villa Graziani, whence a donkey ($\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 franc) is usually taken to the Foot of the Fall, by those who do not like to walk : it is no great distance.

The first part of the road to the Falls leads through the richly cultivated valley, described by Pliny¹ as so fertile that its meadows would produce four crops of hay in the year ; the picturesque village crowning the hill in front is *Papignia*. Long before you reach the Falls the sound of the rushing waters tells of your approach.

The source of the Velinus is close to the ancient Falacrinum, the birthplace of Vespasian, where an old church still bears the name of *S. Maria di Fonte Velino*. Its waters are so strongly impregnated with carbonate of lime, that they constantly tend to form a deposit of travertine, and so to block up their own channel. The result was, that unless the course of the river was artificially regulated, the valley of the Velinus was frequently inundated, while, if the waters

¹ xviii. 28, s. 67.

were allowed to descend with too great vehemence, the fertile lands of Interamna shared the same fate. Marcus Curius Dentatus, the conqueror of the Sabines, in B.C. 271, was the first who attempted to make a permanent channel, which should protect both the lower and upper valleys, and for that purpose carried the river through a cutting in the cliff, and formed the celebrated waterfall. The channel of Dentatus was gradually filled up by time, and other beds formed for the river, but the original course was re-opened by Pope Clement VIII., in 1598. The regulation of the Fall has, from its earliest existence, been a source of dispute between the inhabitants of Reate and those of Interamna or Terni. A statue was erected to Cicero by the people of Reate for his legal services on this question.

The total height of the waterfall is rather under 600 feet. The best view of it is from below ; no description is necessary but that of Byron :

‘ The roar of waters !—from the headlong height
 Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;
 The fall of waters ! rapid as the light
 The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss ;
 The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss,
 And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat
 Of their great agony, wrung out from this
 Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
 That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

‘ And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
 Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
 With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
 Is an eternal April to the ground,
 Making it all one emerald :—how profound
 The gulf ! and how the giant element
 From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
 Crushing the cliffs, which downward worn and rent
 With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

‘ To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
 More like the fountain of an infant sea
 Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
 Of a new world, than only thus to be

Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
 With many windings, through the vale :—Look back !
 Lo ! where it comes like an eternity,
 As if to sweep down all things in its track,
 Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,

‘ Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,
 From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
 An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
 Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
 By the distracted waters, bears serene
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn :
 Resembling, ’mid the torture of the scene,
 Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.’

‘Childe Harold.’

The *Villa Graziani*, the grounds of which contain the best view of the Falls, was once inhabited by Queen Caroline, as Princess of Wales.

Those who have time may visit the lake of *Piè di Luco* in the valley above the cascade.

‘ The beautiful expanse of water called Piè di Lugo, about a mile in breadth, fills the defile, and meanders between the mountains for some miles. The way to it from the Fall, is by a path winding along the foot of the mountain, and leading to a cottage, where you may take a boat, and cross to a bold promontory opposite. There, seated in the shade, you may enjoy the view of the waters, of the bordering mountains, of the towns perched on their sides, the village Piè di Lugo, and, rising behind it, the old castle of Labro, whose dismantled towers crown a regular hill, while its shattered walls run in long lines down the declivity. We were here entertained with an echo the most articulate, the most retentive, and the most musical I ever heard, repeating even a whole verse of a song, in a softer and more plaintive tone indeed, but with surprising precision and distinctness.’—*Eustace’s Tour.*¹

A railway from Terni to Aquila, passing Piè di Luco and Rhieti, and crossing the Apennines, was opened in October 1883. This line forms a direct communication between the Abruzzi and Adriatic, and Umbria and the Mediterranean,

¹ A project is entertained for entirely draining this beautiful lake.

and will contribute to the commercial development of some of the most industrious provinces in Italy.

(From Terni an excursion may be made to *Todi*, an interesting episcopal city, occupying a very lofty position above the valley of the Tiber in the direction of Perugia. The Gothic *Cathedral* has some admirable frescoes by *Lo Spagna*, executed at his best time. Several other churches are interesting : that of the *Madonna della Consolazione* is a fine work of Bramante. *Todi* occupies the site of the ancient *Tuder*, whose lofty position is mentioned by Silius Italicus :

'Gradivicolam celso de colle Tudertem.'—IV. 222.

'... excenso summi qua vertice montis
Devexum lateri pendet Tuder.'—VI. 645.

The walls of the city are in many parts very perfect, but are much less rude than those of Volterra and other Etruscan cities, and are evidently Roman. Remains of an ancient building have been supposed to be those of the temple of Mars, which Silius alludes to :

'Et haud parci Martem coluisse Tudertes.'—VIII. 464.

It was the Franciscan penitent, Jacopone da Todi, who composed the famous hymn 'Stabat Mater Dolorosa' (which has been attributed to Innocent III.) early in the 14th century.

The railway proceeds across a richly cultivated plain to *Narni* (Stat.).

Inn, Albergo dell' Angelo, a fair Italian inn, with good rooms. Clean lodgings may be obtained by artists.

Few ravines are more full of beauty than the deep narrow gorge below Narni, broken here and there by masses of grey rock, elsewhere clothed with the richest green of ilex, cork, phillyrea, arbutus, mastick, and flowering heath. Above, on the left, rise the grey walls and picturesque

towers of the town. Just at the entrance of the glen, the famous *Bridge of Augustus*, which is considered to surpass all other bridges in boldness, carries the Via Flaminia over the ravine of the *Nera*, the Nar of classical times, with white sulphurous waters.

'Sulfurea Nar albus aqua.'—*Aen.* vii. 517.

Originally the bridge had three arches, of which one on the right bank is entire, and sixty feet in height. Martial alludes to it as the pride of the place in his days, when he accuses Narni, by its superior attractions, of taking away his neighbour Quintus Ovidius from his Nomentan farm.



Roman Bridge, Narni.

'Narnia, sulfureo quam gurgite candidus amnis
Circuit, ancipi vix adeunda jugo.
Quid tam saepe meum nobis abducere Quintum
Te juvat, et lenta detinuisse mora?
Quid Nomentani causam mihi perdis agelli,
Propter vicinum qui pretiosus erat?
Sed jam parce mihi, nec abutere, Narnia, Quincto;
Perpetuo liceat sic tibi ponte frui.'—*Ep.* vii. 93.

The bridge is now a grand ruin, ivy and shrubs garlanding its mighty parapets. Between the piers is a most picturesque view of the ruined convent of S. Casciano, crowning a rock amid the woods.

CHAPTER XXIX.

VITERBO, AND TO ROME BY THE VIA CASSIA.

NO part of Italy is more exquisitely beautiful in spring than the country around Viterbo. Most travellers will reach it from Orte. But a pleasanter way will be to engage a carriage at Civita Castellana (see Ch. XXV.) for the whole excursion, at about 20 frs. a day, or the carriage may be engaged at Viterbo, and, after seeing Bieda, Norchia, and Toscanella, several days should be devoted to visiting Caprarola, Nepi and Sutri, Veii and Bracciano—all a few miles off the road, on the way to Rome.

There is a public conveyance from Orte to Viterbo and from Viterbo to Orte once a day. The hours differ in summer and winter, but information can be obtained at the Railway Agency in the Via di Propaganda Fede at Rome. Fares—coupé, 5 frs.; interior, 3 frs. 50 c. A carriage with one horse costs 12 frs.; with two horses, 15 frs. The best *Inn* at Viterbo is the *Angolo*, in the Piazza, kept by Schenardi, who has another inn adjoining his *caffè* in the Corso.

Three miles before reaching Viterbo from Orte, a tall tower and quaint castle guarding a little village announce *Bagnaja*. The castle, now let out to poor families, was the old residence of the Lante family. A steep street leads up to the iron gate of their later villa, which is the entrance of a glorious garden, designed by Vignola at the same time with the villa itself. It is a perfect paradise. In the centre of the clipped box-walks is a large fountain with beautiful Florentine figures—and beyond it a silvery cascade glitters and dances down through the green depths from a series of fern-fringed grottoes. On either side stand the buildings of

the villa, one for the family, the other for the guests. They were begun by Cardinal Riario, and finished by Cardinal Gambara. The great hall has fine frescoes by the Zuccari brothers, and the comfort and elegance of the rooms attest the frequent presence of a Duchess who is of American birth.

Beyond the villa the walks are of indescribable beauty : gigantic plane-trees ; terraces, where crystal water is ever sparkling through gray stone channels ; mossy grottoes overhung with evergreens ; woods of ancient ilexes, which have never known the axe, and which cast the deepest shade in the hottest summer weather ; peacocks strutting up and down the long avenues and spreading their tails to the sun ; and, here and there, openings towards the glorious mountain distances or the old brown town in the hollow.

Two miles further is the famous sanctuary of *La Quercia*. In the square before it two fairs are held, which are of great antiquity—the first founded in 1240 by Frederick II., beginning on September 22, and ending on October 6 ; the second, founded in 1513 by Leo. X., beginning at Pentecost, and lasting for the fifteen days following. The front of the great church of *La Madonna della Quercia* and its stately tower are splendid works of Bramante. Over the central door is a fine representation of the Madonna surrounded by angels, and over the side doors S. Joseph and S. Stephen, S. Dominic and S. Peter Martyr, by *Luca della Robbia*. Behind the altar, in a kind of recess, is preserved the famous relic, the Madonna which miraculously grew out of an oak on that spot. The branch of the tree is preserved as evidence ! But the great charm of the place is its glorious Gothic cloister and fountain, with the inscription, ‘ He who drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but he who drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.’ It was in this church that the Père Lacordaire and the Père Requedat made their profession.

A straight road, a mile in length, leads from La Quercia to Viterbo, which we enter by the Porta Fiorentina, outside which is a public garden.

Viterbo, which the old chroniclers called ‘the city of beautiful fountains and beautiful women,’ is now rightly designated ‘the Nuremberg of Italy.’ Each street is a study in its sculptured cornices, Gothic windows, and heavy outside staircases resting on huge corbels. A wealth of sparkling water plays around the grand Gothic fountains and washes the carved lions and other monsters which adorn them. In the great piazza, where the houses are hung with stone shields of arms, and two lions on tall pillars guard the way, stands the *Palazzo Pubblico*, within whose court is one of the most picturesque views of the city and the hills beyond. Here, round the little platform, are five Etruscan figures reclining upon their tombs. In the palace above are preserved the forgeries by which Fra Giovanni Nanni, commonly called Annio di Viterbo, claimed for his native city an antiquity greater than that of Troy, and a marble tablet, inscribed with a pretended edict of Desiderius, the last of the Lombard kings, decreeing that ‘within one wall shall be included the three towns, Longula, Vetulonia, and Terrena, called Volturno, and that the whole city thus formed shall be called Etruria or Viterbum.’

Three rooms on the ground floor have been converted into a *Museum*. Here are some very fine Etruscan sarcophagi and recumbent figures removed from sepulchres at Castel d’ Asso and other sites in the neighbourhood. The *Pictures*, for the most part, are of no artistic value. There are, however, a few gems amongst them.

An early Madonna in fresco, from S. Maria dei Gradi.

A portrait of S. Bernardino da Siena.

Sebastian del Piombo. The Flagellation—a replica of his famous picture in S. Pietro di Montorio at Rome. Removed from the Chiesa degli Osservanti del Paradiso.

Jacopo da Nocia, or the Perugian *Orlandi*, who was assistant to Sinibaldo Ibi.¹ The Nativity (attributed to Pinturicchio), from the Chiesa degli Osservanti.

Sebastiano del Piombo. ‘The Solitude of the Virgin.’ The

¹ Crowe and Cavalcaselle, iii. 257.

Madonna is watching the dead body of Christ through the moonlit night—a most striking and thought-inspiring picture.

'The works of Sebastiano having been exalted to great or rather infinite reputation by the praises lavished on them by Michelangelo, to say nothing of the fact that they were in themselves beautiful and commendable, there was a certain Messer, I know not who, from Viterbo, who stood high in favour with the Pope, and who commissioned Sebastiano to paint a dead Christ, with our Lady weeping over him, for a certain chapel which he had caused to be erected in the Church of S. Francesco in Viterbo; but although the work was finished with infinite care and zeal by Sebastiano, who executed a twilight landscape therein, yet the invention was Michelangelo's, and the cartoon was prepared by his hand. The picture was esteemed a truly beautiful one by all who beheld it, and acquired a great increase of reputation for Sebastiano.'—*Vasari*.

'The figure of Christ, which has, apparently, been drawn from nature, is nearly black; it is extended on a white winding-sheet, with the shoulders raised, and the head drooping back, admirably drawn. The difficulties of the position are completely surmounted. The Madonna, behind, clasping her hands in an agony of grief, strongly expresses the deep, passionate, overwhelming affliction of a mother weeping for her child in a despair that knows no comfort. This is its charm; there is nothing ideal, nothing beautiful, nothing elevated. She is advanced in life; she is in poverty; she seems to belong to the lower orders of women; but there is nature in it, true and uninvited, though common, and perhaps vulgar—nature, that speaks at once to every heart.'—*Eaton's 'Rome.'*

On the opposite side of the piazza, raised high against the wall of the church of *S. Angelo in Spata*, is the sarcophagus tomb of the fair Galiana, whose beauty made her the cause of a war between Viterbo and the Romans, the latter only consenting to raise the siege of her native city on condition of her showing herself upon the battlements, and allowing the besiegers once more to gaze upon her charms. Her epitaph says:—

'Flos et honor patriae, species pulcherrima rerum,
Clauditur hic tumulo Galiana ornata venusto;
Foemina signa polos descendere pulchra meretur
Angelici manibus diva hic Galiana tenetur.
Si Veneri non posse mori natura dedisset,
Nec fragili Galiana mori mundo potuisset.
Roma dolet nimium; tristatur Thuscia tota;
Gloria nostra perit; sunt gaudia cuncta remota;

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Miles et arma silent, nimio perculta dolore.
Organa jam fidibus pereunt caritura canoris.
Anno milleno centeno terque deceno
Octonoque diem clausit dilecta Tonanti.'

' Galianae Patriiae Viterbensi,
Cujus incomparabilem pulchritudinem
Insigni pudicitiae junctam
Sat fuit vidisse mortales,
Consules majestatis tantae foeminae
Admiratione hoc honoris ac pietatis
Monumentum hieroglyphicum exsculp.'

CICXXXVIII.



Cathedral of Viterbo.

Though not so old as the mendacious Dominican, Nanni, would make out, there is nothing new, and nothing small, in Viterbo, whose very name, compounded of *Vetus Urbs*, would indicate its antiquity. Every wall, every doorway, every sculpture, is vast of its kind, and every design is noble. Its ancient name would appear from inscriptions to have been Surrina. The *Cathedral* (of S. Lorenzo) stands in the lower part of the town, on a rising ground, which was once occupied by a temple of Hercules, and which was called 'Castellum Herculis' as late as the 13th century. Near it is a *Bridge* with Etruscan foundations in blocks of six

courses. The cathedral stands in a kind of close, and is almost surrounded by different fragments of the half-demolished *Palace* where the Popes of the 13th century resided. In the great hall which still exists, met the conclaves at which Urban IV. (1261), Clement IV. (1264), Gregory X. (1271), John XXI. (1276), Nicholas III. (1277), and Martin IV. (1277), were elected. The cardinals spent six months over the election of the last pope, and made Charles of Anjou, who was then at Viterbo, so impatient, that he took away the roof of their council chamber to force them to a decision, and they, in a kind of bravado, dated their letters of that time from 'the roofless palace.' This council-hall is surrounded by memorials of all the popes who were natives of Viterbo and its surrounding villages, or who lived there. Adjoining it is another hall, still roofless, in which Pope John XXI. (Pedro Juliani—a Portuguese) was killed by the fall of the ceiling in 1277. This room is supported by a single pillar, standing in the open space below, which projects through the floor so as to form a fountain.

'John XXI. was a man of letters, and even of science; he had published some mathematical treatises which excited the astonishment and therefore the suspicion of his age. He was a churchman of easy access, conversed freely with humbler men, if men of letters, and was therefore accused of lowering the dignity of the pontificate. He was perhaps hasty and unguarded in his language, but he had a more inexpiable fault. He had no love for monks or friars: it was supposed that he meditated some severe coercive edicts on these brotherhoods. Hence his death was foreshown by gloomy prodigies, and held either to be a divine judgment, or a direct act of the Evil One. John XXI. was contemplating with too great pride a noble chamber which he had built in the palace at Viterbo, and burst out into laughter; at that instant the avenging roof came down on his head. Two visions revealed to different holy men the Evil One hewing down the supports, and so overwhelming the reprobate pontiff. He was said by others to have been, at the moment of his death, in the act of writing a book full of the most deadly heresies, or practising the arts of magic.'—*Milman's 'Hist. of Latin Christianity.'*

'Jean XXI. périt victime d'un accident bizarre. Il avait fait construire dans son palais de Viterbe une vaste chambre à coucher

dont le plafond s'était effondré sur sa tête. Ce pape n'aimait pas les moines. Peu mesuré dans son langage, il avait exprimé l'espoir de vivre assez longtemps pour les réformer. La nuit même de l'accident qui causa sa mort, un frère mineur s'était éveillé en sursaut et avait appelé la communauté en criant : "Accourez, accourez mes frères ! Je vois un grand homme tout noir . . . il frappe à coups de marteau le mur qui soutient l'appartement du pape. Priez, priez, pour qu'il ne tombe pas. . . Ah ! Il n'est plus temps, le mur est tombé." Cet homme noir était le diable. Son œuvre a été respectée jusqu'à nos jours. Depuis six siècles, nulle main humaine n'a touché cette ruine mystérieuse ; on ne l'a ni achevée ni réparée. Les archevêques de Viterbe voient toujours de leurs fenêtres ces murailles hautes et sombres, ouvertes à tous les vents, remplies de couleuvres et tapissées de lierre, encombrées de plantes grimpantes et d'animaux rampants.'—*Alexis de Saint-Priest.*

There is not much to see in the cathedral, beyond a curious font, pictures of several of the native popes, and the tomb of John XXI. close to the door. It is chiefly interesting to Englishmen from the murder of Prince Henry D'Almaine, son of Richard Earl of Cornwall and nephew of Henry III. He was returning from the crusades with his cousin Prince Edward, and was met here by Guy de Montfort, the hereditary enemy of his family, who stabbed him while kneeling at the altar. The murderer was leaving the church and boasting of his vengeance to his followers, when one of them reminded him that his father, Simon de Montfort, had been dragged in the dust, upon which, returning to the altar, and seizing the lifeless prince by the hair, he dragged him into the piazza. The deed is commemorated by Dante, who alludes to the fact that his sorrowing father exposed the heart of Prince Henry to public pity on London Bridge, and who sees the murderer in the seventh circle of hell plunged in a river of boiling blood.

‘Poco più oltre il Centauro s’ affisse
Sovr̄a una gente, che fino alla gola
Parea che di quel Bulicame uscisse.
Mostrocci un’ ombra dall’ un canto sola
Dicendo : Colui fesse in grembo a Dio
Lo cor che in su ’l Tamigi ancor si cola.’

‘Inferno,’ xii. 119.

Passing through the detached Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre (beyond the council-chamber), which contains a curious fresco portrait of our Saviour, we may emerge on a terrace below the finest part of the papal palace, a lofty wall pierced with Gothic windows and supported by flying buttresses.

Quite at the other end of the town, close to the Florentine gate by which we entered, stands the fine old castle called La Rocca, like all the town-castles in this part of Italy. In front of it is a beautiful fountain approached by many steps.



Papal Palace, Viterbo.

The neighbouring *Church of S. Francesco* has an outside pulpit, whence S. Bernardino of Siena used to address the people. It contains several beautiful 13th-century tombs, especially that, resplendent with delicate sculpture and mosaic, of Pope Adrian V., who was one of three popes elected within three years after the death of the holy and wise Gregory X. He was Ottobuoni Fieschi, nephew of Innocent IV. He answered his relations who came to congratulate him on his election,—‘Would that ye came to a

cardinal in good health and not to a dying pope.' He was not crowned, consecrated, or even ordained priest, and only lived long enough to choose his name and to redeem his native Genoa from interdict.¹ Dante numbers this pope amongst the covetous. It is in the mouth of Adrian V. that he places some of the most beautiful lines in the *Divina Commedia*.

‘Un mese e poco più prova’ io come
Pese ‘l gran manto.’

Another tomb represents a pope who died on the very day of his election—Visdomino Visdomini of Piacenza, a relation of Gregory X., elected between Adrian V. and John XXI., who, dying before his coronation, is not numbered amongst the popes. His epitaph concludes with the line—

‘Una Petri solium lux feretrumque dedit.’

On the other side of the altar is another grand Gothic tomb, that of Cardinal Landriano (1445), with angels drawing a curtain over his sleeping figure. This church is now closed, and cannot be seen without difficulty. The conventional buildings have been seized for barracks by the present Government.

In *S. Domenico* is the tomb of Pope Clement IV. (Ugo Falcondi, of *S. Gilles*, 1265–1269), the zealous ally of Charles of Anjou, and implacable enemy of Manfred, whose reign saw the battles of Benevento and Tagliacozzo and the tragic deaths of Manfred and Conradien. It is recorded to the credit of this pope, that, having two daughters, born before he took orders, he was so free from nepotism, that he left their husbands in obscurity.

‘Clément IV. est enterré à Viterbe, au couvent des dominicains de Gradi. A en juger par sa statue, il avait une physionomie assez froide, assez dure, mais calme et honnête. C’était un jurisconsulte couronné. Son tombeau croupit dans un état de dégradation extrême ; les enfants en arrachent les mosaïques pour jouer, et l’incurie des moines ne s’oppose point à ces dégâts. Lorsqu’on leur en parle, ils disent avec

¹ See Milman’s *Hist. of Latin Christianity*, vol. v. 94.

beaucoup de sang-froid, n' importa.'—*Alexis de Saint-Priest, 'Hist. de la Conquête de Naples.'*

S. Maria della Verità, outside one of the gates, is a very interesting church. The interior was once painted all over with frescoes of the rare master *Lorenzo di Viterbo*, who spent twenty-five years upon the work, completing it in 1469. The church was used as a hospital during the plague, after which it was thought necessary to whitewash it all over, only a greatly revered figure of the Virgin and one or two saints being preserved in the body of the church. But the chapel of the Virgin was uninjured. It stands on the right of the nave, from which it is separated by a curious screen of wrought iron, and it is covered with frescoes from the story of the Madonna. In the picture of the Nativity, her figure, kneeling in a long white veil, is perfectly lovely. The oblong fresco of the Sposalizio, crowded with figures, is most interesting, not only as a memorial of 13th-century art, but of all the persons living in Viterbo at that time, as every figure is a portrait. Few who visit the church will agree with the following criticism, yet it is not without interest :—

'The preservation of the name of Lorenzo is due to the vanity of a citizen of Viterbo, Niccola della Tuccia, who having compiled a book of the annals of his native place, could not resist the temptation of inserting a passage in it relative to himself. He describes how Nardo Mazzatosta, having caused a chapel in *S. Maria della Verità*, outside Viterbo, to be painted by Maestro Lorenzo di Pietro Paolo, that artist took him for a model in his fresco of the Presentation in the Temple, "on April 26, 1469."

'On the walls of the chapel of Nardo Mazzatosta, the curious of our day will see, in a lunette, the Procession of Mary and her parents to the temple, with the Sposalizio in a lower course ; in a second lunette, a Virgin and angel annunciate with saints, and the Nativity below ; in a third, the Burial and Assumption of the Virgin ; finally, in the ceiling, the symbols of the evangelists, prophets, fathers of the Church, and confessors, the venerable Bede amongst them.

'Nothing can be more clear than the imitation of the manner and conception of Piero della Francesca and Melozzo in the Presentation and Sposalizio. Lorenzo not only designs with the examples of Piero in his mind, he endeavours also to reproduce his architecture and perspective. In some portraits his realism is not without power ; but

vulgarity and affectation are striking. He is not correct as a draughtsman. His colour is cold and dull. His perspective is false, his forms rigid. These features are, however, more striking in the Nativity than in the Annunciation, which recalls Benozzo. Nor are the reminiscences of that master confined to one subject. They are produced with equal force in the ceiling, in which a head like that of the venerable Bede seems a caricature of the Florentine in tricky tone as well as in features.

'The initials of Lorenzo, and the date 1469, confirm the annals of Niccola della Tuccia, but Lorenzo was busy in other parts of S. M. della Verità, besides the Chapel of Nardo Mazzatosta ; and an Annunciation, a Marriage of S. Catherine, and a Madonna giving suck to the infant Saviour, all of them completed before 1455, betray the same rude hand, and the influence of Gozzoli.'—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle*.

The convent of the *Osservanti del Paradiso* has been converted into barracks by the present Government. It has an interesting cloister. A lunette on the outside of the church, representing the Virgin and Child between S. Jerome and S. Francis, has been attributed, without reason, to Leonardo da Vinci ; it is more probably the work of *Lo Spagna*.

No one should stay at Viterbo without going to visit the *Church of S. Rosa*, to look upon the incorruptible patroness of the town. On ringing a bell, a wooden screen is drawn up, a nun appears behind a grille, pointing to a blackened mummy by her side, in a golden shrine and crowned with roses. The dead face still wears a calm, rather touching expression. Those who are present usually receive from the nun a gift of a small piece of knotted cord—'Disciplina'—which had been laid upon the holy body, but roses are given to those especially favoured.

Santa Rosa never became a professed nun, but was a member of the Third Order of S. Francis. From her tenth year she is said to have been remarkable for her eloquence and to have exercised a moral influence over the excitable people of Viterbo. Her childish lips urged her fellow-citizens to rise against Frederick II. of Germany. They were defeated, and she was driven into exile, but lived to return triumphantly when the Emperor died, and after her death (May 8, 1261)

she was canonised by the Pope she had served, and invoked by the party she had advocated.

' A Viterbe, dans les dernières années du règne de Frédéric II., vivait une jeune fille, un enfant, qui, à l'âge de dix ans, revêtue de l'habit du tiers ordre de Saint-François, parcourait naguère les rues, les places publiques, s'élevant contre les impériaux et appelant la colère céleste sur les vices et sur les crimes dont assurément une inspiration particulière pouvait seule lui donner l'idée. Elle se nommait Rose. Le bruit de sa sainteté s'était répandu au loin. Par une de ces faiblesses ou de ces tristes nécessités que l'irritation conseille à un pouvoir menacé, l'empereur Frédéric avait banni la jeune fille avec toute sa famille. C'était la désigner d'avance à la canonisation. Il y avait peu d'années qu'elle était morte, lorsque les habitants de Viterbe virent un jour le pape Alexandre IV. s'avancer processionnellement, suivi du sacré collège, vers le couvent de Santa Maria in Poggio, où Rose reposait ensevelie. Averti par une vision, trois fois répétée, le pape fit ouvrir le tombeau et transporter le corps, en grande pompe, à l'église qui s'honneure aujourd'hui des reliques et du nom de la sainte. Selon quelques écrivains ascétiques, elle fut canonisée de son vivant par le pape Innocent IV. Le fait n'est pas vraisemblable ; mais les informations si multipliées que l'Église apporte aux canonisations n'étaient pas encore soumises à des formalités très-sévères. Quoi qu'il en soit, un culte public fut rendu spontanément à Rose de Viterbe. Ce n'était pas une sainteté traditionnelle, une mémoire des anciens jours ; les concitoyens de Rose l'avaient vue naître, parmi eux, et partir pour l'exil avec ses parents. D'autres cités avaient entendu sa voix enfantine et recueilli sa parole prophétique. A Suriano, devant le peuple assemblé, elle s'était arrêtée au milieu de son discours, puis avec un sourire elle s'était écriée : " Fidèles, réjouissez-vous, l'ennemi de Dieu n'est plus, vous le saurez dans peu de jours." En effet, à l'heure même où la jeune vierge parlait au peuple, bien loin de là, à Fiorentino, l'empereur Frédéric rendait son dernier soupir.'—*Alexis de Saint-Priest, 'Hist. de la Conquête de Naples.'*

' We paid a visit, at her own convent, to Santa Rosa, a very surprising woman. " Cowards die many times before their death," but this saint has died once since hers.

' She originally died, it seems, in the thirteenth century ; but after lying dead a few hundred years, she came to life one night when her chapel was on fire, got up and rang the bell to give notice of it, and then quietly laid down and died again, without anybody knowing anything of the matter. The chapel, however, was burnt down, though she had got out of her grave and rung the bell to prevent it ; all her fine clothes, too, were burned off her back, and her very ring was melted on her finger ; but she remained unconsumed, though her face

and hands are as black as a negro's. However, they say she was very fair four hundred years ago, before she was singed, and that she never was embalmed even after her first death, but was preserved solely in the odour of sanctity. This remarkable saint began, with praiseworthy industry, to work miracles as soon as she was born, by raising a child from the dead, while she was yet a baby herself; and miracles she still continues to perform every day—as the nun who exhibited her informed me. On inquiring what kind of miracles they were, I was informed that she cures all sorts of diseases, heals sores, and even re-establishes some lame legs; but she does not, by any means, always choose to do it, thinking it proper that the infirmities of many should continue. I have no doubt that the nun, who related her history to me, really and truly believes in it all. She knelt before the saint in silent devotion first, and then gave me a bit of cord, the use of which perplexed me much; and while I was turning it round and round in my fingers, and wondering what she expected me to do with it, a troop of dirty beggars burst into the church, together with some better dressed, but scarcely less dirty people; and the whole company, having adored the saint, received from the nun, every one, bits of cord like mine. I inquired the use of them, and was told they had been round the body of the saint, where they had acquired such virtues, that, tied round any other body, they would save it from "molte disgrazie."—*Eaton's 'Rome.'*

Another convent, *S. Caterina*, is interesting from its connection with the beautiful Vittoria Colonna, Marchesa da Pescara, who retired here in 1541, prompted by the wish of greater abstraction and retirement from worldly life. Here she held her principal residence till the last year of her life (1546), taking part in the education of the younger nuns.

The streets of Viterbo are full of old palaces. Amongst them is that which was built by Paul III. for his Legate. The old *Palazzo Chigi* is very curious. The loggia is covered with faded frescoes. Several of the chimney-pieces are magnificent, sculptured with lilies in low relief. The tapestry which hung here has recently been removed to Rome by its owner, the Marchese Patrizi. The tall tower is now half ruinous, but it has a splendid view. It is a resting-place for innumerable pigeons, who do not belong to the inmates, but are allowed a home here and provide for themselves.

Four miles from Viterbo is the *Palazzo S. Martino*, on

the declivity of the Ciminian Hills, whence there is a splendid view. It is well worth visiting on account of its connection with Olympia Pamfili, the famous ‘papessa,’ sister-in-law of Innocent X. She was born at Viterbo in 1594, of the noble but ruined family of the Maidalchini, and was destined by her parents for a convent, but insisted upon marrying a Count Pamfili, nineteen years older than herself. The attraction to this alliance was the fact that her husband had a brother, over whom she obtained unbounded ascendancy, and who rose under her guidance to obtain a cardinal’s hat in 1629, and the papal tiara in 1644. Her husband being then dead, Donna Olympia took up her residence at the Vatican, and employed the eleven years of her brother-in-law’s life in the sale of benefices, appointments and offices of every description, for which she did not hesitate to drive the hardest bargains possible.

‘Olympia established herself in the Vatican as its mistress ! No step of domestic government or foreign policy decided on, no grace, favour, or promotion accorded, no punishment inflicted, was the pontiff’s own work. His invaluable sister-in-law did all. He was absolutely a puppet in her hands. The keys of S. Peter were strung to her girdle ; and the only function in which she probably never interfered, was blessing the people.

‘One day a large medal was conveyed into the Pope’s hands, on the obverse of which was represented Olympia, with the pontifical tiara on her head, and the keys in her hand : while the reverse showed Innocent in a coif, with a spindle and distaff in his hands. Another day a report was brought to him from England that a play had been represented before Cromwell, called “The Marriage of the Pope;” in which Donna Olympia is represented rejecting his addresses on account of his extreme ugliness, till, having in vain offered her one of the keys to induce her to consent, he attains his object at the cost of both of them. The Emperor again had said to the Papal Nuncio, “Your Pope, my Lord, has an easy time of it, with Madame Olympia to put him to sleep.’”—*T. A. Trollope.*

Innocent X. died Jan. 7, 1655, by which time Olympia had amassed, besides vast estates, and an immense amount of uncoined gold and precious stones, more than two millions of golden crowns. The succeeding Pope, Alexander

VII., demanded from her an account of the State monies which had passed through her hands, and restitution of the valuables she had taken away from the Vatican ; but this was never carried out ; the pestilence which appeared in Italy drew away the attention of everyone, Olympia herself was among its first victims, and her son Camillo, who had been allowed to resign his cardinal's hat and released from his Orders by Innocent, and married to the rich Princess Rosano, succeeded to all his mother's treasures, and founded the great family of the Pamfili-Doria. Many relics of their ancestress are still preserved in the palace of the Doria at S. Martino, especially her portrait, and her bed with its leather hangings.

Viterbo is the best centre for visiting the remains of inland Etruria, to which at least three hard-worked days should be devoted.

Castel d'Asso, of which the most exaggerated descriptions have appeared in English guide-books, is only 5 m. from Viterbo ; but the place is so little visited and the track across the fields so constantly changed, that it is most difficult to find, and the so-called guides at Viterbo are utterly useless and ignorant.

The road to Castel d' Asso descends into the great plain of Etruria from the Porta Romana, and then turns to the left, at the foot of the hills. It is an excellent carriage-road as far as the hot sulphureous baths of the *Bulicame*, mentioned by Dante.

'Lo Bulicame che sempre si scema.'

'Inferno,' xii. 130.

'Tacendo divenimmo là ove spiccia
Fuor della selva un picciol fiumicello,
Lo cui rossore ancor mi raccapriccia.
Quale del Bulicame esce 'l ruscello
Che parton poi tra lor le peccatrici ;¹
Tal per la rena giù sen giva quello.'

'Inf.' xiv.

Soon after leaving the Baths, the road becomes the merest

¹ See Bussi, *Storia di Viterbo*.

track in the wilderness, but can still be pursued in a carriage with a careful driver. It is necessary to take almost all turns to the left, and as far as possible to keep in sight the tower of Castel d' Asso. At length we arrive upon the edge of a very narrow side-gorge just opposite the ruin. Here we must leave the carriage, tether the horse, and fight our way through the thick wild roses and honeysuckle into the main glen. Before we reach it, the tombs begin to appear on the right of the way, and continue to follow the face of the cliffs into the principal ravine, though, perhaps, small as they appear, those at the entrance of the side glen are the best specimens of the whole. The highest of the tombs only reaches ten feet: their usual height is six feet, but the cliff above occasionally rises to a height of from twenty-five to



Etruscan Tomb, Castel d' Asso.

thirty feet, and is now and then ornamented with a moulding at the top. The face of the cliffs is everywhere smoothed away by art, leaving the decorations of the sepulchres in high relief. These decorations are of Egyptian character, each tomb-front being marked by boldly-raised mouldings which seem to denote the outline of a door, the real entrance being deep below. Occasionally the mouldings are engraved with inscriptions, generally only the names of those within, but occasionally with the addition of other words, especially of Ecasu, which is sometimes interpreted, 'Rest in peace,' sometimes 'Adieu,' though, as the learned Orioli of Bologna says, 'we really know nothing about it, and our wisest plan is to confess our ignorance.' There is no variety in the sculpture. The low opening at the base of the tombs admits to the

interior, consisting generally of two chambers. All the tombs have been rifled, but are strewn with broken pottery ; brass arms and scarabei have been found there.

'The doors of the tombs have been engraved high up on the rocks in the Egyptian form, that is, smaller at the top than at the bottom, and they have a broken and defaced, but perfectly visible, rock-cornice above them. These rock-sepulchres joined one another in a continued series ; there was indeed fully a mile of them, thirty of which we counted, and the castle valley is met by another towards its centre, and directly opposite the ruin, in which we saw sepulchres in the cliffs on both sides. They were like a street, the dwellings of which correspond to each other. We found beneath each engraved door, if I may use such an expression, an open one, six or eight feet lower, which led into the burial-chamber. It would appear that these cavern mouths had formerly been covered up with earth, and that nothing remained above-ground but the smooth face of the rock, with its false Egyptian door and narrow cornice.'

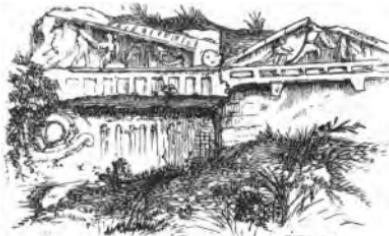
'The great interest of Castel d' Asso arises from its having been the ancient Voltumna, the grand gathering place of all the Etruscan tribes, where the national councils were held from the time of their first establishment in Central Italy ; frequented on every occasion by the assembled nobles and their trains, by the rulers of each separate state, and by the priests with all the pomp of their gorgeous and awful worship. There the national chief, or dictator, was elected ; hence laws were promulgated, and peace and war declared, not by one state only, but by all Etruria, collected for her own internal government, or for defence against her foes ; there all those solemn councils were held which required the highest religious sanctions, and the universal national consent—a plan of government under which the nation increased and flourished for six centuries, until about fifty years before the building of Rome.'

'At the head of the glen is supposed to have stood the great temple in the precincts of which the council assembled, and within which sacrifices were made ; and in its immediate vicinity were the rocks dedicated to be the sepulchres of those whom Etruria honoured and mourned—the high captains of the league, the high priests, the distinguished patriots, noted orators, dreaded warriors, or beloved and wise kings ; those, in short, to whom the whole nation gave a grateful burial, and for whom they wept.'—*Mrs. Hamilton Gray's 'Sepulchres of Etruria.'*

The important Etruscan remains of *Norchia* are 14 miles from Viterbo. A carriage may be used till about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles

beyond the picturesque mediaeval town of *Vetralla*, which stands finely on an outlying spur of the Ciminian Hills. Travellers occasionally pass the night there, but the inn is most miserable. The *Church of S. Maria in Forcassi*, called 'Filicassi' by the natives, about a mile from Vetralla, marks the site of Forum Cassii. This was the third station from Rome on the *Via Cassia*, one of the three roads by which Cicero said he could reach Cisalpine Gaul,¹ and which passed through the centre of Etruria.²

Norchia is about 4 miles beyond Vetralla. A walk through a forest of brushwood leads to a little ruined Romanesque church, occupying the end of a promontory between two ravines, and marking the site of an ancient village, called *Orcle* in the 9th century, a name which has



The Temple Tombs.

been supposed to come from Hercules, who was worshipped by the Etruscans as *Ercle*. The church was ruined and the village pulled down at a very early period, when the place was utterly deserted on account of the malaria, and all the inhabitants removed to *Vitorchiano*. The ravines, beneath the church, abound in sepulchres, but much concealed by brushwood, at great distances from each other, and very difficult to discover. The only way of finding the famous tombs is, after the ruined church is attained, to turn your back upon the path from *Vetralla*, and observe which is then the first *collateral* valley on the right; on the other side of that valley are the *Temple Tombs*.

¹ *Phil.* xii. 9.

² *Etruriam discriminat Cassia.*

The banks of this featureless glen, smaller than its neighbours, are covered with wild pear and cistus, and slope on either side to the low ranges of tufa rock which separate it from the flat plain around. Here, on turning a corner, we find two sculptured Doric sepulchres, which recall the monuments of Petra in extreme miniature. The appearance is that of a double tomb, with two massive projecting entablatures, but one part encroaches on the other which is cut away to receive it, so that they are evidently not of the same date. Both are much alike and have been covered with sculptures in the boldest relief. Half of one of the pediments has fallen down, but on the tomb and a half which remain, though much worn by time, the forms of warriors are distinctly visible. One figure seems to have fallen and others are fighting over him ; a winged genius is also discernible ; and there are remnants of colour over the whole, the ground-work apparently red. The pediments end on either side in a volute, within which is a Gorgon's head. There are traces of pillars having once supported the heavy entablatures. On the mass of tufa below the pediments are traces of more figures, probably once painted, with the armour in low relief. All archaeologists are agreed that both architecture and sculpture are imitations of the Greek. Orioli attributes the monuments to the 4th or 5th century of Rome. The interiors of the tombs are quite devoid of ornament, mere chambers hewn in the tufa.

Bieda is about 4 miles from Vetralla (in the opposite direction from Norchia). It may be reached with donkeys, and is much more worth seeing than either Norchia or Castel d' Asso ; as, though exaggerated descriptions have been given of the Etruscan remains, the natural scenery of the place is most beautiful. The road is only a stony, sandy track across rough uplands, with occasional steps in the tufa. After crossing a bridge, it becomes a mere ledge in the face of the precipice, and *Bieda* is seen hanging, eyrie-like, a

nest of old worn houses on the edge of the cliff, which is furrowed beneath with ranges of rude sepulchres, for the most part mere caves and devoid of ornament. Deep below a little stream murmurs through the ravine. As the Etruscan city of *Blera*, this place was of considerable importance, and though unapproached by any road, it continued to be so through the middle ages. Two Popes, Paschal II. and Sabinianus, were natives of Blera. The town has still an old gateway, and there is a beautiful well with the arms of the great extinct family of Anguillara in its little piazza. The church was once a cathedral, and there were fourteen bishops of Blera who also ruled over Civita Vecchia and Toscanella. Over its west door is a little figure of the local saint, the 'Divus Viventius,' who was a native of the place, where he officiated first as priest and then as bishop. His shrine is in the crypt (now entered by steps in front of the altar, but once approached by two side staircases), which is supported by fluted marble columns, apparently from a pagan temple. In a side chapel is a Flagellation by *Annibale Carracci*. In proof of the healthiness of Bieda, the tomb of Joannes Samius is pointed out, who died here in his hundred and eighth year, having been parish-priest for seventy-eight years.

The garden of the Conte di S. Giorgio, the great man of Bieda, is decorated with beautiful vases and amphorae, found in his own *scavi*. With the purchase of the estates of Bieda, the family of S. Giorgio have acquired almost feudal rights in the place, but their tenure obliges them to reside here at least six months of every year—six months of exile from all civilised life. Opposite the Palazzo S. Giorgio, which is a mere country villa, are the remains of the stately tower of the Anguillara, destroyed by the people three hundred years ago, and its lord murdered, because he insisted on an old baronial right which allowed him to forestall every bridegroom on his estates.

A steep path, a mere cleft in the tufa, leads from the gate near this tower to a famous Etruscan bridge, the 'Ponte del Diavolo,' built of huge blocks of tufa. The

bridge is gone, and only its three arches remain, formed of huge stones, fastened together without cement. The whole is now overgrown with shrubs and most picturesquely overhung with smilax and ivy.

'The central arch was a true semicircle thirty feet in space. It has been split throughout its entire length, probably by an earthquake ; the blocks, being uncemented, have been much dislocated, but few have fallen. It is clear that this split occurred at an early period ; for in crossing the bridge, passengers have been obliged to step clear of the gaps, which in some parts yawn from one to two feet wide, and, by treading in each others' footsteps, have worn holes far deeper than pious knees have done in the steps at à Becket's shrine, or in the Santa Scala at Rome. They have worn a hollow pathway almost through the thick masses of rock, in some spots entirely through—a perpendicular depth of more than three feet.'—Dennis's '*Cities of Etruria*'.

The cliffs beyond the bridge rise to a great height, and the valley is exceedingly beautiful. The rock above a cave close to the bridge is covered with bullet-marks, for by old feudal custom, every inhabitant of Bieda on returning successful from the chase is compelled to discharge his gun against this rock, in order to warn his lord, the Conte di S. Giorgio, who then descends from the height to claim his tithe of the boar's thigh. Without returning into the town, one may follow a path along the hollow, where there is another old bridge. Here, beneath the houses, the cliff is perfectly honey-combed with tombs, many of them used now as pig-sties or cattle-sheds.

'Here are rows of tombs, side by side, hollowed in the cliff, each with its gaping doorway ; here they are in terraces, one above the other, united by flights of steps carved out of the rock ; here are masses split from the precipice above, and hewn into tombs, standing out like isolated abodes—shaped, too, into the very forms of houses, with sloping roofs culminating to an apex, overhanging eaves at the gable, and a massive central beam to support the rafters. The angle of the roof is that still usual in Italian buildings—that angle, which being just sufficient to carry off the rain, is naturally suggested in a climate where snow rarely lies a day. On entering any one of the tombs, the resemblance is no less striking. The broad beam carved in relief along the ceiling—the rafters, also in relief, resting on it and sinking gently on either side—the inner chamber in many, lighted by a window on each side of the

door in the partition-wall, all three of the same Egyptian form—the triclinial arrangement of the rock-hewn benches, as though the dead, as represented on their sarcophagi, were wont to recline at a banquet—these things are enough to convince one that in their sepulchres the Etruscans, in many respects, imitated their habitations, and sought to make their cemeteries as far as possible the counterparts of the cities on the opposite heights.'—*Dennis*.

(Toscanella is most easily reached, either from Viterbo, 18 miles by a good road; or from Corneto, 17 miles distant. There is a very humble inn, but if possible the visitor should take an introduction to some private family in the town. The Etruscan sites beyond Toscanella are seldom visited, and in some instances can only be approached on horseback or on foot. The accommodation is of the humblest description.)

Toscanella is visible from a great distance, on a height above the valley of the Marta.

'Vedemo Toscanela tanto antica
Quanto alcun altra de questo paese.'—*Fazio deg'i Uberti*.

Toscanella was the Etruscan Tuscania, mentioned by Pliny as amongst the municipal communities of Etruria, but otherwise unknown to history. Its early importance has probably been much exaggerated, owing to the discovery of a single tomb of great magnificence, which ought rather to be considered to attest the wealth and importance of an individual family. There are scarcely any traces of the Etruscan city, and only small vestiges of reticulated walling to mark the Roman settlement which followed it. The mediaeval remains of Toscanella are far more important. The hill of *San Pietro*, which is outside the later town, was probably the arx of the Etruscan city. It is surrounded by a band of square mediaeval towers, which are double—a tall, slender tower being encased, with no intervening space, in an outer shell of masonry.' On this height also is the cathedral (*S. Pietro*), a most interesting building, partly of the 7th, partly of the 11th century. The wonderfully rich central division of the façade is covered in its upper story with figures of men, devils, and beasts, possible and

impossible, in high relief. Within, the church is a museum of pagan relics, the columns which divide the nave from the aisles are evidently Roman, the font rests on a pagan altar, and the crypt beneath the high-altar, said to have been a Roman bath, has twenty-eight ancient pillars.

'The date of the interior is known. It forms part of a church which was built about the middle of the seventh century, when the bodies of the saints Secundiano, Marcellino, and Veriano were discovered (at Celli in 628) and brought to Toscanella. A splendid crypt was, as usual, prepared for their reception beneath the sanctuary.'

'The front must have been rebuilt at much later times. The style is very peculiar. In the works of the Lombards we find an abundance of dragons and serpents, but we do not find them coursing down the front, from the caves to the portal, as in the present instance. At Viterbo, however, which is at the distance of only a few miles from Toscanella, traces of the same peculiarity exist. The same extraordinary animals, though injured by time, and half-concealed by whitewash, may still be perceived on the front of the Church of San Giovanni in Zoccoli in that city. That church is known to have been complete in 1037. It may therefore be safely assumed that the existing front of San Pietro of Toscanella was built in the first half of the eleventh century.'

'The ruined building, which adjoins the church, is the remains of the episcopal palace. The bishop's chair, which had been removed from Santa Maria to San Pietro in the seventh century, was again removed to the church of S. James in the sixteenth century, when Toscanella had shrunk to its present limits.'—*H. Gally Knight.*

Very near S. Pietro is the still older and exceedingly curious church of *S. Maria*, whose front of the 10th century is also decorated with monsters. The church ends in an apse which has a fresco of the Last Judgment, and over the high-altar is a baldacchino. The richly-decorated pulpit is a beautiful work of the 13th century. Ughelli (*Italia Sacra*) mentions that the episcopal chair was removed from S. Maria to S. Pietro in the middle of the 7th century, which proves that at least in the early part of the 7th century this church must have been in existence, and it is almost certain to have been in existence in the 6th century also, as the signature of a bishop of Toscanella occurs in 595.

The church was reconsecrated in 1206.

'We may conclude that Santa Maria was a finished building at the

close of the sixth century ; and the style of the interior of the church corresponds with that time. It is a studious, and not an unsuccessful, imitation of the Roman. All the pillars have foliage capitals, with no admixture of imagery ; but, in the cornice, are seen a few of the symbolical figures which at that period began to make their appearance in churches.'—*H. Gally Knight.*

After the churches, the chief attraction at Toscanella is the Etruscan museum and garden of the brothers Carlo and Secondiano Campanari, to whom the excavations of Tuscania are due, and who have largely contributed by the sale of their antiquities to all the important Etruscan collections of Europe. In the garden is a facsimile of an Etruscan tomb, opened by the Campanari, and inscribed 'Ecasuthines' over the entrance. It contains the ten sarcophagi found in the original tomb. On each lies the owner, half reclining as if at a banquet, and each seems to be pledging his neighbour with the goblet in his hand. The flower-beds are fringed by sarcophagi, with Etruscans, male and female, reclining on the lids, leaning upon their left arms, and looking at the spectator, and most strange is the effect ! In the tomb called Il Calcarello, opened by the Campanari in 1839, no less than twenty-seven sarcophagi were found, those of the women forming an inner circle, outside which lay their husbands. All the sarcophagi are of *nenfro*.

The tombs of Tuscania are chiefly hewn out of the cliff in the neighbouring ravines. They have no architectural decorations. The most remarkable is that called *Grotta della Regina*, half a mile from the town, beneath the Madonna dell' Olivo. A long passage opens upon a square chamber supported by two columns, and behind it winds a labyrinthine passage, which leaves the tomb on one side, and, after many twists and turns, returns to it on the other. To visit this, lights are necessary.

Few travellers will penetrate beyond Toscanella, yet, beyond it, lie a collection of Etruscan sites, one at least of which, Sovana, is well worth seeing, though it is 30 miles distant.

Fourteen miles north of Toscanella is *Ischia*, an Etruscan site, with ravines full of ordinary tombs. Two miles west of this is *Farnese*, also of Etruscan origin. Two or three miles further is *Castro*, where the hill-side is covered with the ruins of a flourishing city, utterly destroyed by Pope Innocent X. in 1647, because its bishop had been murdered by Farnese, Lord of Castro ! The see was at the same time removed to Acquapendente. Castro is a beautiful place, with ravines overhung by ilexes, two ruined bridges, and tombs and columbaria hewn in the cliffs.

Five miles west of Ischia is *Valentano*, looking down upon the Lake of Bolsena, whence a bridle-path leads twelve miles to *Pitigliano*, passing on the way the little *Lake of Mezzano*, supposed to have been the *Lacus Statoniensis*, mentioned by Pliny and Seneca. Pitigliano is a large place, picturesquely situated like Civita Castellana on a tongue of land, surrounded by ravines. Close outside the city gate, called Porta di Sotto, is a fine fragment of the ancient wall in eight courses of huge tufa blocks. The neighbouring ravines are exceedingly beautiful, especially near the little waterfall called 'La Cascatella.' The height called Poggio Strozzi was once occupied by a castle of the Counts Orsini, said to have been ruined after the last count, in a fit of jealousy, flung his wife into the ravine from the bridge above the Cascatella. Two strange figures lie here hewn out of the rock. The people call them 'Orlando and his wife.' Unfortunately they are only of cinque-cento origin, colossal ornaments of the Orsini villa.

Five miles N.E. of Pitigliano is *Sorano*, also an Etruscan site, and a most picturesque place.

'In the centre of the town rises a precipitous mass of rock, whose summit commands one of the most romantic scenes in this part of Italy. The town clustering round the base of the height—the grand old feudal castle, with its hoary battlements, crowning the cliffs behind—the fearful precipices and profound chasms at your feet—and the ranges of mountains in front, rising in grades of altitude and majesty, to the sublime icy crest of Monte Amiata.'—*Dennis*.

Only $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Pitigliano is *Sovana*, one of the most interesting spots in Etruria, and possessing a greater variety of sculptured tombs than any other place. The site was afterwards occupied by the Roman colony of Suana mentioned by Ptolemy and Pliny. The existing village stands on a tongue of land, ending on one side in the square tower of the cathedral, for it is still the see of a bishop, and, on the other, in a picturesque mediaeval castle. It was the birthplace of Hildebrand—Gregory VII., and in 1240 sustained a siege from Frederick II.

Sovana can only be visited with safety in the winter or early spring : it is ruined by the malaria, and the city has dwindled to a miserable plague-stricken hamlet. The finest of its tombs is that called *La Fontana*, discovered by Mr. Ainsley in 1843, till which time *Sovana* was utterly unknown to Englishmen. It is on the opposite side of the ravine, which is reached by the western gate of the town. Above an arched recess is a Doric frieze, and then a pediment sculptured in bold relief with figures of a mermaid and a winged genius. The tomb is about 17 feet wide, and 17 high, the pediment occupying 7 feet. A long line of tombs, of Egyptian character, occupies the face of the cliff (Poggio Prisca) beyond *La Fontana*, but they are almost concealed by the brushwood. On the opposite side of the valley is the *Grotta Pola*, with a front cut in the tufa like the portico of a temple, having once had apparently four columns, of which only one now remains. In the same cliff (Poggio Stanziale) are many more Egyptian-like tombs, and some ‘house-tombs’ with ribbed and ridged roofs, one of them decorated with a colossal head on its pediment.

Sovana may be reached from Acquapendente or Orbetello as well as from Toscanella.¹

Eight miles west from *Sovana* is *Saturnia*, reached by a bridle-path which fords the Fiora. It occupies a striking

¹ The author has never been able in person to visit Pitigliano, *Sovana*, or *Saturnia*. He is indebted entirely for his information to Dennis's *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, to which all-important work he refers the reader for details, if he has any idea of penetrating into Central Etruria.

position above the valley of the Albegna, and is surrounded by fortifications of the 15th century. The present city, however, only covers a small part of the ancient area, of which fragments of the walls, of polygonal masonry, may still be seen. Near the Porta Romana, by which the Via Clodia passed through the town to Rome, is a curious mass of travertine in which steps have been cut to the top, where are three graves or sarcophagi sunk in the level summit.

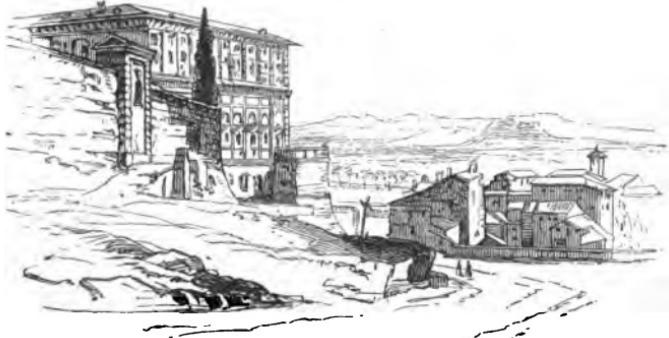
The Necropolis of Saturnia is 10 miles distant from the city, on the opposite bank of the Albegna, at the spot called by the people Pian di Palma. The tombs here, for which the native appellation is not *sepolcri* or *grotte*, but *depositi*, differ from all others in Etruria, being more like the crom-lechs of Cornwall, and are supposed to be the work of the Aborigines, to whom Dionysius attributes the foundation of Saturnia.

Leaving Viterbo by the Porta Romana, above which S. Rosa holding her crucifix guards the city, we cross the great plain of Etruria, once crowded with populous cities, but now deserted and desolate. As we ascend the Ciminian Hills on the other side, the view looking back is deeply interesting and historic.

'With what pride must an Etruscan have regarded this scene two thousand five hundred years since ! The numerous cities in the plain were so many trophies of the power and civilization of his nation. There stood Volsinii, renowned for her wealth and arts, on the shores of her crater-lake—there Tuscania reared her towers in the west—there Vulci shone out from the plain, and Cosa from the mountain—and there Tarquinii, chief of all, asserted her metropolitan supremacy from her cliff-bound heights. Nearer still, his eye must have rested on city after city, some in the plain, and others at the foot of the slope beneath him ; while the mountains in the horizon must have carried his thoughts to the glories of Clusium, Perusia, Cortona, Vetulonia, Volaterrae, and other cities of the great Etruscan Confederation. How changed is now the scene ! Save Tuscania, which still retains her site, all within view are now desolate. Tarquinii has left scarce a vestige of her greatness on the grass-grown heights she once occupied ; the very site of Volsinii is forgotten ; silence has long reigned in the crumbling theatre of Ferentum : the plough yearly furrows the bosom of Vulci ; the fox, the owl, and

the bat, are the sole tenants of the vaults within the ruined walls of Cosa ; and of the rest, the greater part have neither building, habitant, nor name—nothing but the sepulchres around them to prove they ever had an existence.'—*Dennis's 'Cities of Etruria.'*

Near a little ruined chapel, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles before reaching Ronciglione, a rough stony road branches off to the left, and soon descends abruptly through chestnut-woods, and then through deep clefts cut in the tufa and overhung by shrubs and flowers, every winding a picture, to *Caprarola*. The wonderful position of the place bursts at once upon those who emerge from the rocky way. Its grand, tremendous palace stands backed by chestnut woods, which fade



Caprarola.

into rocky hills, and it looks down from a high-terraced platform upon the little golden-roofed town beneath, and then out upon the whole glorious rainbow-tinted view, in which lion-like Soracte, couching over the plain, is the most conspicuous feature. In the buildings every line is noble, every architectural idea stupendous. Their design does not embrace only the palace itself, but is carried round the whole platform of the hill-side in a series of buildings, ending in a huge convent and church, built by Odoardo Farnese. S. Carlo Borromeo, the great patron of idle almsgiving, came hither to see it when it was completed, and complained that so much money had not been given

to the poor instead. ‘I have let them have it all little by little,’ said Alessandro Farnese, ‘but I have made them earn it by the sweat of their brows.’

‘Cardinal Farnese would have everything in his Palace of Caprarola arranged after the designs and invention of Jacopo Barozzi, the architect Vignola. Nor was the judgment of the prelate in selecting so good an architect less remarkable than his greatness of mind in constructing so noble and magnificent an edifice, which is not indeed in a position to be much enjoyed by the public, being in a remote and solitary district, but is nevertheless admirably placed for one who desires to escape for a time from the toils and vexations of cities.

‘The edifice has the form of a pentagon ; it is divided into four parts, exclusive of the principal front, wherein is the great door ; behind which is a loggia eighty palms long by forty broad, and at one end of the same is a spiral staircase, the steps of which are ten palms in width, while the space in the centre, which gives light to the whole, is of twenty palms. This spiral stair ascends from the ground to the third or uppermost floor, it is supported on double columns, and adorned with rich and varied cornices : at the lower end we have the Doric Order, which is followed successively by the Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite, all richly decorated with balustrades, niches, and other fanciful ornaments which render it very graceful and beautiful.’—*Vasari*.

‘Vignola’s great work is the palace of Caprarola. The plan is unique, or nearly so, being a pentagon, enclosing a circular court. Each of the five sides measures 130 feet on plan, and the court is 65 feet in diameter, while the three stories are each about 30 feet in height, so that its dimensions are very considerable, and certainly quite sufficiently so for palatial purposes. The object of adopting the form here used, was to give it a fortified or castellated appearance, as all citadels of that age were pentagons, and this palace is accordingly furnished with small sham bastions at each angle, which are supposed to suggest that idea of defensibility. Above the terrace formed by these bastions and their curtains, the palace rises in two grand stories of “Orders,” the lower arcaded in the centre, the upper including the stories of windows. This last is certainly a defect, but in spite of this, the whole is so well designed, the angles are so bold, and the details are so elegant, that it is one of the finest palaces in Italy, and we may admire the ingenuity of the architect the more, because the pentagonal form is singularly unfavourable to architectural effect externally, or to commodious arrangements inside, and the site also is such that from most points it looks too high for its other dimensions. But all these defects have been overcome in a manner that makes us regret that its architect was not more employed on the great works of his day.’—*Fergusson*.

There is an aspect of strength and imperviousness to

time in the huge rock-like bastions upon which the palace stands. As it has five sides, from every view of it you have an angle, and the effect is very singular. When you ascend the balustraded terraces and cross the bridge you are admitted to an open circular court, whence a magnificent staircase, a *cordonia*, leads to the upper chambers, decorated by the three brothers Zuccaro, by Tempesta, and Vignola, with pictures chiefly relating to the power and importance of the Farnese, uninteresting perhaps elsewhere, but here, where all is suggestive of them, most striking and curious. In the great hall are a fountain and a grotto, like those in the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, yet roofed in and not too large in this vast chamber. 96,000 lbs. of lead, comprising the works of this and many other fountains, were sold in the last century by a dishonest steward, who also took advantage of the constant absence of the owners to make away with all the old furniture and tapestries. The walls of the hall have frescoes of the towns which belonged to the Farnese—Parma, Piacenza, Castro, Vignola, Scarpellino, Capo-di-Monte, Canina, Ronciglione, Fabrica, Isola, and Caprarola. The chapel has windows of ancient stained glass, and between them frescoes of the Apostles, with S. Gregory, S. Stephen, and S. Laurence. The design of the elaborate ceiling is curiously repeated in the pavement. The next hall is all Farnese history. The marriage of Orazio Farnese is represented (1652) with Diana, daughter of Henry II. of France,¹ and that of Ottavio, with a daughter of Charles V.² Pietro and Raniero Farnese are made captains-general of the Florentines. Then Alessandro and

¹ In this picture, besides the portraits of Diana and Orazio, there are those of Queen Catherine de' Medici; of Margaret the King's sister; of the King of Navarre; the Constable; the Duke of Guise and Nemours; the Prince de Condé, Admiral of France; and the younger Cardinal of Lorraine; with those of another Guise who had not then been made a Cardinal; of the Signor Piero Strozzi; of Madame de Montpensier; and of Mademoiselle de Rohan.

² In the centre is Pope Paul III. The picture also contains portraits of Cardinal Farnese the younger; Cardinal di Carpi; the Duke Pier Luigi; Messer Durante; Eurialo da Cingoli; Giovanni Riccio of Montepulciano; the Bishop of Como; the Signora Livia Colonna; Claudia Mancina; Settimia; and Donna Maria de Mendoza.

Ottavio Farnese are seen accompanying Charles V. on a campaign against the Lutherans ; and the three Zuccari carrying a canopy over Charles V., who is riding with Francis I. on one side, and Cardinal Farnese on the other. Paul III., who took such unbounded care of his family, is shown appointing Pietro Farnese commander of the Papal army,¹ and Orazio governor of Rome.² Ranutio Farnese is receiving the golden rose from his uncle. And there are many scenes from the life of the great Pope himself—how he presided at the Council of Trent ; how he made peace between Francis I. and Charles V. ; and how Charles kissed his feet on his return from Africa ; how he gave the lucky hat to four cardinals who afterwards all became popes. We see one of these again, Julius II., when he is receiving the city of Parma from Ottavio and Alessandro, the kneeling nephews of his predecessor, and restoring it to them. There is also a portrait of Henry II. of France—‘conservator familiae Farnesiae.’ All these pictures are described at the utmost length by Vasari. Many other rooms are very interesting—the private study and bedroom of the Cardinal with his secret staircase for escape ; the room, covered with huge maps like the gallery at the Vatican, and with the wonderful fresco of the ‘Móra ;’ the room with the frescoes of the appearances of S. Michael the Archangel to Gregory the Great at Rome, and to the shepherds of Monte Gargano ; and then all the family are represented again and again, and their attendants, down to the dwarfs, who are painted as if they were just coming in at imaginary doorways.

Are we really in Arcadia, when the old steward opens

¹ Here are portraits of the Pope ; Pier Luigi Farnese ; the Chamberlain ; the Duke Ottavio ; Orazio, Cardinal of Capua ; Simonetta : Jacobaccio ; San Jacopo ; Ferrara ; the Signor Ranuccio Farne e, who was then a youth ; Giovio ; Molza, and Marcello Cervini, who was afterwards Pope ; the Marquis of Marignano ; the Signor Giovan Battista Castaldo ; Alessandro Vitelli ; and the Signor Giovan Battista Savelli.

² Here also are numerous portraits, including the Cardinal Jean Belley, Archbishop of Paris ; with Visco, Morone, Badia Sfondrato, Ardinghelli, and Cristofano Madruzio, the prince-bishop of Trent.

the door from the dark halls where the Titanic forms of the frescoed figures loom upon us through the gloom, to the garden where brilliant sunshine is lighting up long grass walks between clipped hedges, adding to the splendour of the flame-coloured marigolds upon the old walls, and even gilding the edges of the dark spires of the cypresses which were planted three hundred years ago? From the upper terraces we enter an ancient wood, carpeted with flowers—yellow orchis, iris, lilies, saxifrage, cyclamen, and Solomon's seal. And then we pause, for at the end of the avenue we meet with a huge figure of Silence, with his finger on his lips. Here an artificial cascade tumbles sparkling down the middle of the hill-side path, through a succession of stone basins, and between a number of stone animals, who are sprinkled with its spray and so we reach an upper garden before the fairy-like casino which was also built by Vignola. Here the turf solitudes are encircled with a concourse of stone figures, in every variety of attitude, a perfect population. Some are standing quietly gazing down upon us, others are playing upon different musical instruments, others are listening. Two Dryads are whispering important secrets to one another in a corner ; one impertinent Faun is blowing his horn so hard into his companion's ears that he stops them with both his hands. A nymph is about to step down from her pedestal, and will probably take a bath as soon as we are gone, though certainly she need not be shy about it, as drapery is not much the fashion in these sylvan gardens. Above, behind the Casino, is yet another water-sparkling staircase guarded by a vast number of huge lions and griffins, and beyond this all is tangled wood, and rocky mountain-side. Gazing through the stony crowd across the green glades to the rosy-hued mountains, one dreads the return to a world where Fauns and Dryads are still supposed to be mythical, and which has never known Caprarola.

In the Ciminian Hills the character of the scenery is indescribably Italian. The road is generally a dusty hollow in the tufa, fringed with broom, which is full of flower in

spring, and the little children by the wayside make themselves wreaths, and gathering long branches of it, wave them like golden sceptres. Along the brown ridges of thymy tufa, flocks of goats scramble, chiefly white, but a few black and dun-coloured creatures are mingled with them, mothers with their dancing elf-like kids and old bearded patriarchs who love to clamber to the very end of the most inaccessible place, and to stand there embossed against the clear sky in triumphant quietude. The handsome shepherd, dressed in white linen, lets them have their own way, and the great rough white dogs only keep a lazy eye upon them as they themselves lie panting and luxuriating in the sunshine. Deep down below us, as we turn towards Rome, it seems as if all Southern Italy was unfolding, as the mists roll away, and range after range of delicate mountain distance is discovered. Volscian, Hernican, Sabine, and Alban Hills, Soracte — nobly beautiful—rising out of the soft quiet lines of the Campagna, and the Tiber winding out of the rich meadow lands till it is lost from sight before it reaches where a great mysterious dome rises solemnly through the mist, and recalls the times when, years ago, in the old happy *vetturino* days, we used to stop the carriage at the summit of those hills, to have our first view of St. Peter's.

Close beneath, deep-blue, in the vast basin of an extinct crater, lies the little *Lake of Vico*, the Ciminian lake. Tradition tells that when Hercules was here, the natives asked him to give them a proof of his enormous strength, and that to please them he drove an iron bar deep into the earth ; but that when they bade him draw it forth again, water followed, which filled the hollow of the mountain and formed the lake. Beneath its waves the lost city of Succinium was believed to exist.¹ Formerly it was surrounded by a forest which was regarded as an impenetrable barrier to preserve Etruria against the attacks of the Romans. It was said that Fabius, after his great defeat of the Etruscans at Sutrium, was the first Roman who dared

¹ Amm. Marcell. xvii. 7, 13.

to enter the Ciminian wood, and the terror which was excited when his intention of doing so became known at Rome, caused the senate to despatch especial envoys to deter him.¹ Part of the crater is taken up by the water, and the rest by the wooded hill of *Monte Venere*, which looks as if it had been thrown up by the same convulsion which hollowed the bed of the waters at its foot. Virgil was here, and speaks of the lake and its mountain, and as we drive through the adjoining forest we think of Macaulay and

‘—the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill.’

Ronciglione (*Inn, Aquila Nera*, humble but tolerable) is picturesquely situated on the edge of one of those deep ravines so peculiar and apparently so necessary to Etruscan cities, perforated with tombs, and with a ruined castle (*La Rocca*) and an old church (*La Providenza*) clinging to its sides. There is a handsome cathedral of the last century and a large fountain in the upper town. Ronciglione is the best sleeping place beyond Viterbo.

It is an hour's drive from Ronciglione to *Sutri*, a little town occupying a crest in the tufa, filling every rocky projection with its old walls and houses, for its extent seems to have been limited by the cliffs which formed its natural protection, and which gave it such strength as made it deserve the name of ‘the key of Etruria.’

Sutrium was made a Roman colony at a very early period, and was celebrated for its devotion to Rome. In B.C. 389 it was captured by the Etruscans, and the whole of its inhabitants were expelled, with nothing but the clothes they wore. Camillus met them with his army as they were escaping towards Rome, and, moved by their anguish, bade them be of good cheer, for he would soon transfer their troubles to their conquerors, and this he did, for that very

¹ Livy, ix. 56; Florus, i. 17.

day he reached the town, found it undefended, and the Etruscans occupied in collecting the spoil. Before night the rightful inhabitants were restored, and their victors driven out. From the rapidity with which his march was effected, 'ire Sutrium' became henceforth a proverb for doing anything in a hurry. Soon after (385) the town was again taken by the Etruscans, and again restored by Camillus: in 310 the old enemy once more besieged it, when the consul Fabius came to the rescue.

Tradition is wonderfully alive at Sutri. The house of Pontius Pilate is shown, and to the curse which he brought upon his own people it is said that the lawless nature is due for which the natives of Sutri have ever since been



Sutri.

remarkable. At a corner of the principal street is the head of a beast, be it ass or sheep, which is believed always to be watching the hiding-place of great treasure with its stone eyes, but the authorities of the town, who will not search for it themselves, have forbidden all other enterprise in that direction.

Some of the old palaces have beautifully-wrought cressets still projecting from their walls. In a small piazza is a grand sarcophagus, adorned with winged griffins, as a fountain. The *Cathedral* has a lofty tower with trefoiled windows, and an opus-Alexandrinum pavement. It contains a portrait of Benedict VII., who was a native of Sutri, and

of the canonized Dominican, Pius V., who was its bishop for five years.

Beyond the town on the Roman side, the rocks on the right of the road are filled with tombs. They are cut in the tufa, but many seem to have been fronted with more durable stone-work. The cliffs are crested by grand old ilexes, which hang downwards in the most luxuriant masses of foliage, unspoilt by the axe. There is no appearance of anything more than this, and it is startling, when one turns aside from the road and, crossing a strip of green meadow, passes through a gap in the rocks, to find oneself suddenly in a Roman *Amphitheatre*, perfect in all its forms, almost in all its details, with corridor, staircases, vomitories, and twelve ranges of seats one above the other, not built, but hewn out of the solid rock, all one with the cliffs which outwardly make no sign. The Coliseum is grander, but scarcely so impressive as this vast ruin in its absolute desertion, where Nature, from which it was taken by Art, has once more asserted her rights, and where the flowers and the maiden-hair fern clamber everywhere up the gray steps and fringe the rock galleries, and the green lizards, darting to and fro, are the only spectators which look down upon the turf-y arena. All around the great ilexes girdle it in, with here and there the tall spire of a cypress shooting up into the clear air. The silence is intense, and there is a strange witchery in the solitude of this place, which nothing leads up to, and which bears such an impress of the greatness of those who conceived it, and made it, and once thronged the ranges of its rock-hewn benches, now so unspeakably desolate. Dennis considers that the amphitheatre of Sutri was 'perhaps the type of all those celebrated structures raised by Imperial Rome, even of the Coliseum itself. For we have historical evidence that Rome derived her theatrical exhibitions from Etruria. Livy tells us that *ludi scenici*, a new thing for a warlike people, who had hitherto only known the games of the circus, were introduced into Rome in the year 390, in order

to appease the wrath of the gods for a pestilence then devastating the city, and that *ludiones* were sent for from Etruria, who acted to the sound of the pipe, in the Etruscan fashion.'

Returning a little, a path to the left leads under the old city. The tufa, glowing from the red and golden colour with which time has stained it, is half rock, and half masonry, the natural cliffs being surmounted by ranges of Etruscan walling, and the whole crested by stately mediaeval houses which follow every crevice of the natural formation, and occasionally, where more space is required, are bracketed out from it upon arches.

On the other side of the narrow ravine, the rocky barrier is still fringed with ilexes and perforated with tombs. A little path leads to the entrance of one of these, just beneath the villa and the old clipped garden of the Marchese Savorelli. Over the door is inscribed in Italian : —‘Here stay thy step : the place is sacred to God, to the Virgin, and to the repose of the departed. Pray or pass on.’ The interior is apparently formed by several tombs thrown together at a very early period of Christianity, to make a very long narrow church, of which the pavement, roof, pillars, and seats are all carved out of the living rock. From the ante-chapel or entrance tomb, still surrounded with its couches for the dead after the manner of Etruria, one looks down an avenue of low pillars green with damp, and separated from the aisles by rock-hewn seats, to the altar, beyond which, from an inner sanctuary, a light streams in upon the gloom. On the rock walls are mouldering frescoes—the Annunciation, the Salutation, the Last Supper ; several saints, and a grand angel with a face raised in low relief. It is a touching sanctuary, which carries one back to the earliest times of Christian life more forcibly than the most celebrated of the Roman catacombs. The church is now called ‘La Madonna del Porto,’ and is still much frequented. The chapel beyond the altar had a traditional communication with the Roman catacombs, but it has been

walled up now, in consequence of stories of persons having been lost there.

A ruin on the cliff near the Villa Savorelli is shown as the building in which Charlemagne stayed when he was on his way to Rome in the time of his 'great father' Adrian I. In a wood below is the Grotta d' Orlando, a cave to which the great hero of chivalrous romance is supposed to have been lured by the witcheries of a beautiful maiden of Sutri of whom he was enamoured, and where he was shut up by her. Another story says that the Sutri maiden was not the love but the mother of Orlando, and that the Paladin was born here.

In driving, we have to retrace our course for some distance, but it is not more than two hours from Sutri to Nepi (crossing the high road to Rome), along the plain which is bounded by the beautiful Ciminian Hills, upon which Ronciglione and Caprarola gleam in the sunlight, and then through woods of oaks and deep lanes overhung with broom, golden in spring.

Nepi is the ancient Nepete. Its position is not higher than that of the surrounding plain, but it is cut off by deep ravines like Civita Castellana. At the Roman entrance to the town stands a most picturesque castle, with a double gateway. The machicolated towers hang over the edge of the cliff, against which rises an old mill, and, below, a waterfall sparkles and loses itself in a mass of luxuriant evergreens. To the right of this are some grand remains of ancient Etruscan wall, probably the same which were scaled by Camillus, when he came to avenge the desertion of the city from the Roman alliance to that of Etruria. The piazza has a handsome town-hall, with a large fountain and a wide portico, decorated with Roman altars and fragments of sculpture found in the neighbourhood. The cathedral has a fine campanile; its first bishop was S. Romanus, and tradition ascribes the foundation of the see to S. Peter. The gorge near the gate towards Civita

Castellana is crossed by a bridge and by a double aqueduct built by Paul III. in the 16th century : a little rivulet tumbles over the cliffs below to a great depth.

(It is a drive of an hour and a half from Nepi to Civita Castellana. The road passes near the castle and Benedictine church of *S. Elia*, the latter a very curious early Christian building, containing a number of frescoes very important in the history of early art, executed (probably in the 10th century) by the brothers Johannes and Stephanus and their



Castle of Nepi.

nephew Nicolaus of Rome, who have signed their names in the apsis, and who were men apparently accustomed to work in mosaics, to which these frescoes have a great resemblance.)

Returning to join the main road near Monterosi, which henceforward follows the ancient Via Cassia, at 22 miles from Rome, we reach *Sette Vene*, on the Via Cassia, where

there is a large inn, and a small Etruscan bridge in good preservation.

At 18 miles from Rome we reach the post-house of *Baccano*, the ancient 'Ad Baccanas.' It is situated in the crater of a volcano, afterwards a lake, which was drained at very early times. Two miles further north lies *Campagnano*, a village with a few insignificant Etruscan and Roman remains. Hence a path runs eastward for five miles to *Scrofano*, which has many Etruscan tombs, and lies at the foot of the curious *Monte Musino*, which is most easily ascended from thence. The hill is conical, and is cut into a series of artificial terraces whose origin cannot be satisfactorily explained, unless this is the 'Oscum' mentioned by Festus, the sacred country retreat of the Roman augurs. Near the summit is a cave. The whole is crested by a wood which has been preserved intact by the superstition of the inhabitants of Scrofano, who believe that the felling of the trees would be followed by the death of the head of each family. On the top of the hill a treasure is supposed to be buried, and protected by demons, who would arouse a tempest were any attempt made to discover it. The view is very striking.

About 10 miles from Rome the Via Cassia reaches the dismal post-house of *La Storta*, where, in *vetturino* days, horses were changed for the last time before reaching the city. Madame de Genlis and the Duchesse de Chartres were upset here, close to the inn, as they were leaving Romé.

Just before reaching La Storta, a by-road to the left turns off to *Veii*. As we wind along the hill-sides, we see below us the picturesque little mediaeval town of *Isola Farnese*.

'From La Storta it is a mile and a half to Isola by the carriage road; but the visitor, on horse or foot, may save half a mile by taking a pathway across the downs. When Isola Farnese comes into sight, let him halt awhile to admire the scene. A wide sweep of Campagna lies before him, in this part broken into ravines or narrow glens, which, by

varying the lines of the landscape; redeem it from the monotony of a plain, and by patches of wood relieve it of its usual nakedness and sterility. On a steep cliff, about a mile distant, stands the village of Isola—a village in fact, but in appearance a large château, with a few out-houses around it. Behind it rises the long, swelling ground which once bore the walls, temples, and palaces of Veii, but is now a bare down, partly fringed with wood, and without a single habitation on its surface. At a few miles distance rises the conical tufted hill of Musino, the supposed scene of ancient rites, the Eleusis, the Delphi, it may be, of Etruria. The eye is then caught by a tree-crested mound or tumulus, standing in the plain beyond the site of the city ; then it stretches away to the triple paps of the Monticelli, and to Tivoli, gleaming from the dark slopes behind ; and then it rises and scans the majestic chain of Apennines, bounding the horizon with their dark-gray masses, and rests with delight on La Leonessa and other well-known giants of the Sabine range, all capped with snow.'—*Dennis.*

The fortress, which clings more than half-dismantled to the crumbling tufa-rock, was built by the barons of the Middle Ages, was constantly taken and retaken in the Orsini and Colonna feuds, and was eventually ruined by Caesar Borgia when he took it after a twelve days' siege.

Here we must leave our carriage and find and engage the custode who opens the painted tomb. A deep lane between high banks of tufa overhung by bay and ilex, leads into the ravine, where a brook called Fosso de' due Fossi (from the two little torrents, Storta and Pino, of which it is formed) tumbles over a steep rock into the chasm near an old mill, and rushes away down the glen to join the Crimera. The craggy hill-side is covered with luxuriant foliage, and snow-drifted with laurestinus-bloom in spring ; the ground is carpeted with violets and blue and white wood-anemones. Beyond the mill, where we cross the brook upon stepping-stones, a small gateway of mediaeval times, opening upon a green lawn overhanging the chasm, with the castle of Isola crowning the opposite cliff, forms a subject dear to artists, and many are the picnics which meet on the turfy slope under the shade of the old cork trees.

From hence we may begin our explorations of the ancient city, and if we are to visit all its principal remains, it is no

short or easy excursion which we are going to undertake. The ruins are widely scattered, and the labyrinthine ravines formed by the windings of the Crimera and the Fosso de' due Fossi, which almost surround the city and meet beneath it, are so bewildering, that a guide is necessary. At first it seems quite impossible that these woody valleys, which only echo now to the song of a thousand nightingales, can really have been Veii, the city which Dionysius underrates when he describes it as being as large as Athens,¹ which Eutropius² writes of as 'civitas antiquissima Italiae atque ditissima,' which was a flourishing State at the time of the foundation of Rome, and which once possessed so many attractions that it became a question whether Rome itself should not be abandoned for its sake.

'The city of Veii was not inferior to Rome itself in buildings, and possessed a large and fruitful territory, partly mountainous, and partly in the plain. The air was pure and healthy, the country being free from the vicinity of marshes, which produce a heavy atmosphere, and without any river which might render the morning air too rigid. Nevertheless there was abundance of water, not artificially conducted, but rising from natural springs, and good to drink.'—*Dion.* xii. *frag.* 21.

Gradually, as we push through the brushwood, traces of the old walls may be discovered here and there, and of the nine gates to which from local circumstances topographers have assigned the imaginary names of Porta de' Sette Pagi Porta dell' Arce, Porta Campana, Porta Fidenate, Porta di Pietra Pertusa, Porta dell' Are Muzie, Porta Capenate, Porta del Columbario, and Porta Sutrina.

A long walk through the woods leads to the *Porta Capenate*, which might easily pass unobserved, so slight are its remains. But beneath it is the most interesting spot in the whole circuit of the city, the *Ponte Sodo*, where the Crimera or Fosso di Formello, as it is called here, forces its way for 240 yards through a natural (?) tunnel over-grown with luxuriant bay and ilex. It is necessary to climb down

¹ The circuit of Veii was 43 stadia, that of Athens only 35.

² i. 20.

to the level of the stream to enjoy the view through the dark recesses to the light beyond.

Near the Ponte Sodo are remains of an aqueduct of imperial times, confirming the opinion that Veii had a temporary revival during the reign of Tiberius, whose statue, with several inscriptions of his time, has been found here.

About a mile up the stream from this, passing the Roman bridge called *Ponte Formello*, we reach the tall Etruscan bridge *Ponte dell' Isola*, which crosses the river with an arch twenty-two feet wide. About the same distance in the opposite direction, descending the river, the remains of a ruined *Columbarium* are seen in the gray rock on the opposite bank, and a little further, on the slope of the hill-side called Poggio Reale, is the *Painted Tomb*.



Ponte dell' Isola, Veii.

Before the entrance of the tomb, which is sometimes known as the *Grotta Campana*, are the almost shapeless remains of the stone lions which once guarded it. The custode opens a door in the rock and admits visitors with lights to the interior of two low vaulted chambers hewn out of the tufa, and they are well worth seeing. On either side of the outer room are stone benches, on which, when the tomb was first opened, skeletons were seen lying, but crumbled away in a few minutes. With one of these, who had been a warrior, lay his breast-plate, helmet, and spear's head, which still remain, and all around were the large earthen jars and vases which yet stand here. The walls are covered with fantastic paintings of figures, with horses, dogs, leopards, and other animals, all of rude execution, but still fresh in form

and colour. The inner-chamber is surrounded by a shelf still laden with vases, and curious little cinerary sarcophagi, and in its centre stood the brazier in which perfumes were burnt to purify the air.

These are the sights usually seen at Veii ; but if possible another two hours should be devoted to ascending the hill of the *Arx*, called by the natives *Piazza d'Armi*, which may be reached by a little path winding through the brushwood above the Columbarium. Of late years this has been decided to be the citadel of Veii, formerly supposed to have occupied the rock of Isola Farnese, which was separated from the rest of the city by a deep glen, so that, had it been the citadel, Camillus by its capture would not, as Livy tells us, have obtained immediate possession of the town.

These desolate heights, now overgrown with thorns and thistles, amongst which fragments of precious marbles and alabasters may still be found in abundance, formed the citadel whose fourteen wars are matters of history, and which, having been successfully able to resist the whole forces of Rome during an eight years' siege, was at last only taken (B.C. 396) by a stratagem.

' It was a time of truce round the walls of Veii ; and many who from living so near had known each other before the war, would often fall into discourse. In this manner the inhabitants heard of the prodigy of the (Alban) lake : and a soothsayer was impelled by destiny to scoff at the efforts of the Romans, the futility of which was foretold in the prophetic books. Some days after, a Roman centurion invited the soothsayer to come into the plain between the walls and the Roman trenches, to hear an account of a portent that had fallen out at his house, and to teach him in what way to appease the gods : the aruspex was seduced by the reward promised him, and incautiously let himself be led near the Roman lines. On a sudden the stout centurion seized the old man, and dragged him, an easy prey, into the camp. From hence he was carried to Rome before the senate ; where he was forced by threats to speak the truth, and, loudly bewailing the destiny that had infatuated him to betray the secret of his nation, confessed that the Veientine books of fate announced that, so long as the lake kept on overflowing, Veii could not be taken, and that if the waters were to reach the sea, Rome would perish. Not long afterwards the ambassadors returned from Delphi, and brought an answer to a like

effect : whereupon the tunnel was begun, in order that the lake might cease to overflow, and that the water drawn from it might be spread through the fields in ditches. This work was carried on unremittingly, and the Veientines learnt that the fatal consummation, on which their ruin hung, was at hand. They sent an embassy to implore forbearance ; but they found no compassion. The chief of the envoys, before they quitted the senate-house with the unrelenting answer, warned the Romans once more of the penalty that would inevitably await them : for, as certainly as Veii was now doomed to fall, so surely did the same oracles foretell that, soon after the fall of Veii, Rome would be taken by the Gauls. Nobody listened to him.

' Camillus was already commanding as dictator before the city, and was unsuspectedly executing the work which opened the way for its destruction. The Romans seemed to be standing quietly at their posts, as if they were waiting the slow issue of a blockade which could not be forced. But the army was divided into six bands ; and these, relieving one another every six hours, were labouring incessantly in digging a mine, which was to lead into the citadel of Veii, and there to open into the temple of Juno.

' Before the assault was made, the dictator inquired of the senate, what was to be done with the spoil. Appius Claudius, the grandson of the decemvir, advised selling it for the benefit of the treasury, that it might supply pay for the army without need of a property-tax. This was opposed by P. Licinius, the most eminent among the plebeian military tribunes : he even declared it would be unfair if none but the soldiers then on the spot were to have a share in the booty, for which every citizen had made some sacrifice or other. Notice, he said, ought to be given for all who wished to partake in it to proceed to the camp. This was decreed ; and old and young flocked toward the devoted city. Hereupon, as soon as the water was dispersed over the fields, and the passage into the citadel finished, Camillus made a vow to Matuta, a goddess highly revered on the adjacent Tyrrhenian coast, and addressed prayers to Juno, whose temple covered the way destined to lead the Romans into the city, with promises that she should receive higher honours than ever. Nor were his adjurations fruitless. To the Pythian Apollo, whose oracle, when it encouraged the Romans to put faith in the words of the aruspex, demanded an offering for Delphi, he vowed a tenth of the spoil. Then, at the appointed hour, the passage was filled with cohorts : Camillus himself led the way. Meanwhile the horns blew the signal for the assault ; and the countless host brought scaling ladders, as if they meant to mount the walls from every side. Here the citizens stood expecting the enemy, while their king was sacrificing in the temple of Juno. The aruspex, when he saw the victim, declared that whoever brought the goddess her share of the slaughtered animal would conquer. This was heard by the Romans underground.

They burst forth and seized the flesh ; and Camillus offered it up. From the citadel they rushed irresistibly through the city, and opened the nearest gates to the assailants.

'The incredible amount of the spoil even surpassed the expectations of the conquerors. The whole was given to the army, except the captives who had been spared in the massacre, before the unarmed had their lives granted to them, and who were sold on account of the state. All objects of human property had already been removed from the empty walls : the ornaments and statues of the gods alone were yet untouched. Juno had accepted the vow of a temple on the Aventine. But every one trembled to touch her image ; for, according to the Etruscan religion, none but a priest of a certain house might do so without fear of death. A body of chosen knights, who took courage to venture upon removing it from its place, proceeded to the temple in white robes, and asked the goddess whether she consented to go to Rome. They heard her voice pronounce her assent ; and the statue of its own accord followed those who were leading it forth.'

'While Camillus was looking down from this temple on the magnificence of the captured city, the immense wealth of which the spoilers were amassing, he called to mind the threats of the Veientes, and that the gods were wont to regard excessive prosperity with displeasure ; and he prayed to the mighty queen of heaven to let the calamity that was to expiate it be such as the republic and he himself could support. When after ending his prayer he turned round to the right, with his head veiled according to custom, his foot stumbled, and he fell. It seemed as if the goddess had graciously appeased destiny with this mishap : and Camillus, forgetting the foreboding which had warned him, provoked the angry powers by the unexampled pomp and pride of his triumph. Jupiter and Sol saw him drive up with their own team of white horses to the Capitol. For this arrogance he atoned by a sentence of condemnation, Rome by her destruction.'—*Niebuhr's 'Hist. of Rome,' ii. 476.*

From this time, with the exception of a brief revival under the Empire, the site of Veii has been utterly desolate. In 117 Florus (in allusion to the Etruscan city) wrote, 'Who knows the situation of Veii ? It is only to be found in our annals.'

'Tarpeia sede perusta
Gallorum facibus, Veiosque habitante Camillo,
Illic Roma fuit.'—*Lucan, v. 27.*

. . . 'Tunc omne Latinum
Fabula nomen erit ; Gabios, Veiosque, Coramique
Pulvere vix tectae poterunt monstrare ruinae.'

Id. vii. 392.

There are many other points which may be visited in or near the circle of the ancient city. Such is the *Scaletta*, a staircase of uncemented blocks of masonry near the Porta Fidenate, which attracted much attention twenty years ago, but is now greatly mutilated ; and, most especially the *Arco di Pino*, a very picturesque arch in the tufa, whether natural or artificial is unknown, on the east of the city near the large tumulus called *La Vaccareccia*.¹ Many other remains are doubtless still waiting to be discovered, but the place has never been fully investigated. None of the dangers now await travellers which are described by Mrs. Hamilton Gray.

'Isola is a sweet quiet-looking hamlet, but about three weeks after our visit forty of the inhabitants were taken up as leagued banditti and brought to Rome. The master of the inn was one of their leaders, and said at times to have given his guests human flesh to eat—detected by a young surgeon, who found a finger in his plate.'—'Sepulchres of Etruria.'

The rock of Isola itself is perforated with tombs, and was probably the necropolis of the city.

'Such, then, is Veii—once the most powerful, the most wealthy city of Etruria, renowned for its beauty, its arts and refinement, which in size equalled Athens and Rome, in military force was not inferior to the latter, and which for its site, strong by nature and almost impregnable by art, and for the magnificence of its buildings and the superior extent and fertility of its territory, was preferred by the Romans to the Eternal City itself, even before the destruction of the latter by the Gauls—now void and desolate, without one house or inhabitant, its temples and palaces level with the dust, and nothing beyond a few fragments of walls, and some empty sepulchres, remaining to tell the traveller that here Veii was. The plough passes over its bosom, and the shepherd pastures his flock on the waste within it. Such must it have been in the earlier years of Augustus, for Propertius pictures a similar scene of decay and desolation.

"Et Veii veteres, et vos tum regna fuitis ;
Et vestro posita est aurea sella foro ;
Nunc intra muros pastoris buccina lenti
Cantat, et in vestris ossibus arva metunt."

"Veii, thou hadst a royal crown of old,
And in thy forum stood a throne of gold !—

¹ Those who ride may visit this on the way to or from Rome.

Thy walls now echo but the shepherd's horn,
.And o'er thine ashes waves the summer corn."

'How are we to account for this neglect? The city was certainly not destroyed by Camillus, for the superior magnificence of its public and private buildings were temptations to the Romans to desert the Seven Hills. But after the destruction of Rome by the Gauls Veii was abandoned, in consequence of the decree of the senate threatening with the severest punishment the Roman citizens who should remain within its walls; and Niebuhr's conjecture is not perhaps incorrect, that it was demolished to supply materials for the rebuilding of Rome, though the distance would preclude the transport of more than the architectural ornaments. Its desolation must have been owing either to the policy of Rome which proscribed its habitation, or to *malaria*; otherwise a city which presented so many advantages as almost to have tempted the Romans to desert the hearths and the sepulchres of their fathers would scarcely have been suffered to fall into utter decay, and remain so for nearly four centuries.'—*Dennis*.

At La Storta, a road turning in the opposite direction to that by which Veii is approached leads to Bracciano.

(There is a public conveyance daily from Rome to Bracciano, which toils along the road in five hours. Two good horses will take a light carriage containing four persons thither in three hours. Though it is said to be 26 miles distant, Bracciano is within an easy day's excursion from Rome. There are two tolerably decent inns at Bracciano, which has a population of above 2,000.)

Beyond La Storta in this direction the Campagna is most dreary and thistle-grown, with here and there a deep cutting in the tufa, and banks covered with violets and crowned with golden genista. A bridle road, turning off on the right, one mile from La Storta, leads to the picturesque and lonely convent of *La Madonna del Sorbo*, founded in 1400 by the Orsini.

On the main road there is little interest, till the tiny rivulet Arrone, an outlet of the Lake of Bracciano, crosses the road, and tumbles in a waterfall over a cliff into one of those deep glens which suggest the sites of so many Etruscan cities, and which here encircles that of the forgotten Etruscan fortress of Galeria, afterwards occupied by the

mediaeval town of *Galera*. Those who pass along the high road catch glimpses of its tall tower and ivy-grown walls, but they must cross the fields, and descend into its ravine (leaving their carriage at the farmhouse called S. Maria di Galera), to realise that the whole place is absolutely deserted except by bats and serpents, and that it is one of the most striking of 'the lost cities of the Campagna.'

The situation is exceedingly picturesque, the walls rising from the very edge of a steep lava precipice, round which the beautiful Arrone circles and sparkles through the trees, and unites itself to another little stream, the Fosso, just below the citadel. In the 11th century Galera belonged to the Counts Tosco, troublesome barons of the Campagna, against whom in 1058 Pope Benedict X. called in the assistance of the Normans, who were only too happy to ravage and plunder the town. In the 13th and 14th centuries the place became an important stronghold of the Orsini, who held it by tenure of an annual payment of three pounds of wax to the Pope. Their arms are over the gateway, and they built the tall handsome tower of the church, which was dedicated to S. Nicholas ; but they were unable to defend the town against their deadly enemies the Colonna, who took it and utterly sacked it in July, 1485. The last historical association of the place is that Charles V. slept there, the day he left Rome, April 18, 1536.

Only a short time ago Galera had ninety inhabitants. Now it has none. There is no one to live in the houses, no one to pray in the church. Malaria reigns triumphant here, and keeps all human creatures at bay. Even the shepherd who comes down in the day to watch the goats who are scrambling about the broken walls, would pay with his life for passing the night here. It is a bewitched solitude, with the ghosts of the past in full possession. All is fast decaying : the town walls, some of which date from the 11th century, are sliding over into the thickets of brambles. Above them rise the remains of the fine old

Orsini castle, from which there is an unspeakably desolate view, the effect of the scene being enhanced by the knowledge that the strength of Galera has fallen beneath no human foe, but that a more powerful and invincible enemy has been found in the mysterious 'scourge of the Campagna.' The only bright point about the ruins is the old washing-place of the town in the glen, where the waters of the Arrone, ever bright and sparkling, are drawn off into stone basins overhung with fern and creepers.

Beyond Galera, leaving the Convent of Santa Maria in Celsano to the east, the road to Bracciano enters a more



Castle of Galera.

fertile district. On the left is passed a marsh, once a lake, called the *Lago Morto*. Green corn now covers the hill-sides in spring, and here and there is an olive garden. Soon, upon the right, the beautiful *Lake of Bracciano*, 20 miles in circumference, and six miles across in its widest part, is seen sleeping in its still basin surrounded by green wooded hills. Then the huge Castle of the Odescalchi, built of black lava, and fringed by deeply-machicolated towers, rises before us, crowning the yellow lichen-gilded roofs of the town. The steep ascent to the fortress can only be surmounted on mule-back or on foot, and is cut out of the solid rock. On

and in this rock the castle was built by the Orsini in the 15th century, just after their normal enemies, the Colonna, had destroyed a former fortress of theirs. So they were determined to make it strong enough. As we enter beneath the gateway surmounted by the arms of the Orsini, we see that the rock still forms the pavement, and reaches half-way up the walls around us. The rest of these grim walls is of black lava, plundered, it is said, from the paving-blocks of the Via Cassia. Gloomy passages, osla cut out of the solid rocks, lead into profundities suggestive of the most romantic adventures and escapes. One does not



Bracciano.

wonder that Sir Walter Scott was more anxious to see Bracciano than anything else in Italy, and set off thither almost immediately after his arrival in Rome.

In the inner court are a Gothic loggia and a curious outside staircase, at once descending and ascending, and adorned with frescoes.

On the upper floor is the Hall of Justice, where the Orsini barons, who had the right of appointing magistrates, and being judges in their own persons, used for several centuries to sit in judgment upon their dependants. The Great Hall on the ground floor has some rapidly-vanishing

frescoes of Zuccaro, and looks like a place where ten thousand ghosts might hold carnival, only perhaps their revels would be hindered by the tiny chapel which opens out of it. One room has family portraits from old times down to the present possessors. These are very proud of their home, though they are not often here. Some years ago, poverty obliged them to sell their castle, but they did so with aching hearts, and when it was bought by Prince Torlonia, a reservation was made, that if the wheel of their fortunes should revolve within a limited space of years, they should be allowed to buy it back again at the same price which he had given. Torlonia felt secure, spent much time and money at Bracciano, and was devoted to his new purchase. As the time was drawing to a conclusion, all doubt as to the future vanished from his mind, but, just in time, the fortune of the Princess-mother Odescalchi enabled the family to redeem their pledge, and the former possessors returned, to their own triumph and the delight of the inhabitants.

But it was only in the last century that the Odescalchi purchased Bracciano from the Orsini, who were then beginning to fall into decadence, after a splendid historical career of more than six hundred years. Pope Celestine III. (1191-98) was an Orsini, and Pope Nicholas III. (1277-81), whom Dante sees in hell, among the Simonists.

‘Sappi ch’ io fui vestito del gran manto.
E veramente fui figliuol dell’ Orsa,
Cupido sì, per avanzar gli Orsatti,
Che su l’ avere, e qui me misi in borsa.’
‘Inferno,’ xix.

But having bestowed two popes upon the Church is the least of the glories of the Orsini, and it is their ceaseless contests with the Colonna, in which they were alternately victorious and defeated, which gives them their chief historical consequence.

‘Orsi, lupi, leoni, aquile e serpi
Ad una gran marmorea *Colonna*
Fanno noja sovente e à se danno.’

Petrarca, Canz. vi.

The great Lake of Bracciano was called the *Lacus Sabatinus* in ancient times. It is mentioned by Festus. Near the site of Bracciano, says tradition, stood the city of Sabate, which was overwhelmed by the lake long ago, though its houses, its temples, and statues may still be seen, on a clear day, standing intact beneath the glassy waters. The silvery expanse is backed by distant snow mountains, and here and there a little feudal town crowns the hill-sides or stands on the shore and is reflected in the lake. *Oriolo* has a villa of the Altieri, and its church-porch bears an inscription, which shows that it occupies the site of Pausilypon, built by Metia, wife of Titus Metius Herdonius. *Vicarello* (from *Vicus Aureliae*) has the ruins of a Roman villa, and is still celebrated for the baths so useful in cutaneous disorders, which were well known in old times as *Aquae Aureliae*. Many curious Roman coins and vases have been found there. Beyond Vicarello is *Trevignano*, another Orsini stronghold picturesquely crowned by an old castle. Lastly we must notice *Anguillara*, with a fine machicolated castle, bearing the celebrated 'crossed eels' of the famous Counts of Anguillara, of whom were Pandolfo d' Anguillara, who built the church of S. Francesco a Ripa at Rome, Everso d' Anguillara, celebrated as a robber chief of the 15th century, and Orso d' Anguillara, the senator who crowned Petrarch upon the Capitol, and lived in the old palace which still remains in the Trastevere. Their country castle, which successfully withstood a siege from the Duke of Calabria in 1486, overhangs the quiet lake which indeed at one time bore its name, and the town, which is 20 miles from Rome, is well worth visiting, by a road which turns off on the right not far from Galera.

After passing on the left the castellated farmhouse of Buon-Ricovero, picturesquely situated with pine-trees on a grassy knoll, the Via Cassia, at three miles from Rome, reaches, on a bank on the right of the road, the fine sárco-

phagus adorned with griffins in low relief which is popularly known as *Nero's Tomb*, and is really that of Publius Vibius Marianus and his wife Reginia Maxima. The Via Cassia here forms one of the pleasantest drives near the capital, with its high upland views over the wide plains of the Campagna to the towns which sparkle in the sun under the rifted purple crags of the Sabina, or down bosky glades studded with old cork-trees, whose rich dark green forms a charming contrast to the burnt grass and poetic silvery thistles.

A mile and a half before entering Rome by the Porta del Popolo, the road crosses the Tiber by the Ponte Molle, (See 'Walks in Rome.'

CHAPTER XXX.

OSTIA, AND THE SILVA LAURENTINA.

MOST of the places of interest accessible from Rome are described on reaching the stations nearest to them on the different railways which now lead to the capital, but there are several in reaching which the main lines of railway at least are of no assistance.

The excursion to Ostia and Castel Fusano is easily made from Rome by carriage in the day. Provisions must be taken, as there is no inn at Ostia, and visitors to Castel Fusano must provide themselves the day before with an order (given on presenting a card with a request at the Chigi Palace, in the Corso) to put up their horses there. Two hours suffice to see Ostia, but as much time as possible should be given to Castel Fusano.

Leaving Rome by the Porta S. Paolo, we pass the Chapel of the Farewell and the great Basilica of S. Paolo. Beyond this, and indeed all the way from thence to Ostia, the road was once bordered with villas, but now there are only three cottages in the whole distance, which has an effect of bareness or solemnity in accordance with the characters of those who visit it. It leads through the monotonous valley of the Tiber, where buffaloes and grand slow-moving *bovi* feed amid the rank pastures, which are white in spring with narcissus. Here and there a bit of tufa rock crops up crested with ilex and laurestinus. A small Roman bridge called *Ponte della Refolta* is passed. At length, on mounting a slight hill, we come upon a wide view over the pale-blue death-bearing marshes of the Maremma, here called *Campo-morto*, to the dazzling

sea, and almost immediately enter a forest of brushwood, chiefly myrtle and phillyrea, from which we only emerge as we reach the narrow singular causeway leading to Ostia itself. It is a strange scene, not unlike the approach to Mantua upon a small scale. On either side stretch the still waters of the pestiferous lagoon, called the Stagno, waving with tall reeds which rustle mournfully in the wind, and white with floating ranunculus. To the left, a serrated outline of huge pine-tops marks the forest of Fusano ; to the right we see the grey towers of Porto, the cathedral of Hippolytus, and the tall campanile which watches over the Isola Sacra, where, with a feeling fitting the mysterious sadness of the place,



Castle of Ostia.

Dante makes souls wait to be ferried over into Purgatory. Large sea-birds swoop over the reedy expanse. In front the mediaeval castle rises massive and grey against the sky-line. As we approach, it increases in grandeur, and its huge machicolations and massive bastions become visible. The desolate causeway is now peopled with marble figures ; heroes standing armless by the wayside, ladies reposing headless amid the luxuriant thistle-growth. Across the gleaming water we see the faint snowy peaks of the Leonessa. On each sandbank rising above the Stagno, are works connected with the salt pans founded by King Ancus Martius, twenty-five centuries ago, and working still. They have always

been important, as is evidenced by the name of one of the gates of Rome, the Porta Salaria, through which the inhabitants of the Sabina passed with their purchases of Ostian salt.

Every artist will sketch the Castle of Ostia, and will remember as he works that Raffaelle sketched it long ago, and that, from his sketch, Giovanni da Udine painted it in the background of his grand fresco of the victory over the Saracens, in the Stanza of the Incendio del Borgo in the Vatican, for here the enemy, who had totally destroyed the ancient town in the 5th century, were as totally defeated in the reign of Leo IV. (A.D. 847-856). Procopius in the 6th century wrote of Ostia as 'a city nearly overthrown.' The present town is but a fortified hamlet, built by Gregory IV., and originally called by him Gregoriopolis. It was strengthened by Nicholas I. in 858. In the 15th century Cardinal d'Estouteville employed Sangallo, who lived here for two years, in building the castle, and Giuliano della Rovere, afterwards Pope Julius II. and then cardinal bishop of Ostia, continued the work. Here he took refuge for two years from the persecution of Alexander VI. Afterwards, in 1513, he imprisoned Caesar Borgia here, whose escape was connived at by Cardinal Carbajal, to whose care he had been intrusted. Nothing remains of the internal decorations but some mouldering frescoes executed by Baldassare Peruzzi and Cesare da Sesto for Cardinal della Rovere, but the outer walls are so covered with the escutcheons of their different papal owners 'as to form a veritable chapter of pontifical heraldry.' Conspicuous amongst these grand coats of arms are the oak-tree (Robur) of the Della Rovere, and the wreathed column of the Colonna. On the battlements above, masses of the blue-green wormwood, which is a lover of salt air and scanty soil, wave in the wind. Artists will all regret the destruction of the tall pine, so well known till lately in pictures of Ostia, which stood beside the tower, till it died in 1870.

The tiny town, huddled into the narrow fortified space,

which forms as it were an outer bastion of the castle, contains the small semi-Gothic cathedral, a work of Baccio Pintelli, with a rose-window, but scarcely larger than a chapel, and seeming out of keeping with the historical recollections of many mighty cardinal-bishops. Some accounts state that this most ancient see was founded by the Apostles themselves; others consider that Pope Urban I. (A.D. 222) was its founder, and announce St. Ciriacus as its first bishop. It is the bishop of Ostia who has always been called upon to ordain a pope who has not been in priest's orders at the time of his election, and he bears the title of 'Dean of the Sacred College.'¹

A quarter of a mile beyond the mediaeval town we enter upon the ancient city, of which the excavations were first begun under Poggio Braccio in the time of Cosimo de' Medici. It is like Pompeii. The long entrance street, now quite unearthed, is paved with great blocks of lava closely dovetailed into one another, and is lined with the low ruins of small houses and shops, chiefly built of brick, set in *opus reticulatum*. Here and there a tall grey sarcophagus stands erect; but no building remains perfect in the whole of the great town, which once contained eighty thousand inhabitants. Thistles flourish everywhere, and snakes and lizards abound, and glide in and out of the hot unshaded stones. After a time we turn into other and smaller streets, in some of which there are evident remains of pillared porticoes. A temple of Mithras, supposed to be of the date of the Antonines, has been identified by the inscription on its pavement, 'Soli Invict. Mit. D. D. L. Agrius Calendio.' Three statues of Mithraic priests were found near its altar. Baths, richly decorated with mosaics, have also been discovered.

In the streets, the marks, the deep ruts of the chariot wheels—obliged by the narrow space to run always in the

¹ The towns of Ostia, Portus, Silva Candida, Sabina, Praeneste, Tusculum, and Albanum, were the sees of seven suffragan bishops, afterwards called cardinal-bishops, of whom the Bishop of Rome was in a special sense the Metropolitan.

same groove—remain in the pavement. The ground is littered with pieces of coloured marble, and of ancient glass tinted with all the hues of a peacock's tail by its long interment. The banks are filled with fragments of pottery, and here and there of human bones. The whole scene is melancholy and strange beyond description. Emerging from the narrow, almost oppressive confinement of the ruined streets, upon higher ground still unexcavated, which stretches away in ashy reaches to the mouths of the Tiber and the sea, we find a massive quadrangular building of brick, which is more stately and perfect than anything else, and is supposed to have been a temple of Jupiter. It contains its ancient altar.

The ruins of a *Theatre*, discovered in 1881, the spot where SS. Cyriacus, Maximus, and Archelaus were martyred—‘ad arcum ante theatrum’—belong chiefly to a careless ‘restoration’ of the 5th century, but are interesting from the materials then used, which were plundered from the ancient monuments of the town. They include a number of pedestals (built into the wall of the corridor leading to the orchestra) which once supported statues of distinguished citizens in the Forum, and are inscribed with eulogiums of their merits and exploits. A more remarkable discovery was an altar of A.D. 124, bearing reliefs representing the story of Romulus and Remus.

Between the stage of the theatre and the quay of the Tiber, a *Forum*, 240 feet square, has been discovered. It is apparently of the time of Septimius Severus. On one of the surrounding pillars is a curious relief representing the ‘Genius Castrorum Peregrinorum’—a half-naked youth, with long curly hair, and the bulla on the neck, holding a cornucopia in the left hand, and in the right a patera, with which he is sacrificing on a burning altar. An inscription explains how two brothers, Optatianus and Pudens—‘milites peregrini’—consecrated this relief to the genius of the ‘milites peregrini.’ The intercolumniations of the east and west wings of the portico were divided off, in the 3rd century, into rooms for

the different trade guilds, and the black and white mosaics, on the threshold of each, mention the corporations which occupied them. In the centre of the square are the remains of a temple, probably of Ceres.

Ancus Martius was the original founder of Ostia, which then stood upon the sea-shore, and for hundreds of years it was the place where the great Roman expeditions were embarked for the subjugation of the provinces. Chief among these were the expedition of Scipio Africanus to Spain, and that of Claudius to Britain. It was in the time of Claudius that the town obtained its chief importance. He dearly loved his sea-port, often stayed here, and it was from hence that he was summoned to Rome by the news of the iniquities which led to the death of Messalina. In his time the sand was already beginning to accumulate at the mouth of the Tiber, and Ostia was soon after ruined, paling before the prosperity of Porto. In consequence of the changes in the mouth of the Tiber, which has no longer the graceful course and the woody banks described by Virgil, it is difficult to ascertain the site of the ancient harbour. It is even disputed through how many channels the river entered the sea ; Dionysius, in his ‘*Periegesis*,’ declares that it had only one ; Ovid alludes to two.

‘Ostia contigerat, qua se Tiberinus in altum
Dividit, et campo liberiore natat.’—‘*Fast.*’ iv. 291.

‘Fluminis ad flexum veniunt ; Tiberina priores
Ostia dixerunt, unde sinister abit.’—‘*Fast.*’ iv. 329.

But from these classical recollections the Christian pilgrim will turn with enthusiasm to later memories, as precious and beautiful as any that the Campagna of Rome can afford, and he will see Augustine, with his holy mother, Monica, sitting, as in Ary Scheffer’s picture, at ‘a curtain window,’ discoursing alone, together, very sweetly, and, ‘forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth to those things which are before,’ inquiring in the presence of the Truth of what sort the eternal life of the

saints was to be, and ‘gasping with the mouths of their hearts’ after the heavenly streams of the fountain of life. Then, as the world and all its delights become contemptible in the nearness into which their converse draws them to the unseen, he will hear the calm voice of Monica in the twilight telling her son that her earthly hopes and mission are fulfilled, and that she is only waiting to depart, ‘since that is accomplished for which she had desired to linger awhile in this life, that she might see him a Catholic Christian before she died.’ He will remember that five days after this conversation, Monica lay in Ostia upon her death-bed, and waking from a long swoon, and looking fixedly on her two sons standing by her, ‘with grief amazed, said to Augustine, ‘Here thou shalt bury thy mother ;’ and that to those who asked whether she was not afraid to leave her body so far from her own city, she replied, ‘Nothing is far to God ; nor is it to be feared lest at the end of the world He should not recognise whence to raise me up.’ And here ‘on the ninth day of her sickness, and the fifty-sixth year of her age, was that religious and holy soul freed from the body.’ The bones of Monica were moved afterwards to Rome, to the church which was dedicated to her son’s memory ; but it is Ostia which will always be connected with the last scenes of that most holy life, and at Ostia that Augustine describes the ‘mighty sorrow which flowed into his heart,’ the tears and outcries of ‘the boy Adeodatus,’¹ as the beloved mother sank into her last sleep ; how Euodius calmed their grief by taking up the Psalter, and how all the mourning household sang the psalm, ‘I will sing of mercy and judgment to thee, O Lord,’ around the silent corpse ; and lastly, how the body was carried to the burial, and they ‘went and returned without tears—for the bitterness of sorrow could not exude out of the heart.’

With these recollections in our minds, let us leave Ostia. It is a curious and deeply interesting, but not a beautiful place, and it is a strange contrast, when we have returned

¹ The son of Augustine.

once more to the old fortress, and, turning sharply round its walls, traversed the two miles of desolate campagna between it and the pine-wood, to find in Castel Fusano a climax of poetical loveliness. The peasants do all their field labour here in gangs, men and women together, and most picturesque they look, for the costumes which are dying out in Rome are universally worn here, and all the women have their heads shaded by white *panni*, and are dressed in bright pink and blue petticoats and laced bodices. They have hard work to fight against the deep-rooted



Approach to Caste Fusano.

asphodels, which overrun whole pastures and destroy the grass, and they have also the constantly recurring malaria to struggle against, borne up every night by the poisonous vapours of the marsh, which renders Ostia almost uninhabitable even to the natives in summer, and death to the stranger who attempts to pass the night there.

A bridge, decorated with the arms of the Chigi, takes us across the last arm of the Stagno, with a huge avenue of pines ending on a green lawn, in the midst of which stands the mysterious, desolate Chigi palace, occupying the site of the beloved Laurentine villa of Pliny. No road, no path even, leads to its portal ; but all around is green turf, and

it looks like the house where the enchanted princess went to sleep with all her attendants for five hundred years, and where she must be asleep still. Round the house, at intervals, stand gigantic red vases, like Morgiana's oil-jars, filled with yuccas and aloes. Over the parapet wall stone figures look down, set there to scare away the Saracens, it is said, but for centuries they have seen nothing but a few stranger tourists or sportsmen, and the wains of beautiful meek-eyed oxen drawing timber from the forest. All beyond is a vast expanse of wood, huge pines stretching out their immense green umbrellas over the lower trees ; stupendous ilexes contorted by time into a thousand strange vagaries ; bay-trees bowed with age, and cork-trees grey with lichen—patriarchs even in this patriarchal forest. And beneath these greater potentates such a wealth of beautiful shrubs as is almost indescribable—arbutus, lentisk, phillyrea ; tall Mediterranean heath, waving vast plumes of white blossom far overhead ; sweet daphne, scenting all around with its pale pink blossoms ; myrtle growing in thickets of its own ; smilax and honeysuckle, leaping from tree to tree, and forming themselves into a thousand lovely wreaths, and beneath all, such a carpet of pink cyclamen, that the air is heavy with its perfume, and we may sit down and fill our hands and baskets with the flowers without moving from a single spot. A road, a mile long, paved with blocks of lava plundered from the Via Severiana, leads from the back of the palace to the sea, and we must follow it, partly to see the famous rosemary which Pliny describes, and which still grows close to the shore in such abundance, and partly for the sake of a glimpse of the grand Mediterranean itself (so refreshing after the close air of Roman streets), which rolls in here with long waves upon a heavy sandy shore, where a few fishermen have their huts, built of myrtle from the wood, and bound together with the reeds of the Stagno. It is here that Suetonius describes a party of city youths finding some fishermen preparing to draw their net and bargaining for

the throw, and that when they landed the net they found no fish, but a basket full of gold.¹

To the traveller who cares either for natural beauty or historic research, it is well worth while to follow on horseback the heavy road which leads through the forest to Porto d'Anzio by Pratica and Ardea ; but, in this case, it will be necessary to obtain permission to sleep at Castel Fusano, and to recollect that the osterie at Pratica and Ardea are of the most miserable kind.

The greater part of this route lies through the depths of the great forest of the Silva Laurentina, which still covers the coast here, as at the time when the Trojans landed and made a raid upon its timber—

‘Bis senos pepigere dies, et, pace sequestra,
Per silvas Teucri, mixtique impune Latini,
Erravere jugis. Ferro sonat icta bipenni
Fraxinus ; evertunt actas ad sidera pinus ;
Robora nec cuneis et olentem scindere cedrum,
Nec plaustris cessant vectare gementibus ornos.’

‘Aen.’ xi. 133.

It is the wood sacred to Picus and Faunus. The spirit of Virgil still seems to pervade its silent recesses, where, while the buildings have passed away and the very sites of the towns whose foundations he describes are forgotten or disputed, Nature remains absolutely unchanged—the same pines raise their vast umbrella-like heads to the stars, the same thickets of brambles and impervious brushwood are ready to mislead the wanderer, the same springs sparkle in its deep recesses. This is still the thick pathless wood in which Virgil describes the tragic fate of the friends Nisus and Euryalus, the forest which

‘Late dumis atque ilice nigra
Horrida, quam densi complêrant undique sentes ;
Rara per occultas lucebat semita calles.’

‘Aen.’ ix. 381.

Amid the huge stone pines in this part of the forest

¹ Suet. *Clar. Rhet.* c. i.

grow gigantic ilexes and bay-trees, descendants of the ‘laurels’ which, says Aurelius Victor, gave its name to Laurentum, and whose scent was considered so salubrious that the Emperor Commodus was advised to retire to a villa in the wood during a pestilence at Rome.¹ Here Varro says that the orator Hortensius had a villa, and a park full of wild boars, deer, and other game ;² and near the shore, where remains of buildings may be discovered here and there, was the favourite villa of the younger Pliny.³ Still, as in ancient times, the forest is beloved by sportsmen, and famous for its wild boars.

‘ Ac velut ille canum morsu de montibus altis
 Actus aper, multos Vesulus quem pinifer annos
 Defendit, multosve palus Laurentia, silvâ
 Pastus arundineâ, postquam inter retia ventum est,
 Substitit, infremuitque ferox, et inhorruit armos ;
 Nec cuicquam irasci propiusve accedere virtus ;
 Sed jaculis tutisque procul clamoribus instant :
 Ille autem impavidus partes cunctatur in omnes,
 Dentibus infr. ndens, et tergo decutit hastas.’

‘Aen.’ x. 707.

Seven miles from Castel Fusano we reach *Tor Paterno*, a lonely tower, joining a farmhouse half a mile from the coast, which is usually regarded as marking the site of the famous Laurentum, though Nibby and Murray place it at Capo Cotto, 3 miles distant, and inland, in contradiction to Pliny and Pomponius Mela, who describe it as near the coast. There are no ruins at Capo Cotto, but plenty at Tor Paterno, though they are all of imperial date. Near Tor Paterno, also, are still remains of the marsh spoken of by Virgil—

‘ Atque hinc vasta palus, hinc ardua moenia cingunt.’

‘Aen.’ xii. 745.

and whose frogs are celebrated by Martial—

‘ An Laurentino turpes in littore ranas,
 Et satius tenues ducere credisacos?’—*Eph.* x. 37.

¹ Herodian, i. 12.

² Varro, *R. R.* iii. 13.

³ Pliny, *Eph.* ii. 17.

Laurentum was the ancient capital of King Latinus, and, according to the legend, was his residence when Aeneas and his Trojan colony landed on this shore, though upon the death of Latinus the seat of government was transferred, first to Lavinium and then to Alba. Laurentum was never afterwards a place of much importance, though, because it was the only Latin city which took no part against Rome in the great war of B.C. 340, the treaty which had previously existed with the Laurentines was 'always renewed from year to year on the 10th day of the Feriae Latinae.'¹ But Lucan speaks of Laurentum as amongst the deserted cities—'vacuas urbes'—in his time.

(The *Via Laurentina*, which leaves the *Via Ostiensis* to the left about 3 miles from the gates of Rome, leads almost direct to Tor Paterno, and may be traced in many places by its ancient pavement. It passes *Porcigliano*, or *Castel Porciano*, a castle which till lately belonged to the Duca di Magliano, but was bought by Victor Emmanuel. *Campo Bufalaro*, near this, is supposed to mark the site of the station 'Ad Helephantas.' Between Porcigliano and Tor Paterno, some remains of an aqueduct are passed, which probably led to the villa of Commodus.)

Five miles beyond Tor Paterno is *Pratica*, the ancient Lavinium, 17 miles from Rome, and 3 from the sea-coast.

According to the tradition, the city of Lavinium was founded by Aeneas, shortly after his landing in Italy, and was called by him after the name of his wife Lavinia, daughter of King Latinus. This, from a resemblance of names, has been confused with Lanuvium, now Città Lavinia, where an absurd tradition, regardless of geographical possibilities, shows, fixed in a wall, the iron ring to which the vessel of Aeneas was attached.

'The coast of Latium is a sandbank, where nothing grows but firs; and Aeneas might well be sorry that his fate had brought him to so poor a country. But he was reminded of the oracle, that his colony should be guided, like those of the Sabellians, by an animal to its promised

¹ Livy, viii. 2.

abode, when a pregnant sow designed for sacrifice broke loose, and escaped to the bushes on a more fruitful eminence. Here it farrowed thirty young ones, and thus not only signified the spot where Lavinium was to be built, but also the number of years that were to elapse before Alba became the capital in its stead, as well as the number of the Latin townships.

'At the founding of Lavinium the gods gave signs of their presence. The forest on the site of the future city caught fire of itself. A wolf was seen bringing dry sticks in his mouth to feed the flame : an eagle fanned it with his wings. But along with them came also a fox, that dipped its tail in water, and tried to extinguish the fire ; and it was not till they had driven him away several times, that the other two were able to get rid of him. This indicated that the people, whose mother city was building, would have hard struggles to establish their power against its obstinate enemies. Bronze images of the three fated animals were set up in the market place of Lavinium.'—*Niebuhr's 'Hist. of Rome.'*

'Aujourd'hui même les souvenirs locaux d'Enée n'ont pas entièrement péri. Aux environs de Lavinium une petite rivière s'appelle encore *rio di Turno*, ruisseau de Turnus, et une colline près d'Ardée a été indiquée à M. Abeken par un jeune garçon, qui confondait les Troyens et les Rutules, comme portant le nom de montagne de Troie, *monte di Troja*.'—*Ampère, 'Hist. of Rome,' i. 215.*

When, thirty years after its foundation, Ascanius, the son of Aeneas, removed the political capital of the Latins to Alba, the household gods persistently returned at night to their old dwellings, so that he was obliged to allow them to remain there, and to send back their priests to the number of six hundred. Thus Lavinium not only continued to exist, but grew to be regarded as a kind of religious metropolis, its gods, to a very late period, being regarded as equally the property of Rome and of all Latium.

'La culte des Pénates aurait pu nous offrir un rapprochement frappant entre une légende antique et une légende moderne. On racontait que les Pénates ayant été transportés par Ascagne dans la ville d'Albe, quittèrent leur nouveau séjour et revinrent à Lavinium. C'est ainsi que le célèbre Enfant Jésus de cire, si vénéré à Rome sous le nom de *Bambino*, ayant été enlevé, revint, le lendemain matin, frapper à la porte de l'église d'*Ara-Coeli*.'—*Ampère, 'Hist. of Rome,' i. 128.*

Dionysius speaks of Lavinium as the 'metropolis of the Latins.' Tatius, the colleague of Romulus, was killed by

the cooks with their spits during a solemn sacrifice at Lavinium, in revenge for depredations which his followers had made upon the Lavinian territory. Collatinus, the husband of Lucretia and the first Roman consul, retired with all his family to Lavinium, when he was banished from Rome on account of his parentage, because he was son of Aruns and brother of Tarquinius Priscus. Lavinium was besieged and taken by Coriolanus.

'Strabo speaks of Lavinium as presenting the mere vestiges of a city, but still retaining its sacred rites, which were believed to have been transmitted from the days of Aeneas. . . . We learn from a letter of Symmachus that Lavinium was still existing as a municipal town as late as A.D. 391, and still retained its ancient religious character. Macrobius also informs us that in his time it was still customary for the Roman consuls and praetors, when entering on their office, to repair to Lavinium to offer certain sacrifices there to Vesta and the Penates—a custom which appears to have been transmitted without interruption from a very early period. The final decay of Lavinium was probably produced by the fall of paganism, and the consequent extinction of that religious reverence which had apparently been the principal means of its preservation for a long while before.'—Smith's '*Dict. of Greek and Roman Geography*'.

The town is situated upon an almost isolated hill, united to the table-land by a little isthmus, and surrounded everywhere else by deep ravines. The natural fortifications of tufa rock appear to have been strengthened by artificial cutting away, and some remains of ancient walls may be traced. The area of the town must always have been very small, and its principal building is now a great castle of Prince Borghese, with a tall tower. There are no remains of the temple of Venus which is mentioned by many classical authors, but it is supposed to have occupied the corner of the platform at the end nearest the sea. The place is almost deserted owing to the malaria, and the description of Mrs. Eaton's visit to the neighbouring Ostia would now apply even better to this place.

'It presented the strange spectacle of a town without inhabitants. After some beating and hallooing at the shut-up door of one of the houses, a woman, unclosing the shutter of an upper window, presented

her ghastly face ; and having first carefully reconnoitred us, slowly and reluctantly admitted us into her wretched hovel.

“ Where are all the people of the town ? ” we inquired.

“ Dead ! ” was the brief reply.’

‘Rome in the Nineteenth Century.’

An inscription tells that the modern name of Pratica was given at the cessation of a pestilence, when the inhabitants were again admitted to communication (*pratica*) with the neighbouring towns. Other inscriptions, speaking of ‘Laurentes Lavinates,’ refer to a union which the inhabitants made with the people of Laurentum, after they had received a fresh colony in the time of Trajan.

The best way of reaching Pratica from Rome is by a road which branches off to the left from the Via Ostiensis beyond S. Paolo, and, ascending the hills, leaves the Tre Fontane on the left, and crossing another hill to the Ponte del Butero passes the valley of Velerano, and proceeds by Tor di Sasso, Schizzanello, and Monte Migliore to Solfatara.

A road, practicable for carriages, leads from Pratica through the forest, and past the Church of S. Petronilla, to *La Solfatara* (15 miles from Rome), with sulphur springs identical with the ‘Fons in Ardeatino,’ which Vitruvius mentions as cold, sulphureous, and of an unpleasant smell. It is probably also the site of the oracle of Faunus consulted by Latinus, king of Laurentum, on the coming of Aeneas, who is hardly likely to have gone so far as the Albunea, near Tibur.

‘ At rex sollicitus monstris, oracula Fauni
 Fatidici genitoris, adit, lucosque sub alta
 Consulit Albunea : nemorum quae maxima sacro
 Fonte sonat, saevamque exhalat opaca mephitim.’

Virgil, ‘Aen.’ vii. 81.

(Hence the Via Ardeatina turns off inland to Rome by the *Tor di Nona, Cicchignola* (a mediaeval tower added to and turned into a villa by Leo XII.), and *Tor Marancia*, till it joins the Via Appia near the Church of ‘Domine, quo Vadis?’)

Following the Via Ardeatina, where the paving blocks

of the old road remain in many places, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from La Solfatara, near the Church of S. Procula, the road crosses the frequently dry bed of the *Rio Torto*, which has been identified with the Numicius, on the banks of which the great battle was fought between the Trojans and Rutulians, in which Aeneas fell, and whose waves are supposed to have carried away his body, which was never found. The descriptions which the poets give answer to the present appearance of the river. In the *Metamorphoses*, Ovid says :—

‘ Litus adit Laurens, ubi tectus arundine serpit
In freta flumineis vicina Numicius undis.’—XIV. 598.

and Silius Italicus :—

‘ Haud procul hinc parvo descendens fonte Numicus
Labitur, et leni per valles volvitur amne.’—VIII. 179.

Near the coast the Numicius still spreads into a marsh—the Stagna Laurentia of Silius. On its banks Aeneas was honoured in a temple under the name of Jupiter Indiges.

‘ Impiger Aenea voltantis frater Amoris,
Troia qui profugis sacra vehis ratibus.
Jam tibi Laurentes assignat Jupiter agros,
Jam vocat errantes hospita terra Lares.
Ilic Sanctus eris, cum te veneranda Numici
Unda Deum coelo miserit Indigetem.’

Tibullus, ‘ El.’ ii. 6.

The *Sugareto*, which flows into the Rio Torto, is believed to be the stream of Anna Perenna, in which Anna, the unhappy sister of Dido, is said to have been carried away, when flying from the palace of Aeneas, and to have been borne into the ‘horned Numicius.’¹

‘ Corniger hanc cupidis rapuisse Numicius undis
Creditur, et stagnis occuluisse suis.

Ipsa loqui visa est, “ Placidi sum Nympha Numici :
Amne perenne latens Anna Perenna vocor.”

Ovid, ‘ *Fast.*’ iii. 646.

¹ From its windings.

Beyond the Rio Torto, we pass through the country where Juvenal says that the Roman emperors used to breed their elephants. After 4½ miles, *Ardea* is seen rising on the top of a rock 3 miles from the sea and 20 miles from Rome.

Desolate and forlorn as it is now, and almost totally deserted by its plague-stricken inhabitants during the summer months, *Ardea* was once one of the most important as well as one of the wealthiest cities of Latium. Tradition ascribes its foundation to Danaë, the mother of Perseus.

‘Protenus hinc fuscis tristis dea tollitur alis
Audacis Rutuli ad muros : quam dicitur urbem
Acrisioneis Danaë fundasse colonis
Praecipi delata Noto. Locus Ardea quondam
Dictus avis ; et nunc magnum manet Ardea nomen.’
Virgil, ‘Aen.’ vii. 408.

Livy and Silius Italicus mention the tradition of Ardea having largely contributed to the foundation of the Spanish Saguntum :—

‘... misit largo quam dives alumno,
Magnanimis regnata viris, nunc Ardea nomen.’
Sil. Ital. i. 293.

In the story of Aeneas, Ardea appears as the capital of the Rutuli and the residence of their king Turnus, who was dependent on the Latin king, Latinus, though holding a sovereignty of his own. It was during the siege of Ardea by Tarquinius Superbus that the tragedy of Lucretia occurred, which led to the overthrow of the monarchy.

‘Cingitur interea Romanis Ardea signis,
Et patitur lentas obsidione moras.’
Ovid, ‘Fast.’ ii. 721.

It was at Ardea that Camillus took refuge in his exile ; and its people are said to have contributed greatly to victories which the Romans gained over the Gauls. From this time Ardea lapsed into the condition of an ordinary Roman colony, and was one of the twelve which declared them-

selves unable (B.C. 209) to furnish supplies of provisions and men to Rome during the second Punic war. The unhealthiness of the situation hastened its decay. Martial alludes to it :—

‘Ardea solstitio, Castranaque rura petantur,
Quique Cleonaeo sidere fervet ager.’—IV. 60.

Many great Roman personages, however, had villas here, among them Atticus, the friend of Cicero ; and the town spoken of as ‘castellum Ardeae,’ in the Middle Ages, has never quite ceased to exist, but has continued to occupy the rocky platform, which gained its name from Ardua—the cliff-girt.

The existing village and its castle, which belongs to the Duke Cesarini, occupy an isolated rock, evidently the ancient citadel, which is joined by a narrow neck of land to a larger platform, still called *Civita Vecchia*, and once covered by the ancient city, of which not a vestige remains. The citadel was surrounded by walls built of tufa in square blocks.

‘The isthmus (uniting the citadel to the town), having been cut through in a very singular manner, has left three deep and broad ditches, separated by two piers of natural rock. This is the more curious, as it does not appear that these piers could have served as a bridge to the citadel, on account of their distance from each other ; and though the ditch added to the strength of the fortress, yet this cannot be supposed to have been completely separated from the city. Moreover, the rock of the citadel is much higher than these two natural piers.

‘Two streams, one of which is evidently derived from the Lake of Nemi, had, long before Ardea was built, worn valleys, which had left an eminence between them as a site for the city. At the western side of the city, these valleys approach each other, leaving a narrow isthmus for the entrance to the city from the east ; this isthmus is considerably strengthened by a high mound, or agger, extending from valley to valley, which supported, or rather backed a wall, whence, in all probability, the idea of the Roman agger of Servius Tullius was originally taken. A gap or cut exists, through which was the ancient entrance to the city ; and in this is the ruin of a tower, fixing the site of the gate towards Aricia. Still more distant from the city is another similar mound, stretching also from valley to valley. These mounds are so high that

when the sun is over the Mediterranean they are distinguishable from Albano by the naked eye.'—*Sir W. Gell.*

Half a mile from Ardea, in the direction of the sea, at a spot called *Rudera*, the rock is full of caverns, and is supposed to have been the necropolis of the ancient city. There are no remains of the temple of Juno mentioned by Pliny, who describes it as adorned with ancient paintings of great beauty, so much esteemed that the artist, a Greek—'Marcus Ludius Elotas Oetolia oriundus'—was rewarded with the freedom of the city. Not far from Ardea, probably in the direction of Antium, was the Aphrodisium or shrine of Venus, mentioned by Strabo (v. 232) and Pliny (iii. 5). The site of the Castrum Inni, or of Pan, is supposed by Nibby to be somewhat identified by the name *Fosso dell' Incastro* applied to one of the streams which flow by Ardea. Martial mentions it, in the lines already quoted, and Silius Italicus :—

‘Sacra manus Rutuli, servant qui Daunia regna,
Laurentique domo gaudent, et fonte Numici,
Quos Castrum, Phrygibusque gravis quondam Ardea misit.’

VIII. 359.

Most travellers will take the direct route from Ardea to Rome or Albano. The track used by the charcoal burners near the coast to Porto d' Anzio (see 'Southern Italy') crosses the Fosso della Moletta, and passes in turn by Torre di S. Lorenzo, Torre di S. Anastasia, and Torre di Caldana.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FRASCATI AND TUSCULUM.

Trains leave Rome for Frascati twice in the morning, returning twice in the afternoon. Time is given for a pleasant sight of Frascati, and for a ride or walk to Tusculum and the Villa Mondragone, or to Tusculum and Grotta Ferrata. The *Albergo di Londra* is an excellent small inn, very clean and comfortable. Donkeys cost 5 frs. for the whole day, or 2½ frs. for the half day, but a distinct agreement must be made.

THE railway runs close to the aqueducts, first the Paoline, then the ruined Claudian. As we pass outside the Porta Furba, the artificial sepulchral mound called *Monte di Grano* is seen on the left, and then the vast ruins called *Sette Basse*, belonging to a suburban villa of imperial date, and, as the light streams through their ruined windows, forming a beautiful foreground to the delicate distances of mountain and plain. Approaching nearer, Colonna is seen on the left upon its knoll, then Monte Porzio, and beneath it the site of the Lake Regillus. When the lights and shadows are favourable, the difference between the two craters of this volcanic chain of hills now becomes strikingly evident.

'The Alban hills form a totally distinct group, consisting of two principal extinct volcanic craters, somewhat resembling in their relation to each other the great Neapolitan craters of Vesuvius and Somma. One of them lies within the embrace of the other, just as Vesuvius lies half enclosed by Monte Somma. The walls of the outer Alban crater are of peperino, while those of the inner are basaltic. Both are broken away on the northern side towards Grotta Ferrata and Marino, but on the southern side they are tolerably perfect.

'The outer crescent-shaped crater beginning from Frascati extends

to Monte Porzio and Rocca Priore, and then curves round by Monte Algido, Monte Ariano, and Monte Artemisio. The inner crescent includes the height of Monte Cavo, and surrounds the flat meadows known by the name of Campo d' Annibale. Besides these two principal craters, the ages of which are probably as distinct as those of Vesuvius and Somma, there are traces of at least four others to be found in the lakes of Castel Gandolfo, commonly called the Alban lake, and of Nemi, and in the two small cliff-encircled valleys of the Vallis Aricina and Larghetto.'—*Burn, 'The Roman Campagna.'*

At *Ciampino* the little line to Frascati branches off, and soon begins to ascend out of the Campagna into the land of corn and olives.

'Aux approches de ces petites montagnes, quand on a laissé derrière soi les longs aqueducs ruinés et trois ou quatre lieues de terrains ondulés, sans caractère et sans étendue pour le regard, on traverse de nouveau une partie de la plaine dont le niveling absolu présente enfin un aspect particulier assez grandiose. C'est un lac de pâle verdure qui s'étend sur la gauche jusqu'au pied du massif du mont Gennaro. Au baisser du soleil, quand l'herbe fine et maigre de ce gigantesque pâturage est un peu échauffée par l'or du couchant et nuancée par les ombres portées des montagnes, le sentiment de la grandeur se révèle. Les petits accidents perdus dans ce cadre immense, les troupeaux et les chiens, seuls bergers qui, en de certaines parties de la steppe, osent braver la *malaria* toute la journée, se dessinent et s'enlèvent en couleur avec une netteté comparable à celle des objets lointains sur la mer. Au fond de cette nappe de verdure, si unie que l'on a peine à se rendre compte de son étendue, la base des montagnes semble nager dans une brume mouvante, tandis que leurs sommets se dressent immobiles et nets dans le ciel.'—*George Sand, 'La Daniella.'*

On the right, we pass the great ruined castle of *Borghetto*, which belonged to the Savelli in the 10th century. At the station, an open omnibus with awnings (fare, 50 centesimi), and carriages are waiting to save travellers the mile of steep ascent to the town. Here, passing near the Villa Sora, once the residence of Gregory XIII. (1752-85), and skirting the wall of the Villa Torlonia, we are set down in the noisy little piazza before the cathedral of Frascati, and are at once surrounded by donkey boys vociferating upon the merits of their respective animals.

The cathedral (S. Pietro) only dates from 1700, but we

must enter it to visit the monument (near the door) which Cardinal York put up to his brother Prince Charles Edward, who died Jan. 31, 1788. It is inscribed :—

‘ Hic situs est Carolus Odoardus cui Pater Jacobus III. Rex Angliae, Scotiae, Franciae, Hiberniae. Primus natorum, paterni juris et regiae dignitatis successor et haeres, qui domicilio sibi Romae delecto Comes Albanensis dictus est.

‘ Vixit Annos LVII. et mensem ; decessit in pace, pridie Kal. Feb. Anno MDCCCLXXXVII.’

There is an older cathedral, *Duomo Vecchio*, now called SS. Sebastiano e Rocco, chiefly of the 14th century, and near it a fountain erected in 1480 by Cardinal d'Estouteville, the French Ambassador. The streets are dirty and ugly ; but the little town is important as being the centre of the villas which give Frascati all its charm. Most of these date only from the 17th century, and, with the exception of the Villa Mondragone, the buildings are seldom remarkable, but they are situated amid glorious groves of old trees, often relics of a natural forest, and amongst these are grand old fountains and water-falls, which, though artificial, have been long since adopted by Nature as her own, while from the terraces the views over the Campagna are of ever-varying loveliness. In many of these villas, far too large for any single occupants, vast airy suites of apartments may be hired for the summer *villeggiatura*, and, though scantily furnished, are a delightful retreat during the hot season.

‘ At Frascati and Albano there are good lodgings to be had. Noble old villas may be hired on the Alban slopes for a small rent, with gardens going to ruin, but beautifully picturesque—old fountains and water-works painted with moss, and decorated with maiden-hair, vines, and flowers—shady groves where nightingales sing all the day—avenues of lopped ilexes that, standing on either side like great chandeliers, weave together their branches overhead into a dense roof—and long paths of tall, polished laurel, where you may walk in shadow at morning and evening. The air here is not, however, “above suspicion ;” and one must be careful at night-fall lest the fever prowling round the damp alleys seize you as its prey. The views from these villas are truly exquisite. Before you lies the undulating plain of the Campagna, with every hue and changing tone of colour ; far off against the horizon

flashes the level line of the Mediterranean ; the grand Sabine hills rise all along on the west, with Soracte lifting from the rolling inland sea at their base ; and in the distance swells the dome of S. Peter's. The splendours of sunset as they stream over this landscape are indescribable, and in the noon the sunshine seems to mesmerise it into a magic sleep.'—*Story's 'Roba di Roma.'*

Nothing can describe the charm of the villa life at Frascati—the freshness of the never-ceasing fountains, the deep shade of the thick woods, the splendour of the summer fruits, and, above all, the changing glories of the view, which is unlike any other in the world, over the vast plain, in which the world's capitol seems almost to be lost in the immensity and luminousness of the pink haze.

Opposite to the gate of the town opens that of the *Villa Torlonia*—the Pincio of Frascati—and the great resort of its inhabitants. The villa itself is not worth visiting, but the view from its terrace is most beautiful, and a grand waterfall tumbles down a steep behind the house, through the magnificent ilex-groves.

Below the Villa Torlonia, the *Villa Pallavicini*, with an ilex-crested terrace, projects over the plain. Higher up is the *Villa Aldobrandini*, standing grandly upon a succession of terraces, designed by Giacomo della Porta and finished by Giovanni Fontana for Cardinal Pietro Aldobrandini, nephew of Clement VIII. The villa is adorned internally with frescoes by *Cav. d' Arpino*. Behind it a succession of waterfalls tumble through a glorious old ilex-grove, into a circle of fantastic statues. The scene may once have been ridiculous, but Nature has now made it most beautiful.

Those who are not good walkers should engage donkeys for the excursion to Tusculum, to which a steep ascent leads from the piazza of the town, between the walls of the Villas Aldobrandini and Falconieri. Just beyond the latter an inscription marks the humble retreat of the learned Cardinal Baronius. A steep hill leads to the Convent of the Cap-

puccini, but our path passes through the shady and delightful walks of the *Villa Rufinella*, which is now the property of Prince Lancellotti, having formerly belonged to the Bonaparte. The casino was built by Vanvitelli. The chapel contains monuments of the Bonaparte family. During the residence of Lucien Bonaparte here (November 1818), this villa was the scene of one of the boldest acts of brigandage known in the Papal States. A party of robbers, who had their rendezvous at Tusculum, first seized the old priest of the family as he was out walking, and having plundered and stripped him, bound him hand and foot. As they surmised, when the dinner-hour arrived, and the priest was missing, a servant was sent out in search of him, and left the door open, through which five bandits entered, and, attacking the servants they met, forced them to silence by threats of instant death. One maid-servant, however, escaped, and gave warning to the party in the dining-room, who all had time to hide themselves, except the Prince's secretary, who had already left the room to discover the cause of the noise, and who was carried off, together with the butler, and a *facchino*. The old priest meanwhile contrived to escape and conceal himself in some straw.

The next day the *facchino* was sent back to treat with the Prince, and to say that unless he sent a ransom of 4,000 crowns the prisoners would be immediately put to death. He sent 2,000 and an order on his banker for the remainder. The brigands, greatly irritated, returned the order torn up, with a demand for 4,000 crowns more, and with this the Prince was forced to comply in order to preserve the lives of his attendants. The brigands escaped scot free!

A tomb which is passed at the entrance of Frascati towards the Villa Rufinella, is said to be that of Lucullus, who is known to have had a villa here. This stood near the Villa of Cicero, who was accustomed to borrow books and fetch them with his own hand¹ from the library of his friend. The scholiast on Horace describes the Villa of

¹ *De Fin.* iii. 2.

Cicero as being ‘ad latera superiora’ of the hill, and its site is generally believed to have been that now occupied by the Villa Rufinella, and that the Casino stands on the site of his Academica, which had shady walks like those of Plato’s Garden—forefathers of the walks which we still see.

The Tuscan Disputations of Cicero take their name from this beloved villa of his, which he bitterly complained of the Roman consuls valuing at only ‘quingentis millibus’—between 4,000*l.* and 5,000*l.* A complete picture of the villa may be derived from the many allusions to it in the works of Cicero, thus :—

‘We learn that it contained two *gymnasia* (*Div.* i. s.), an upper one called the Lycaeum, in which, like Aristotle, he was accustomed to walk and dispute in the morning (*Tusc. Disp.* ii. 3), and to which a library was attached (*Div.* ii. 3); and a lower one called the Academy (*Tusc. Disp.* ii. 3). Both were adorned with beautiful statues in marble and bronze (*Ep. ad Att.* i. 8, 9, 10). The villa likewise contained a little atrium (atriolum, *Ib.* i. 10, *ad Quint. Fr.* iii. 1), a small portico with exedria (*ad Fam.* vii. 23), a bath (*Ib.* xiv. 20), a covered promenade (‘*tecta ambulatiuncula*,’ *ad Att.* xiii. 29), and a horologium (*ad Fam.* xvi. 18). The villa, like the town and neighbourhood, was supplied by the Aqua Crabra (*De Leg. Agr.* iii. 31).—Smith’s ‘*Dict. of Greek and Roman Geography*.’

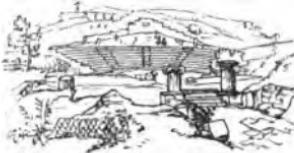
In his Essay on Old Age, Cicero describes the delights of country life as enjoyed in a villa of this kind.

‘Where the master of the house is a good and careful manager, his wine-cellars, his oil-stores, his larder, are always well stocked; there is a fulness throughout the whole establishment; pigs, kids, lambs, poultry, milk, cheese, honey—all are in abundance. The produce of the garden is always equal, as our country-folk say, to a second course. And all these good things acquire a double relish from the voluntary labours of fowling and the chase. What need to dwell upon the charm of the green fields, the well-ordered plantations, the beauty of the vineyards and olive groves? In short, nothing can be more luxuriant in produce, or more delightful to the eye, than a well-cultivated estate.’—*Trans. by Lucas Collins.*

Leaving the Villa Rufinella by shady avenues of laurel and laurestinus, the path to Tusculum emerges on the hill-side, where, between banks carpeted with anemones and

violets in spring, a street paved with polygonal blocks has been laid bare. On the left are remains of the small *Amphitheatre*; all the seats have perished, and it is only recognisable by its form. Beyond are the ruins of a villa, called, without authority, *Scuola di Cicerone*.

The path leads directly up to the most important of the ruins, the *Theatre*, which was excavated in 1839 by Maria Cristina, Queen-dowager of Sardinia. With the exception of the walls of the *scena*, the lower walls are almost perfect, and the fifteen rows of seats in the lower circle (*cavea*) remain intact, though the upper rows have perished. The spectators, facing the west, had a magnificent view over the plains of Latium, with Rome in the distance. Close to the Theatre are the remains of a *piscina*, and the fountain supplied from it.



Theatre of Tusculum.

‘Le plateau supérieur est une vaste bruyère. C’était jadis, probablement, le beau quartier de la ville, car cette steppe est semée de dalles ou de moëllons de marbre blanc. Le chemin était, sans doute, la belle rue patricienne. Des fondations de maisons des deux côtés attestent qu’elle était étroite, comme toutes celles des villes antiques. Au bout de cette plaine, le chemin aboutit au théâtre. Il est petit, mais d’une jolie coupe romaine. L’orchestre, les degrés de l’hémicycle sont entiers, ainsi que la base des constructions de la scène et les marches latérales pour y monter. L’avant-scène et les voies de dégagement nécessaires à l’action scénique sont sur place et suffisamment indiquées par leurs bases, pour faire comprendre l’usage de ces théâtres, la place des chœurs et même celle du décor.

‘Derrière le théâtre est une piscine parfaitement entière sauf la voûte. On est là en pleine ville romaine. On n’a plus qu’à atteindre le faîte de la montagne pour trouver la partie pélasgique, la ville de Télégone, fils d’Ulysse et de Circé.

‘Là, ces ruines prennent un autre caractère, un autre intérêt. C’est la cité primitive, c'est-à-dire la citadelle escarpée ; repaire d’une bande

d'aventuriers, berceau d'une société future. Les temples et les tombeaux des ancêtres y étaient sous la protection du fort. La montagne, semée de bases de colonnes qui indiquent l'emplacement des édifices sacrés, et bordée de blocs bruts dont l'arrangement dessine encore des ramparts, des poternes, et des portes, s'incline rapidement vers d'autres gorges bientôt relevées en collines et en montagnes plus hautes. Ce sont les monts Albains. Dans une de ces prairies humides où paissent les troupeaux, était le lac Régille, on ne sait pas où précisément. Le sort de la jeune Rome, aux prises avec celui des antiques nationalités du Latium, a été décidé là, quelque part, dans ces agrestes solidutés. Soixante-dix mille hommes ont combattu pour être où n'être pas, et le destin de Rome, qui en ce terrible jour écrasa les forces de trente cités latines, a passé sur l'Agro Tusculan comme l'orage, dont la trace est vite effacée par l'herbe et les fleurs nouvelles.'—George Sand, '*La Daniella*'.

Behind the theatre rises the steep hill which was once crowned by the *Arx* of Tusculum (the primaeval citadel), which was of great strength in early times. It was besieged by the Aequians in B.C. 457, and only taken when the garrison were starved out. In B.C. 374 it was successfully defended against the Latins. Dionysius mentions the advantage it received from its lofty position, which enabled its defenders to see a Roman army as it issued from the Porta Latina. The view is indeed most beautiful, over plain and mountains, the foreground formed by the remains of

—‘the white streets of Tusculum,
The proudest town of all,’¹

scattered sparsely amongst the furze and thorn bushes. These ruins belong chiefly not to early times, but to the mediaeval fortress of the Dukes of Tusculum. We may, however, see a fine fragment of the ancient town wall to the left of the ascent, and near it a chamber roofed with one of the earliest approaches to an arch. One of the town gates may also be seen, or rather the two rocks which formed the gate-posts, with the socket to which the gate was hung.

Including the *Arx*, the town of Tusculum was about $1\frac{1}{4}$

¹ Macaulay, *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

mile in circuit. The Roman poets ascribe the foundation of the city to Telegonus, the son of Circe and Ulysses.

‘Inter Aricinos Albanaque tempora constant,
Factaque Telegoni moenia celsa manu.’
Ovid, ‘Fast.’ iii. 91.

‘Et jam Telegoni, jam moenia Tiburis uidi
Stabant, Argolicae quod posuere manus.’
Ovid, ‘Fast.’ iv. 71.

‘At Cato, tum prima sparsus lanugine malas,
Quod peperere ducus Circaeum Tuscula dorso
Moenia, Laertae quondam regnata nepoti,
Cunctantem impellebat equum.’—*Sil. Ital. vii. 691.*

‘Linquens Telegoni pulsatos ariete muros,
Haud dignam inter tanta moram.’—*Sil. Ital. xii. 355.*¹

Tusculum was remarkable for the steadiness of its friendship for Rome, which was only interrupted in B.C. 379, when in consequence of a number of Tusculans having been found amongst the prisoners made in the Volscian campaign, war was declared, and Camillus was sent against the city.

‘But the Tusculans would not accept this declaration of hostilities, and opposed the Roman arms in a manner that has scarcely been paralleled before or since. When Camillus entered their territory he found the peasants engaged in their usual avocations ; provisions of all sorts were offered to his army, the gates of the town were standing open ; and as the legions defiled through the streets in all the panoply of war, the citizens within, like the countrymen without, were seen intent upon their daily business, the schools resounded with the hum of pupils, and not the slightest token of hostile preparation could be discerned. Then Camillus invited the Tusculan dictator to Rome. When he appeared before the senate in the Curia Hostilia, not only were the existing treaties with Tusculum confirmed, but the Roman franchise was shortly afterwards bestowed upon it, a privilege at that time rarely conferred.’—*Smith’s ‘Dict. of Greek and Roman Geography.’*

Under the later Republic and the Empire we hear nothing of Tusculum, but in the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th centuries it again became a most important place under

¹ See also Horace, *Epdod.* i. 29, and Statius, *Silv.* i. 3, 83.

its counts, and gave no less than seven popes to the Church. The final destruction of the city did not take place till 1191, when the Romans abandoned it to the Emperor Henry VI., and it was razed to the ground. The fugitives, who made their escape, collected at the foot of the hill, in the spot called Frascati, which originated the town of that name.

Descending from the Arx, a path to the right leads through woods full of flowers to the *Camaldoli*, but nobody can pass the cross at the foot of the hill on which the convent stands, upon pain of excommunication. Here Cardinal Passionei lived in retirement, and occupied himself by collecting eight hundred inscriptions found amongst the ruins of Tusculum. The whole of the inhabitants of the Camaldoli were carried off during an audacious outbreak of brigandage in the reign of Pius VII., but escaped during a skirmish with the Papal troops sent to their rescue. Since then the buildings have been surrounded with defensive walls, with loopholes for the discharge of fire-arms.

Below the Camaldoli we reach the gates of the *Villa Mondragone*, the Queen of Frascati villas. It belongs to the family of Borghese, but is used as a Jesuit College. The casino, built, from designs of Vansanzio, by Cardinal Altemps in the reign of Gregory XIII., is exceedingly magnificent, but still more so is the view from the vast and stately terrace in front, adorned with a fountain and tall columns.

‘Imaginez-vous un château qui a trois cent soixante quatorze fenêtres, un château compliqué comme ceux d’Anne Radcliffe, un monde d’énigmes à débrouiller, un enchaînement de surprises, un rêve de Piranèse.

‘Ce palais fut bâti au seizième siècle. On y entre par un vaste corps de logis, sorte de caserne destinée à la suite armée. Lorsque, plus tard, le pape Paul V. en fit une simple *villégiature*, il relia un des côtés de ce corps de garde au palais par une longue galerie, de plain-pied avec la cour intérieure, dont les arcades élégantes s’ouvraient, au couchant, sur un escarpement assez considérable, et laissent aujourd’hui passer le vent et la pluie. Les voûtes suintent, la fresque est devenue une croûte des stalactites bizarres ; des ronces et des orties poussent

dans le pavé disjoint ; les deux étages superposés au-dessus de cette galerie s'écroulent tranquillement. Il n'y a plus de toiture ; les entablements du dernier étage se penchent et s'affaissent aux risques et périls des passants, quand passants il y a, autour de cette thébaïde.

‘ Cependant, la villa Mondragone, restée dans la famille Borghèse, à laquelle appartenait Paul V., était encore une demeure splendide, il y a une cinquantaine d’années, et elle revête aujourd’hui un caractère de désolation riante, tout à fait particulier à ces ruines prématuées. C’est durant nos guerres d’Italie, au commencement du siècle, que les Autrichiens l’ont ravagée, bombardée, et pillée. Il en est résulté ce qui arrive toujours en ce pays-ci après une secousse politique : le dégoût et l’abandon. Pourtant la majeure partie du corps de logis principal, la *parte-media*, est assez saine pour qu’en supprimant les dépendances inutiles, on puisse encore trouver de quoi restaurer une délicieuse *villégiaire*.’

—George Sand, ‘*La Daniella*.’

Joining the grounds of the Mondragone are those of the *Villa Taverna*, built in the 16th century, from designs of Girolamo Rainaldi. It was much used, until the change of Government, as a summer residence by the Borghese.

L. B. Alberti (writing in 1472), gives a charming impression of life in one of these great villas:—

‘ While every other possession causes work and danger, fear and disappointment, the villa brings a great and honourable advantage ; the villa is always true and kind ; if you dwell in it at the right time and with love, it will not only satisfy you, but add reward to reward. In spring the green trees and the song of birds will make you joyful and hopeful ; in autumn a moderate exertion will bring forth fruit a hundredfold ; all through the year melancholy will be banished from you. The villa is the spot where good and honest men love to congregate. Nothing secret, nothing treacherous, is done here ; all see all ; here is no need of judges and witnesses, for all are kindly and peacefully disposed to one another. Haste hither, and flee from the pride of the rich and dishonour of the bad, to the blessed life in the villa ! ’¹

A beautiful road along the ridge of the hill-side leads back to Frascati, or we may go on to the right towards Colonna, about four miles distant.

Not far below the Villa Mondragone is the volcanic

¹ *Trattato del Governo della Famiglia*, ostensibly by Agnolo Pandolfini (who died in 1446).

Lake of Cornufelle. There is no longer any water here, but its bed is a crater about half a mile in diameter, and is evidently the place described by Pliny, where there was a grove of beeches (probably horn-beams—*carpini*) dedicated to Diana, one of which was so much admired by Passienus, the orator and consul, that he used to embrace it, sleep under it, and pour wine upon it. This is the spot described in Macaulay's 'Lays,' as that

‘—where, by Lake Regillus,
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum,
Was fought the glorious fight.’

And Arnold says :—

‘The lake of Regillus is now a small and weedy pool surrounded by crater-like banks, and with much lava or basalt about it, situated at some height above the plain, on the right hand of the road as you descend from the high ground under La Colonna (Labicum), to the ordinary level of the Campagna, in going to Rome.’—‘Hist. of Rome,’ i. 120.

‘The Battle of the Lake Regillus, as described by Livy, is not an engagement between two armies : it is a conflict of heroes, like those in the *Iliad*. All the leaders encounter hand to hand ; and by them the victory is thrown now into one scale, now into the other ; while the troops fight without any effect. The dictator Postumius wounds King Tarquinius, who at the first onset advances to meet him. T. Aebutius, the master of the horse, wounds the Latin dictator : but he himself too is disabled, and forced to quit the field. Mamilius, only aroused by his hurt, leads the cohort of the Roman emigrants to the charge, and breaks the front lines of the enemy ; this glory the Roman lays could not allow to any but fellow-citizens, under whatever banner they might be fighting. M. Valerius, surnamed Maximus, falls as he is checking their progress. Publius and Marcus, the sons of Publicola, meet their death in rescuing the body of their uncle, but the dictator with his cohort avenges them all, repulses the emigrants, and puts them to flight. In vain does Mamilius strive to retrieve the day : he is slain by T. Herminius, the comrade of Cocles. Herminius again is pierced through with a javelin, while stripping the Latin general of his arms. At length the Roman knights, fighting on foot before the standards, decided the victory : then they mounted their horses, and routed the yielding foe. During the battle the dictator had vowed a temple to the Dioscuri. Two gigantic youths on white horses were seen fighting in the van : and from its being said, immediately after the mention of the vow, that

the dictator promised rewards to the first two who should scale the wall of the enemy's camp, I surmise that the poem related nobody challenged these prizes, because the way for the legions had been opened by the Tyndarids. The pursuit was not yet over, when the two deities appeared at Rome, covered with dust and blood. They washed themselves and their arms in the fountain of Juturna, beside the temple of Vesta, and announced the events of the day to the people assembled in the Comitium. On the other side of the fountain the promised temple was built. The print of a horse's hoof in the basalt on the field of battle remained to attest the presence of the heavenly combatants.'—*Niebuhr's 'Hist. of Rome,' i. 557.*

On the right is the hill of *Monte Porzio*, said to have derived its name from the Porcian Villa of Cato the younger. It is crowned by a large village, built by Gregory XIII. (Buoncompagni), whose arms adorn its gateway. The church was consecrated by Cardinal York in 1766.

Beyond this, on the right, is *Monte Compatri*, a large village, cresting another hill, and belonging to the Borghese. Further on is *Rocca Priora*, now identified with Corbio, the first place attacked in behalf of Tarquin by the Latin confederates who, when they had expelled the garrison, hence ravaged all the surrounding country.

Rocca Priora stands high up on *Monte Algido*, the second of the heights of which the Alban hills are composed. On one of its peaks are remains which are referred to a temple of Diana mentioned by Horace.

‘ Quaeque Aventinum tenet Algidumque,
Quindecim Diana preces virorum
Curet.’—*Carm. Saec. 69.*

The plain which separated the Mons Algidus from the heights near Tusculum was frequently a battle-field. In B.C. 458 Cincinnatus gained here his great victory over the Aequians under Cloelius Gracchus; and here, in B.C. 428 Postumius Tubertus conquered the combined armies of the Aequians and Volscians.

‘ Scilicet hic olim Volscos Aequosque fugatos
Viderat in campus, Algida terra, tuis.’
Ovid, Fast. vi. 721.

Horace mentions the cold climate of Algidus :—

‘ Gelido prominet Algidus.’—*Carm.* i. 21.

‘ Nivali pascitur Algidus.’—III. 23.

And its black woods :—

‘ Nigrae feraci frondis in Algidus.’—IV. 4.

Silius Italicus, however, speaks of the pleasures of a residence here :—

‘ . . . Nec amoena retentant
Algida.’—XII. 536.

On the left we now reach an insulated hill crowned by the picturesque little mediaeval town of *Colonna*, for seven centuries the stronghold of the great family of that name, but now belonging to Prince Rospigliosi.

Colonna occupies the site of *Labicum*, which, according to Virgil, existed before the foundation of Rome, for he represents its warriors as joining the army of Turnus :—

‘ Auruncaeque manus, Rutuli, veteresque Sicani,
Et Sacrae acies, et picti scuta Labici.’

‘ *Aen.* vii. 795.

Hannibal approached Rome from hence :—

‘ Jamque adeo est campos ingressus et arva Labici,
Linquens Telegoni pulsatos ariete muros.’

‘ *Sil. Ital.* xii. 534.

Silius alludes to the fertility of its lands :—

‘ . . . atque habiles ad aratra Labici.’—VIII. 368.

Through the Middle Ages, *Colonna* was the scene of endless sieges, and consequently perhaps suffered more than any other town in the neighbourhood of Rome.

The private story of the *Colonna* and *Ursini* is an essential part of the annals of modern Rome. The name and arms of *Colonna* have been the theme of much doubtful etymology; nor have the orators and antiquarians overlooked either Trajan's Pillar, or the columns of *Hercules*, or the pillar of Christ's flagellation, or the luminous column that guided the Israelites in the desert. Their first historical

appearance in the year 1104 attests the power and antiquity, while it explains the simple meaning of the name. By the usurpation of Cavi, the Colonna provoked the arms of Paschal II.; but they lawfully held, in the Campagna of Rome, the hereditary fiefs of Zagarolo and *Colonna*; and the latter of these towns was probably adorned with some lofty pillar, the relic of a villa or temple. They likewise possessed one moiety of the neighbouring city of Tusculum; a strong presumption of their descent from the counts of Tusculum, who in the 10th century were the tyrants of the apostolic see. According to their own and the public opinion, the primitive and remote source was derived from the banks of the Rhine; and the sovereigns of Germany were not ashamed of a real or fabulous affinity with a noble race, which in the revolutions of seven hundred years has been often illustrated by merit, and always by fortune. About the end of the 13th century, the most powerful branch was composed of an uncle and six brothers, all conspicuous in arms, or in the honours of the Church. Of these, Peter was elected senator of Rome, introduced to the Capitol in a triumphant car, and hailed in some vain acclamations with the title of Caesar; while John and Stephen were declared Marquis of Ancona and Count of Romagna by Nicholas IV., a patron so partial to their family, that he has been delineated, in satirical portraits, imprisoned as it were in a hollow pillar. After his decease, their haughty behaviour provoked the displeasure of the most implacable of mankind. The two cardinals, the uncle and the nephew, denied the election of Boniface VIII.; and the Colonna were oppressed for a moment by his temporal and spiritual arms. He proclaimed a crusade against his personal enemies; their estates were confiscated; their fortresses on either side of the Tiber were besieged by the troops of S. Peter, and those of the rival nobles; and after the ruin of Palestrina or Praeneste, their principal seat, the ground was marked with a plough-share, the emblem of perpetual desolation. Degraded, banished, proscribed, the six brothers, in disguise and danger, wandered over Europe without renouncing the hope of deliverance and revenge. In this double hope, the French court was their surest asylum; they prompted and directed the enterprise of Philip; and I should praise their magnanimity, had they respected the misfortune and courage of the captive tyrant. His civil acts were annulled by the Roman people, who restored the honours and possessions of the Colonna; and some estimate may be formed of their wealth by their losses, of their losses by the damages of one hundred thousand gold florins, which were granted them against the accomplices and heirs of the deceased Pope. All the spiritual censures and disqualifications were abolished by his prudent successors; and the fortune of the house was more firmly established by this transient hurricane. The boldness of Sciarra Colonna was signalled in the captivity of Boniface, and long afterwards in the coronation of Lewis of Bavaria; and by

the gratitude of the Emperor the pillar in their arms was encircled with a royal crown. But the first of the family in fame and merit was the elder Stephen, whom Petrarch loved and esteemed as a hero superior to his own times, and not unworthy of ancient Rome. Persecution and exile displayed to the nation his abilities in peace and war ; in his distress, he was an object, not of pity, but of reverence ; the aspect of danger provoked him to avow his name and country ; and when he was asked, "Where is now your fortress ?" he laid his hand on his heart, and answered, "Here." He supported with the same virtue the return of prosperity ; and, till the ruin of his declining age, the ancestors, the character, and the children of Stephen Colonna exalted his dignity in the Roman Republic and at the court of Avignon.'—*Gibbon's 'Roman Empire,' ch. lxix.*

The ancient *Via Labicana*, now the high road to Naples by Valmontone, runs at the foot of the hill upon which Colonna is situated.

An excellent new road leads from Frascati to Palestrina, passing for the most part through the remains of the fine old chestnut forest, with which these mountain slopes were once covered. The road ascends first to Monte Porzio, which most picturesquely crowns an olive-clad hill with its gaily painted houses. Hence, by a beautiful terrace, with glorious views through the vineyards into the Sabina, we climb up to *Monte Compatri*, above which stands the great *Convent of S. Silvestro*. We are now high above Colonna, and Monte Porzio becomes very effective rising against the faint distances of the vast plain in which Rome is asleep. From Monte Compatri the new road descends, and falls into the high road from Rome before reaching the Villa Doria at S. Cesareo. On the left, Zagarolo is seen, in a striking position at the end of a ravine. We pass some Roman tombs hewn in the rocks of the hollow way ; the *Via Prenestina* with its ancient paving-blocks appears by the side of the road ; and, passing a great Casino called *Il Parco dei Barberini*, we reach the foot of the hill, up which Palestrina clammers, at the inn of S. Rocco.

(Grotta Ferrata and Marino are a very pleasant excursion from Rome, and may be taken between two trains from the Frascati station ; or, both Grotta Ferrata and Marino may be visited in driving from Frascati to Albano.)

The great castellated monastery of Grotta Ferrata is only about two miles from Frascati on the slopes of the Alban hills. It is the only Basilian monastery in Central Italy, and its monks perform the service in Greek according to the Greek ritual. The story of its foundation is that of S. Nilus.

S. Nilus was a Calabrian Greek, born at Rossano. He did not embrace a religious life till his thirtieth year, when his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, was dead, and then he became a Greek monk of the order of S. Basil, and soon was elected abbot of the convent of S. Maria del Patir. Driven by the Saracens from the east of Italy, he fled with his brotherhood to Monte Cassino, where the abbot received them kindly, and appointed them a residence in the neighbourhood. While he was here, Aloare, widow of Pandolfo, Prince of Capua, who had incited her two sons to the murder of their cousin, came to S. Nilus to beseech absolution of her crime. He refused, unless she would yield up one of her sons to the family of the murdered man, but she could not make up her mind to the sacrifice, upon which S. Nilus denounced her sin as unforgiven and foretold her punishment. Shortly after, one of the princes was assassinated in a church by his brother, who was himself put to death by order of Hugh Capet, King of France.

S. Nilus next took up his abode at Rome in the convent of S. Alexis, where he wrought many miracles, among others the cure of an epileptic boy. Rome was at this time distracted with internal dissensions, and had been besieged by the Emperor Otho III., who had persuaded Crescentius, Consul of Rome, by his false promises, to deliver up the castle of S. Angelo, and had there murdered him ; and, putting out the eyes of Pope John XVII., had set up Gregory V. in his place. S. Nilus alone ventured to oppose the marauders, rebuking them as the enemies of God, and

writing to the Emperor, ‘Because ye have broken faith, and because ye have had no mercy for the vanquished, nor compassion for those who had no longer the power to injure or resist, know that God will avenge the cause of the oppressed, and ye shall both seek for mercy and shall not find it.’ He then fled to Caeta, and afterwards to a cave at the spot now called Grotta Ferrata.

Two years after, Gregory V. died miserably, and Otho, on his knees at Grotta Ferrata, implored the intercession of Nilus, promising a rich endowment for his convent. But his offers were all sternly refused by the saint, who said with solemnity, that he asked nothing from him but that he would repent of his sins and save his own soul. In a few weeks Otho was obliged to fly from the people, and was poisoned by the widow of Crescentius. Nilus had betaken himself in 1004 to the solitudes of Grotta Ferrata because of the certainty of canonization if he remained at Caeta. Here, asleep in a grotto, he had a dream of the Virgin, who commanded him to build a church on that spot, placing a golden apple in the foundations, as a pledge of her protection. Nilus built the church, but first placed in the grotto, where he had received the mandate, a picture of the Virgin which he had brought with him from Caeta, and guarded it with an iron railing, which gave it the name of Grotta Ferrata. S. Nilus died in the same year with Otho, commanding that his burial-place should be concealed, in order that no undue honours might be paid to his remains; but over the cavern where he had lived, his friend and successor Bartolommeo began to raise the church and castellated convent of Grotta Ferrata, in which, in memory of the Greek Nilus, the rule of S. Basil should always be followed, and mass celebrated in the Greek language. The Count of Tusculum protected the work, which rose rapidly, and the church was consecrated by John XIX., only twenty years after the death of its founder. Several of the popes resided here, especially the boy Pope Benedict IX. (nephew of the Count of Tusculum), who had resigned the honours of the Papacy, of which he was most

unworthy, in 1033, at the entreaty of the first Abbot, S. Bartholomew. Pope Julius II. (Della Rovere) had been Abbot here, and began the buildings on which the Rovere oak may still be seen. He, the warlike Pope who commanded at the siege of Mirandola, built, as Abbot, the picturesque fortifications of the monastery. Benedict XIV. ordained that the Abbot, Prior, and Fathers of Grotta Ferrata should always celebrate in the Greek rite. The last Abbot Commendator was Cardinal Consalvi, who renounced the baronial jurisdiction which had hitherto belonged to the abbots in 1816.

Grotta Ferrata, at a distance, looks more like a castle than a monastery. It is surrounded by walls with heavy machicolations and low bastion towers. Within, the greater part of the two courts has been modernised, but the church retains its campanile of the 10th century. In the atrium is a black cross supposed to mark the exact height of our Saviour, and a model of the golden apple given by the Virgin to S. Nilus and buried in the foundations of the belfry. Over the western door (now enclosed) is the inscription:—

οἶκον Θεοῦ μέλλοντες εἰσβαίνειν πόλην
ἔξω γένουσθε τῆς μέθης τῶν φροντίδων
τούτη εὑμενῶς εἴροιτε τὸν κριτὴν ἔσω.

[Ye who would enter here the house of God
Cast out the intoxication of pride and worldly thought
That kindly ye may find the Judge within.]

Above, is a very interesting mosaic of 1005, representing the Saviour between the Virgin and S. J. Baptist, with a small standing figure supposed to represent the Abbot S. Bartholomew. The doors are beautifully carved. At the end of the right aisle is a curious piece of perforated carving found in the Campagna, and believed to have belonged to a screen between the nave and choir through which the voices of the monks could reach the congregation: it is inscribed with the names of the thirteen first abbots. At the end of the left aisle is the tomb of Pope Benedict IX., with the imperial

eagle in mosaic, and above it two angels with torches in their hands. In the middle of the floor is an enormous disk of porphyry: it was broken by the French in their attempts to remove it. Over the entrance of the choir is a second mosaic, of the Twelve Apostles, with the Saviour, typified by the Lamb, represented *below*, not *on* the throne. The high-altar, decorated with two angels of the Bernini school, sustains a reliquary of bronze with agate pillars, which was intended for S. Peter's, but, being found too small, was given to Grotta Ferrata by Cardinal Barberini.

From the left aisle we enter the famous chapel of the first Abbot S. Bartholomew. It is a parallelogram, with a small dome over the east end. At the west end is a curious urn used as a baptismal font. The walls are occupied by the famous frescoes of Domenichino.

'About the year 1610, when Cardinal Odoardo Farnese was Abbot of Grotta Ferrata, he undertook to rebuild a defaced and ruined chapel, which had in very ancient times been dedicated to the interesting Greek saints S. Adrian and his wife S. Natalia. The chapel was accordingly restored with great magnificence, rededicated to S. Nilus and his companion, S. Bartolommeo, who are regarded as the two first Abbots; and Domenichino, then in his twenty-eighth year, was employed to represent on the wall some of the most striking incidents connected with the foundation of the monastery.'

'The walls, in accordance with the architecture, are divided into compartments, varying in form and size. In the first large compartment he has represented the visit of Otho III. to S. Nilus; a most dramatic composition, consisting of a vast number of figures. The Emperor has just alighted from his charger, and advances in a humble attitude to claim the benediction of the saint. The accessories in this grand picture are wonderful for splendour and variety, and painted with consummate skill. The whole strikes us like a well-got-up scene. The action of a spirited horse, and the two trumpeters behind, are among the most admired parts of the picture. It has always been asserted that these two trumpeters express, in the muscles of the face and throat, the quality of the sounds they give forth. This, when I read the description, appeared to me a piece of fanciful exaggeration; but it is literally true. If painting cannot imitate the power of sound, it has here suggested both his power and kind, so that we *seem* to hear. Among the figures is that of a young page, who holds the emperor's horse, and wears over his light flowing hair a blue cap with a plume of

white feathers ; according to tradition, this is a portrait of a beautiful girl, with whom Domenichino fell violently in love while he was employed on the frescoes. Bellori tells us that, not only was the young painter rejected by the parents of the damsel, but that when the picture was uncovered and exhibited, and the face recognised as that of the young girl he had loved, he was obliged to fly from the vengeance of her relatives.

' The great composition on the opposite wall represents the building of the monastery after the death of S. Nilus by his disciple and coadjutor S. Bartolommeo. The master builder, or architect, presents the plan, which S. Bartolommeo examines through his spectacles. A number of masons and workmen are busied in various operations, and an antique sarcophagus, which was discovered in the foundation, and is now built into the wall of the church, is seen in one corner ; in the background is represented one of the legends of the locality. It is related that when the masons were raising a column, the ropes gave way, and the column would have fallen on the heads of the assistants, had not one of the monks, full of faith, sustained the column with his single strength.

' One of the lesser compartments represents another legend. The Madonna appears in a glorious vision to S. Nilus and S. Bartolommeo in this very Grotta Ferrata, and presents to them a golden apple, in testimony of her desire that a chapel should rise on this spot. The golden apple was reverently buried in the foundation of the belfry, as we now bury coins and medals when laying the foundation of a public edifice.

' Opposite is the fresco which ranks as one of the finest and most expressive of all Domenichino's compositions. A poor epileptic boy is brought to S. Nilus to be healed ; the saint, after beseeching the Divine favour, dips his finger into the oil of a lamp burning before the altar, and with it anoints the mouth of the boy, who is instantly relieved from his malady. The incident is simply and admirably told, and the action of the boy, so painfully true, yet without distortion or exaggeration, has been, and I think with reason, preferred to the epileptic boy in Raffaelle's Transfiguration.

' In a high, narrow compartment, Domenichino has represented S. Nilus before a crucifix ; the figure of our Saviour extends his arm in benediction over the kneeling saint, who seems to feel, rather than perceive, the miracle. This also is beautiful.

' S. Nilus having been a Greek monk, and the convent connected with the Greek order, we have the Greek fathers in their proper habits—venerable figures portrayed in niches round the cornice. The Greek saints, S. Adrian and S. Natalia, and the Roman saints, S. Agnes, S. Cecilia, and S. Francesca, are painted in medallions.

' A glance back at the history of S. Nilus and the origin of the

chapel will show how significant, how appropriate, and how harmonious is this scheme of decoration in all its parts. I know not if the credit of the selection belongs to Domenichino ; but, in point of vivacity of conception and brilliant execution, he never exceeded these frescoes in any of his subsequent works ; and every visitor to Rome should make this famous chapel a part of his pilgrimage.'—*Mrs. Jameson's 'Monastic Orders,'* p. 39.

Grotta Ferrata formerly possessed the finest Greek library in Italy, but its treasures were removed, partly to the Vatican by Sixtus V., and partly to the Barberini collection by Urban VIII. In the Palace of the Abbots, in Jan. 1824, died Cardinal Consalvi, the famous minister and friend of Pius VII., having survived his master only five months. His body, being opened after death, in consequence of unfounded suspicions, proved that he died from entirely natural causes.

About $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Grotta Ferrata, on the way to Albano, is the very picturesque mediaeval town of *Marino*, which has been identified, from inscriptions which have been found there, as occupying the site of Castrimonium, a town fortified by Sulla, and which continued to be a 'municipium' to the time of Antoninus Pius. As in the Middle Ages Colonna was a principal fortress of the family of that name, so Marino was the stronghold of the great rival family of the Orsini, from whom, however, it was wrested in the 14th century by the Colonna, who built the walls which still remain. The beautiful Vittoria Colonna was born here in 1490, being the daughter of Fabrizio, Grand Constable of the kingdom of Naples, and of Agnese de Montefeltro, daughter of Federigo, Duke of Urbino.

Beyond the town is the beautiful glen called *Parco Colonna*, once the 'Lucus Ferentinae,' which was the meeting-place of the Latin league after the destruction of Alba. A pleasant walk leads up the valley through the green wood fresh with rushing streams and carpeted with flowers, to a pool formed by several springs, with an old statue and remains of 17th century grottoes. One of the small springs on the right is pointed out as the 'Caput Aquae Ferentinae,' where

Turnus Herdonius of Aricia, who had inveighed against the pride of Tarquinius Superbus and warned his countrymen against placing any trust in him, having been accused of plotting the death of the King and condemned by the great council of the Latins, was drowned in the shallow water, being held down by a hurdle, upon which stones were piled.¹

¹ Livy, i. 50-52.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TIVOLI.

(Tivoli, 18 miles distant, is the most attractive of all the places in the neighbourhood of Rome, and the one excursion which none should omit, even if they are only at Rome for a week. A carriage with two horses ought not to cost more than 25 frs. for the day ; but the excursion is now rendered pleasanter and less fatiguing by the tram railway from the Porta S. Lorenzo, by which there are four trains each way daily in an hour and three-quarters. The line follows the high road, so that everything is as well seen as from a carriage, but there is very little beauty on the way to Tivoli. Those who wish to visit Adrian's villa may be set down by one train and go on by the next. The railway terminus is close to the castle of Tivoli and the Villa d' Este. Guides are quite unnecessary. It is best to proceed straight through the town to the Temple of the Sibyl, and then see the cascades, the exquisite view of the Cascatelle, and finally the Villa d' Este. Those who are not strong enough for the whole round should see the Cascatelle and the Villa d' Este. The circuit which Tivoli guides and donkey-men take strangers, through the woods and underneath the waterfalls, is very long and fatiguing. There are two hotels at Tivoli, *La Regina* (in the town), which is comfortable, clean, and well furnished, but where it is necessary to come to a very strict agreement as to prices on arriving, and *La Sibylla*, far humbler, but not uncomfortable, and in the most glorious situation. In the former, guest: are received *en pension* at 8 francs, at the latter at 6 francs a day. Those who stay long will find endless points of interest both in the place itself and the excursions which may be made from it. Visitors who are pressed for time may omit the Villa Adriana, but on no account the Villa d' Este.)

THE road to Tivoli follows the ancient Via Tiburtina for the greater part of its course, and leads through one of the most desolate and least interesting parts of the Campagna. Issuing from the Porta S. Lorenzo, we pass the great basilica of the same name, and descending into the valley of the Anio, cross the river by a modern bridge, near the ancient

Ponte Mammolo, which took its name (Pons Mammaeus) from Mammaea, mother of Alexander Severus.

The little river Teverone, or Anio, in which Silvia the mother of Romulus and Remus exchanged her earthly life for that of a goddess, adds greatly to the charm of the Campagna. It rises near Treba, in the Simbrivian hills, and flows through the gorges of Subiaco and the country of the Aequians till it forms the glorious falls of Tivoli. After this stormy beginning it assumes a most peaceful character, gliding gently between deep banks, and usually marked along the brown reaches of the burnt-up Campagna by its fringe of green willows. Silius calls it 'sulphureus,' from the sulphuretted hydrogen which is poured into it by the springs of Albula.

'Sulphureis gelidus qua serpit leniter undis
Ad genitorem Anio, labens sine murmure, Tybrim.'

Sil. Ital. xii. 539.

On its way through the plain a whole succession of historical brooks pour their waters into the Anio. Of these, the most remarkable, as we ascend it, are (on the left) the torrent Le Molette (the Ulmanus), the Magliano, the Tutia, and the Albula; and (on the right) the Marrana, and the Osa, which flows beneath the walls of Collatia. Nibby says that 'anciently the Anio was navigable from the Ponte Lucano to its mouth.' Strabo mentions 'that the blocks of travertine from the quarries near Tibur, and of Lapis Gabinus from Gabii, were brought to Rome by means of it. But in the dark ages the channel was neglected, and the navigation interrupted and abandoned.'

When we reach the dismal farm-buildings, which encircle the Osteria del Fornaccio, the caves of Cervara and the mediaeval towers of Rustica and Cervara are visible at no great distance, rising above the Campagna on the opposite bank of the Anio. There is nothing more of interest, except, here and there, the pavement of the ancient road, till we pass, on the left, the ruins of the mediaeval Castel Arcione, Across the Campagna, on the left, near the Sabine moun-

tains, the picturesque little hills called Montes Corniculani may be seen, their three summits occupied by the villages of S. Angelo, Colle Cesi, and Monticelli ; on the right we overlook the distant sites of Collatia and Gabii, with many other cities of the plain, whose exact positions are unknown. After crossing the brook Tuzia, the ancient Tutia on whose banks Hannibal encamped,¹ and leaving to the left the now drained Lago de' Tartari, a terrible smell of sulphur announces the neighbourhood, about a mile distant on the left, of the lakes of the *Solfatara*, the Aquae Albulae, from which a canal, cut in 1549 by Cardinal d' Este, to take the place of the ancient Albula, carries their rushing milk-white waters under the road towards the Anio. Here, near 'the hoary Albula,' was the hallowed grove of the Muses mentioned by Martial :—

‘Itur ad Herculei gelidas qua Tiburis arces,
Canaque sulphuris Albula fumat aquis ;
Rura, nemusque sacrum, dilectaque jugera Musis
Signat vicina quartus ab urbe lapis.’—‘Ep.’ i. 13.

There are now three lakes. On the largest, the *Lago delle Isole Natanti*, are some floating islands formed by matted weeds. The ruins near it, called Bagni della Regina, are supposed to have been the baths of Queen Zenobia during her semi-captivity at Tibur. The two smaller lakes have the names of *Lago di S. Giovanni* and *Lago delle Colonelle*. There is no reason for supposing the temple of Faunus ('Aen.' vii.), sometimes described as on this site, to have been in this neighbourhood. It was more probably at La Solfatara in the great Laurentine wood sacred to Picus and Faunus, whither, and not hither, the king of Laurentum would naturally go to consult the oracle.²

Two miles beyond the canal is the *Ponte Lucano*, well known by engravings from the beautiful picture by G. Poussin in the Doria Palace. Close beyond the bridge, rises,

¹ Livy, xxvi. 10.

² But two inscriptions have been found which show that there was once a temple of Cybele nere, and that the waters themselves were honoured as ‘Aquae Albulae Sanctissimae.’

embattled into a tower by Pius II., the massive round tomb of the Plautii, built by M. Plautius Silvanus in B.C. 1, and long used by his descendants. At *Barco*, near this, were the principal quarries for the travertine used in the buildings of ancient Rome.

About half a mile beyond the bridge, a lane to the left leads to the gates of the *Villa Adriana*, which is said once to have been from 8 to 10 miles in extent. It is believed to have been ruined during the siege of Tibur by Totila. The chief interest of the ruins arises from their vast extent, and they formerly received a charm from the lovely carpet of shrubs and flowers with which Nature had surrounded them. In spring nothing could exceed the beauty of the violets and anemones here, but all this has been destroyed by the stupidity and ignorance of the present authorities, and the villa, from being one of the most enchanting spots in Italy, is now a series of bare brick walls in an ugly naked country. Successive generations of antiquaries have occupied themselves with the nomenclature of the different masses of ruin, and they always disagree ; most travellers will consider such discussions of little consequence, and, finding them exceedingly fatiguing, will rest satisfied in the knowledge that the so-called villa was once a most stupendous conglomeration of unnecessary buildings.

'I went down to Adrian's villa with exalted ideas of its extent, variety, and magnificence. On approaching it, I saw ruins overgrown with trees and bushes ; I saw mixt-reticular walls stretching along the side of a hill, in all the confusion of a demolished town ; but I saw no grandeur of elevation, no correspondence in the parts. I went on. The extent and its variety opened before me—baths, academies, porticos, a library, a *palestra*, a *hippodrome*, a menagerie, a *naumachia*, an aqueduct, theatres both Greek and Latin, temples for different rites, and every appurtenance suitable to an imperial seat. But its magnificence is gone : it is removed to the Vatican, it is scattered over Italy, it may be traced in France. Anywhere but at Tivoli you may look for the statues and *caryatides*, the columns, the oriental marbles, and the mosaics, with which the villa was once adorned, or supported, or wainscoted, or floored.'—*Forsyth*.

'Autour de moi, à travers les arcades des ruines, s'ouvrailent des

points de vue sur la campagne romaine : des buissons de sureau remplissaient les salles désertes, où venaient se réfugier quelques merles solitaires ; les fragments de maçonnerie étaient tapissés de feuilles de scolopendre, dont la verdure satinée se dessinait comme un travail en mosaïque sur la blancheur des marbres. Ça et là de hauts cyprès remplaçaient les colonnes tombées dans ces palais de la mort. L'acanthe sauvage rampait à leurs pieds sur des débris, comme si la nature s'était plu à reproduire sur ces chefs-d'œuvre inutiles de l'architecture l'ornement de leur beauté passée ; les salles diverses, et les sommets des ruines, ressemblaient à des corbeilles et à des bouquets de verdure ; le vent en agitait les guirlandes humides, et les plantes s'inclinaient sous la pluie du ciel.'—*Chateaubriand*.¹

The villa formed part of a large estate purchased by Pius VI. It is now the property of his representative, Duke Braschi.

On *Monte Afflano*, which rises behind the Villa Adriana, to the south of Tivoli, most authorities place the site of the Latin city Aesula. The mountain of Tivoli is divided into three positions : Ripoli, towards the town ; Spaccato, in the centre ; and Monte Afflano, at the southern extremity. Porphyron (says Gell) has accurately described the position of Aesula as on this southern extremity of the mountain of Tibur.

'Udum Tibur propter aquarum copiam. Aesula, nomen urbis, alterius in latere montis constitutae.'

There are remains which tell of a city having stood here.

‘Aesulae
Declive contempleris arvum.’

Horace, ‘Od.’ iii. 29.

It was probably deserted on account of its inconvenient situation, and the temple of Bona Dea or Ops was its representative in later times.²

A winding road, constructed by the Braschi, leads up the hill to Tivoli, through magnificent olive-groves, the silvery trunks of the old trees caverned, loop-holed, and twisted in every possible contortion.

¹ The powerful description of Chateaubriand cannot be realised now, but is inserted, in the hope that the time will come when Nature will be permitted to restore the ruins of the Villa Adriana to their former beauty.

² See Gell's *Topography of Rome and its Vicinity*.

On the ascent it may be pleasant to consider the history of Tibur, which claims to go back much further than that of Rome. Dionysius says that it was a city of the Siculi, and called Siculetum or Sicilis, and others that the original inhabitants were expelled by Tiburtus, Coras, and Catillus, the three grandsons of Amphiaraus, the king and prophet of Thebes, who flourished a century before the Trojan war. Tibur was named after the eldest of the brothers.

'Tum gemini fratres Tiburtia moenia linquunt,
Fratri Tiburti dictam cognomine gentem,
Catillusque acerque Coras, Argiva juvenus.'
Aen. vii. 670.

'Jam moenia Tiburis uidi
Stabant, Argolicae quae posuere manus.'

Ovid, 'Fast.' iv. 71.

'Nullam, Vare, sacrâ vite prius severis arborem
Circa mite solum Tiburis, et moenia Catili.'

Horace, 'Od.' I. xviii. 1.

'Hic tua Tiburtes Faunos chelys et juvat ipsum
Alciden dictumque lyra majore Catilum.'

Statius 'Silv.' I. iii.

The inhabitants of Tibur frequently incurred the anger of Rome by the assistance they gave to the Gauls upon their inroads into Latium, and they were completely subdued by Camillus in B.C. 335. Ovid narrates how when they were requested to send back the Roman pipers, 'tibicines,' who had seceded to Tibur from offence which they had taken at an edict of the censors, they made them drunk, and took them thus in carts to Rome.

'Exilio mutant urbem, Tiburque recedunt.
—Exilium quodam tempore Tibur erat.—
Quaeritur in scena cava tibia, quaeritur aris :
Dicit supremos naenia nulla choros.'

'Alliciunt somnos tempus motusque merumque,
Potaque se Tibur turba redire putat.
Jamque per Esquilias Romanam intraverat urbem ;
Et mane in medio plaustra fuere foro.'

'Fasti' vi. 665.

The second line of this passage expresses the fact that Tibur was an asylum for Roman fugitives, a result of its never having been admitted to the Roman franchise.

In his Pontic Epistles, also, Ovid says :—

‘Quid referam veteres Romanae gentis, apud quos
Exsilium tellus ultima Tibur erat?’

‘Pont.’ i. Ep. 4.

Brutus and Cassius are said to have fled thither after the murder of Caesar. Under the earlier emperors, Tibur was the favourite retreat of the wealthy Romans—the Richmond of Rome—and, as such, it was celebrated by the poets. It was also the scene of the nominal imprisonment of Zenobia, the brave and accomplished Queen of Palmyra, who lived here after having appeared in the triumph of Aurelian. She was presented with a beautiful villa by the Emperor. ‘Here the Syrian queen insensibly sank into a Roman matron, her daughters married into noble families, and her race was not yet extinct in the 5th century.’¹ In an earlier age, Syphax, king of Numidia, died here B.C. 201, having been brought from Africa to adorn the triumph of Scipio. The town was surrendered by the Isaurian garrisons, which Belisarius had placed there, to the Goths under Totila, who both burnt and rebuilt it. In the 8th century the name was changed to Tivoli. In the wars of the Guelfs and Ghibellines it bore a prominent part, and was generally on the imperial side.

The climate of Tivoli was esteemed remarkably healthy, and was considered to have the property of blanching ivory.

‘Quale micat, semperque novum est, quod Tiburis aura
Pascit, ebur.’—*Sil. Ital. xii. 229.*

‘Lilia tu vincis, nec adhuc delapsa ligustra,
Et Tiburtino monte quod albet ebur.’

Martial, viii. 28.

But since the existence of malaria, modern poetry has told a different tale :—

¹ Gibbon, ch. xi.

'Tivoli di mal conforto,
O piove, o tira vento, o suona a morte.'

As we ascend the hill, its wonderful beauty becomes more striking at every turn.

'The hill of Tivoli is all over picture. The town, the villas, the rains, the rocks, the cascades, in the foreground ; the Sabine hills, the three Monticelli, Soracte, Frascati, the Campagna, and Rome in the distance ; these form a succession of landscapes superior, in the delight produced, to the richest cabinet of Claude's. Tivoli cannot be described : no true portrait of it exists : all views are poetical translations of the matchless original.'—*Forsyth*.

Close to the gate of the town, on the right, is the picturesque five-towered *Castle*, built by Pius II. (1458–64).

A street, full of mediaeval fragments, leads to *La Regina* and on to *La Sibylla*, which all artists will prefer, and which has never merited the description of George Sand :—

'L'affreuse auberge de la Sibylle, un vrai coupe-gorge de l'Opéra-Comique.'

It stands on the very edge of the precipice :—

'The green steep whence Anio leaps
In floods of snow-white foam.'—*Macaulay*.

This is an almost isolated quarter of the town, occupying a distinct point of rock, called *Castro Vetere*, which is supposed to have been the *Arx* or citadel of ancient Tibur —probably the Siclion of Dionysius. Here, on the verge of the abyss, with coloured cloths hanging out over its parapet-wall, as we have so often seen it in pictures, stands the beautiful little building which has been known for ages as the *Temple of the Sibyl*. It was once encircled by eighteen Corinthian columns, and of these ten still remain. In its delicate form and its rich orange colour, standing out against the opposite heights of Monte Peschiavatore, it is impossible to conceive anything more picturesque ; and the situation is sublime, perched on the very edge of the cliff overhung with masses of clematis and ivy, through which portions of the ruined arch of a bridge are just visible, while

below the river foams and roars. Close behind the circular temple is another little oblong temple of travertine, with Ionic columns, now turned into the Church of S. Giorgio. Those who contend that the circular temple was dedicated to Vesta, or to Hercules Saxanus, call this the Temple of the Sibyl; others¹ say it is the Temple of Tiburtus, the founder of the city; others that it was built in honour of Drusilla, sister of Caligula. We know from Varro that the tenth and last of the Sibyls, whose name was Albunea, was worshipped at Tivoli, and her temple seems to be coupled by the poets with the shrine of Tiburtus above the Anio.

' Illis ipse antris Anienus fonte relicto,
Nocte sub arcana glaucos exutus amictus,
Huc illuc fragili prosternit pectora musco :
Aut ingens in stagna cadit, vitreasque natatu
Plaudit aquas : illa recubat Tiburnus in umbra,
Illic sulphureos cupid Albula mergere crines.'

Statius, Silv. I. 3.

Close to the temples a gate will admit visitors into the beautiful walks begun by General Miollis, and finished under the Papal Government. Those who are not equal to a long round, should not enter upon these, and in taking a local guide it should be recollected that there is scarcely the slightest ground for anything they say, and that the names they give to villas and temples are generally the merest conjecture.

The walks, however, are charming, and lead by a gradual descent to the caves called the *Grottoes of Neptune and the Sirens*, into the chasm beneath which the Anio fell magnificently till 1826,² when an inundation which carried away a church and twenty-six houses led the Papal Government to divert the course of the river in order to prevent the temples from being carried away also, and to open the new artificial cascade, 320 feet high, in 1834. The Anio at Tivoli, as the Velino at Terni, has extraordinary petrify-

¹ Nibby, *Dintorni*, iii. 205.

² This fall, though natural, was itself the result of an inundation in A.D. 105, which is recorded by Pliny the Younger. (Ep. viii. 17.)

ing properties, and the mass of stalactites and petrified vegetation hanging everywhere from the rocks adds greatly to their wild picturesqueness.

' Puisque vous me dites que vous avez sous les yeux tous les guides et itinéraires de l'Italie pour suivre mon humble pérégrination, je dois vous prévenir que, dans aucun vous ne trouverez une description exacte de ces grottes, par la raison que les éboulements, les tremblements de terre, et les travaux indispensables à la sécurité de la ville, menacée de s'écrouler aussi, ou d'être emportée par l'Anio, ont souvent changé leur aspect. Je vais tâcher de vous donner succinctement une idée exacte ; car, en dépit des nouveaux itinéraires qui prétendent que ces lieux ont perdu leur principal intérêt, ils sont encore une des plus ravissantes merveilles de la terre.

' Je vous ai parlé d'un puits de verdure ; c'est ce bocage, d'environ un mille de tour à son sommet, que l'on a arrangé dans l'entonnoir d'un ancien cratère. L'abîme est donc tapissé de plantations vigoureuses, bien libres et bien sauvages, descendant sur les flancs de montagne presques à pic, au moyen des zig-zags d'un sentier doux aux pieds, tout bordé d'herbes et de fleurs rustiques, soutenu par des terrasses naturelles du roc pittoresque, et se dégageant à chaque instant des bosquets qui l'ombragent pour vous laisser regarder le torrent sous vos pieds, le rocher perpendiculaire à votre droite, et le joli temple de la Sibylle au-dessus de votre tête. C'est à la fois d'une grâce et d'une majesté, d'une aptet et d'une fraicheur qui résument bien les caractères de la nature italienne. Il me semble qu'il n'y a ici rien d'austère et de terrible qui ne soit tout à coup tempéré ou dissimulé par des voluptés souriantes.

' Quand on a descendu environ les deux tiers du sentier, il vous conduit à l'entrée d'une grotte latérale complètement inaperçue jusque-là. Cette grotte est un couloir, une galerie naturelle que le torrent a rencontrée dans la roche, et qui semble avoir été une des bouches du cratère dont le puits de verdure tout entier aurait été le foyer principal.

' De quelles scènes effroyables, de quelles dévorantes éjaculations, de quels craquements, de quels rugissements, de quels bouillonements affreux cette ravissante cavité de Tivoli a dû être le théâtre ! Il me semblait qu'elle devait son charme actuel à la pensée, j'allais presque dire au souvenir évoqué en moi, des ténébreuses horreurs de sa formation première. C'est là une ruine du passé autrement imposante que les débris des temples et des aqueducs ; mais les ruines de la nature ont encore sur celles de nos œuvres cette supériorité que le temps bâtit sur elles, comme des monuments nouveaux, les merveilles de la végétation, les frais édifices de la forme et de la couleur, les véritables temples de la vie.

'Par cette caverne, un bras de l'Anio se précipite et roule, avec un bruit magnifique, sur des lames de rocher qu'il s'est chargé d'aplanir et de creuser à son usage. A deux cents pieds plus haut, il traverse tranquillement la ville et met en mouvement plusieurs usines ; mais, tout au beau milieu des maisons et des jardins, il rencontre cette coulée volcanique, s'y engouffre, et vient se briser au bas du grand rocher, sur les débris de son couronnement détaché, qui gisent là dans un désordre grandiose.'—*George Sand, 'La Daniella.'*

The small ruins of two Roman bridges were rendered visible when the course of the river was changed. Ascending again the upper road beyond the falls, guides, on no authority whatever, point out some ruins as those of the villa of Volpiscus, a poet of the time of Domitian. That he had a property at Tibur, we know from the verses of Statius, who has left a pleasant account of the villa of his friend : his grounds appears to have extended on both sides of the river.

• Cernere facundi Tibur glaciale Vopisci
Si quis et inserto geminos Anicne penates,
Aut potuit sociae commercia noscere ripae.

Ingenium quam mite solo ! quae forma beatissima
Arte manus concessa locis ! Non largius usquam
Indulxit natura sibi. Nemora alta citatis
Incubuerunt vadis ; fallax responsat imago
Frondibus, et longas eadem fugit unda per umbras.
Ipse Anien—miranda fides — infraque superque
Saxeus, hic tumidam rabiem summosaque ponit
Nurmura, ceu placidi veritus turbare Vopisci
Pieriosque dies et habentes carmina somnos.
Litus utrumque domi, nec te mitissimus amnis
Dividit. Alternas servant praetoria ripas
Non externa sibi, fluviumve obstare queruntur.

Hic aeterna quies, nullis hic iura procellis,
Nusquam fervor aquis. Datur hic transmittere visus
Et voces, et paene manus.'—*Silv. I. 3.*

We now turn round the base of Monte Catillo to that of Monte Peschiavatore and the point opposite the Cascatelle, which is known to have borne the name of Quintiliolo in

the 10th century, and where a little church is still called *La Madonna di Quintiliolo*. It is possible this name may be derived from Quintilius Varus, and that his villa, mentioned by Horace¹ as near the town, may have been in this neighbourhood. Remains of a sumptuous villa with inlaid pavements and statues—especially two Fauns now in the Vatican—have certainly been found here.

Nothing can exceed the loveliness of the views from the road which leads from Tivoli by the chapel of S. Antonio



Tivoli

to the *Madonna di Quintiliolo*. On the opposite height rises the town with its temples, its old houses and churches, clinging to the edge of the cliffs, which are overhung with such a wealth of luxuriant vegetation as is almost indescribable ; and beyond, beneath the huge piles of building known as the Villa of Maecenas, the thousand noisy cataracts of the Cascatelle leap forth from the old masonry, and sparkle and dance and foam through the green—and all this is only the foreground to vast distances of dreamy campagna,

¹ Ode 1, 18.

seen through the gnarled hoary stems of grand old olive-trees—rainbow-hued with every delicate tint of emerald and amethyst, and melting into sapphire, where the solitary dome of S. Peter's rises, invincible by distance, over the level line of the horizon.

And the beauty is not confined to the views alone. Each turn of the winding road is a picture ; deep ravines of solemn dark-green olives which waken into silver light as the wind shakes their leaves—old convents and chapels buried in shady nooks on the mountain-side—thickets of laurestinus, roses, genista, jessamine, and the lovely *Styrax officinale*—banks of lilies and hyacinths, anemones and violets—grand masses of grey rock up which white-bearded goats are scrambling to nibble the myrtle and rosemary, and knocking down showers of the red tufa on their way ; and a road, with stone seats and parapets, twisting along the edge of the hill through a perfect diorama of loveliness, and peopled by groups of peasants, in their gay dresses, returning from their work, singing in parts wild *canzonetti* which echo amid the silent hills, or by women washing at the wayside fountains, or returning with brazen *conche* poised upon their heads, like stately statues of water-goddesses awakened into life.

'The pencil only can describe Tivoli ; and though unlike other scenes, the beauty of which is generally exaggerated in pictures, no representation has done justice to it, it is yet impossible that some part of its peculiar charms should not be transferred upon the canvas. It almost seems as if Nature herself had turned painter when she formed this beautiful and perfect composition.'—Eaton's 'Rome.'

Deep below Quintiliolo, reached by a path winding through grand old olive woods, is the *Ponte dell' Acqua*—'the bridge of the golden water,' so called from a beautiful spring which rises near it. It is a fine single arch of travertine, crossed by the Via Tiburtina.

We now cross the Anio by a wooden bridge, and ascend the Clivus Tiburtinus on the other side. Much of the ancient pavement remains. On the right of the road is the

curious circular-domed building, somewhat resembling the temple of Minerva Medica at Rome, and called by local antiquaries *Il Tempio della Tosse*, or 'The Temple of Cough,' the fact being that probably it was the sepulchre of the Turcia family, one of the members of which, Lucius Arterius Turcius, is shown by an inscription to have repaired the neighbouring road in the time of Constans. In the interior are some remains of 13th-century frescoes, which indicate that this was then used as a Christian church.

The *Via Constantina*, which leads into the town from the Ponte Lucano, falls into the *Via Tiburtina* near this.

On the brow of the hill we may now visit the immense ruins called *The Villa of Maecenas*, though there is no reason whatever to suppose that it was his villa, or even that he had a villa at Tibur at all. On the other side of the Teverone was the supposed villa of Horace, and the guides (without reason) declare that there was once a bridge between them, by which, as they assured Gray, 'andava il detto signor per trastullarsi coll' istesso Orazio.'¹

These ruins are the only remains in Tivoli which at all correspond with the allusions in the poets to the famous Heracleum, or Temple of Hercules, which was of such a size as to be quoted, with the waterfall, by Strabo as characteristics of Tivoli, just as the great Temple of Fortune was the distinguishing feature of Praeneste. It contained a library, and had an oracle, which answered by *sortes* like that of Praeneste. Augustus, when at Tibur, frequently administered justice in the porticoes of the Temple of Hercules. To trace all the poetical allusions to it would be endless : here are a few of them.

'Curve te in Herculeum deportant esseda Tibur.'

Propertius, II. 32.

'Tibur in Herculeum migravit nigra Lycoris.'

Martial, iv. 62.

'Venit in Herculeos colles : quid Tiburis alti
Aura valet ?'

Mart. vii. 12.

¹ Gray's Works, Letter xx.

' Nec mihi plus Nemee, priscumve habitabitur Argos,
Nec Tiburna domus, solisque cubilia Gades.'

Stat. Silv. iii. 1. 182.

' Quosque sub Herculeis taciturno flumine muris
Pomifera arva creant Anienicolaes Catilli.'

Sil. Ital. iv. 224.

We re-enter the town by a gate with Ghibelline battlements, near which are two curious mediaeval houses, one with a beautiful outside loggia. Passing through the dirty streets almost to the Porta Santa Croce, by which we entered Tivoli, a narrow alley on the right leads us to a little square, one side of which is occupied by the *Cathedral of S. Francesco*, a picturesque little building, with a good rose window. Behind the church is a *cella* of the age of Augustus, which some antiquaries have referred to the Temple of Hercules.

' But it would be difficult to regard these vestiges as forming part of a temple 150 feet in circumference, nor was it usual to erect the principal Christian church on the foundations of a heathen temple. It is pretty certain, however, that the Forum of Tibur was near the cathedral, and occupied the site of the present Piazza dell' Ormo and its environs, as appears from a Bull of Pope Benedict VI!, in the year 978. The round temple at the cathedral belonged therefore to the Forum, as well as the crypta-porticus, now called *Porto di Ercole* in the street *del Poggio*. The exterior of this presents ten closed arches about 200 feet in length, which still retain traces of the red plaster with which they were covered. Each arch has three loop-holes to serve as windows. The interior is divided into two apartments or halls by a row of twenty-eight slender pillars. Traces of arabesque painting on a black ground may still be seen. The mode of building shows it to be of the same period as the circular remains.'—Smith's '*Dict. of Greek and Roman Geography*'.

Close to the Cathedral is the door of the famous *Villa d' Este*, where we are admitted on ringing a bell, and crossing a court-yard, and descending a long vaulted passage, are allowed unaccompanied to enter and wander about in one of the grandest and wildest and most impressive gardens in the world. The villa itself, built in 1549, by Pirro Ligorio, for Cardinal Ippolito d' Este, son of Alfonso II., Duke of

Ferrara, is stately and imposing in its vast forms, bold outlines, and deeply-projecting cornices. Beneath it runs a broad terrace (rather too much grown up now), ending in an archway, which none but the most consummate artist would have placed where it stands, in glorious relief against the soft distances of the many-hued Campagna. Beneath the twisted staircases which lead down from this terrace, fountains send up jets of silvery spray on every succeeding level against the dark green of the gigantic cypresses, which line the main avenue of the garden, and which also, interspersed with the richer verdure of acacias and Judas trees, snowy or crimson with flowers in spring, stand in groups on the hill-side, with the old churches of Tivoli and the heights of Monte Catillo seen between them. The fountains at the sides of the garden are colossal, like everything else here, and overgrown with maiden-hair fern, and water glitters everywhere in stone channels through the dark arcades of thick foliage. Flowers there are few, except the masses of roses, guelder roses, and lilacs, which grow and blossom where they will. The villa now belongs to the Duke of Modena, the direct descendant of its founder.

Outside the Porta Santa Croce are the old Jesuits' College, with its charming terrace called *La Veduta*, and the *Villa Braschi*, in whose cellar the aqueduct of the Anio Novus may be seen. Some disappointment will doubtless be felt at the uncertainty which hangs over the different homes of the poets at Tivoli, especially over that of Horace, which was near the grove of Tiburnus;¹ but then, though the actual ruins pointed out to us may not have belonged to them, there is so much of which they tell us that remains unchanged, the luxuriant woods, the resounding Anio, the thymy uplands, that the very atmosphere is alive with their verses; and amid such soul-inspiring loveliness, one cannot wonder that Tibur was beloved by them.

'Mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet.'—*Horace, Ep. 1. 7.*

¹ *Suet. Vit. Hor.*

‘ Vester, Camoenae, vester in arduos
 Toller Sabinos : seu mihi frigidum
 Praeneste, seu Tibur supinum,
 Seu liquidae placuere Baiae.’—*Carm.* iii. 4.

‘ . . . Ego, apis Matinae
 More modoque
 Grata carpentis thyma per laborem,
 Plurimum circa nemus uvidique
 Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus
 Carmina fingo.’—*Carm.* iv. 2.

‘ Sed quae Tibur aquae fertile praefluunt,
 Et spissae nemorum comae,
 Fingent Aeolio carmine nobilem.’—*Carm.* iv. 3.

‘ Que de vers charmants dans Horace, consacrés à peindre ce Tibur tant aimé, ce délicieux Tivoli dont il est si doux de goûter après lui, je dirai presque avec lui, les impérissables enchantements ! Comment ne pas y murmurer cette ode ravissante dans laquelle, après avoir énuméré les beaux lieux qu'il avait admirés dans son voyage de Grèce, revenant à son cher Tibur, il s'écrie, comme d'autres pourraient le faire aussi : “ Rien ne m'a frappé autant que la demeure retentissante d'Albunée, l'Anio qui tombe, le bois sacré de Tiburnus, et les vergers qu'arrosent les eaux vagabondes ! ”

“ Quam domus Albuneae resonantis,
 Et praeceps Anio, ac Tiburni lucus, et uda
 Mobilibus pomaria rivis.”—*Carm.* i. 7.

Est-il rien de plus gracieux, de plus sonore, et de plus frais ? Malheureusement il ne reste d'Horace à Tivoli que les cascadelles, dont le murmure semble un écho de ses vers. Les ruines qu'on montre au voyageur, comme celles de la maison d'Horace, ne lui ont jamais appartenu, bien que déjà du temps de Suétone à Tibur on fit voir au curieux la maison du poète.—*Ampère, ‘Emp. Rom.’* i. 360.

Catullus had a villa here on the boundary between the Sabine and Tiburtine territories, but which he chose to consider in the latter, while his friends, if they wished to tease him, said it was Sabine :—

‘ O funde noster, seu Sabine, seu Tiburs
 (Nam te esse Tiburtem autumant, quibus non est
 Cordi Catullum laedere : at quibus cordist,
 Quovis Sabinum pignore esse contendunt),

Sed seu Sabine sive verius Tiburs,
 Fui libenter in tua suburbana
 Villa, malamque pectore expuli tossim.'—*Carm.* xliv.

Here also lived 'Cynthia,' whose real name was Hostia, the beloved of Propertius, who did not hesitate to test his devotion by summoning him to face the dangers of the road from Rome to Tibur at midnight.

' Nox media, et dominae mihi venit epistola nostrae,
 Tibure me missa jussit adesse mora,
 Candida qua geminas ostendunt culmina turres,
 Et cadit in patulos lympha Aniena lacus.'—*Prop.* iv. 16.

And here she died and was buried, and her spirit, appearing to her lover, besought him to take care of her grave.

' Pelle hederam tumulo, mihi quae pugnante corymbo
 Mollia contortis alligat ossa comis.
 Pomosum Anio qua spumifer incubat arvis,
 Et nunquam Herculeo numine pallet ebur.
 Hic carmen media dignum me scribe columna,
 Sed breve, quod currens vector ab urbe legat,
 Hic Tiburtina jacet aurea Cynthia terra :
 Accessit ripae laus, Aniene, tuae.'—V. 7.

Beyond the Porta Santa Croce is the suburb *Carciano*, a corruption from Cassianum, its name in the 10th century, from the villa of the gens Cassia, of which there are considerable remains beneath the Greek College. From the excavations made here in the reign of Pius VI. many of the finest statues in the Vatican were obtained, especially those in the Hall of the Muses.

(The excursion to Licenza and Monte Gennaro is one of the most interesting which can be made from Tivoli. A carriage may be taken from Tivoli to the farm of Horace himself, or good walkers may take the morning diligence to Subiaco as far as S. Cosimato, and walk from thence to Licenza, returning to meet the diligence in the evening. For the excursion to Monte Gennaro, horses must be ordered beforehand.)

Soon after leaving Tivoli some magnificent arches of the

Claudian Aqueduct are seen crossing a ravine on the left, through which a road leads to *Ampiglione* (probably the ancient Empulum), where some of the ancient walls remain. Then, also on the left, rises the most picturesque village of *Castel Madama* crowning a ridge of hills. Then the road passes close to some ruins supposed to be those of the tomb of C. Maenius Bassus, of the time of Caligula.

Seven miles from Tivoli we reach *Vicovaro*, the Varia of Horace. Some of the ancient walls remain, of huge blocks of travertine. The place now belongs to Count Bolognetti Cenci, who has a dismal palace here. At one end of a piazza facing the principal church in the upper town is the beautiful *Chapel of S. Giacomo*, built for one of the Orsini, Count of Tagliacozzo, by Simone, a pupil of Brunelleschi, who (says Vasari) died when he was employed upon it. It is octagonal, with a dome crowned by the figure of a saint. The Italian-Gothic is very peculiar. The principal door is richly adorned with saints : above are angels floating over the Virgin and Child, their attitude of adoration very beautiful. S. Severa is buried here as well as at Anagni ! Pope Pius II. in his 'Commentaria' (LVI) speaks of this church as 'nobile sacellum ex marmore candidissimo,' and as adorned with 'statuis egregiis.' Of late years it has become important as a place of pilgrimage from 'the miraculous picture' which it contains.

A short distance beyond Vicovaro, almost opposite the convent of S. Cosimato (see 'Southern Italy'), a road to the left turns up the valley of Licenza. On the right is the castle of the Marchese del Gallo. About two miles up the valley, on the left, the castle of *Rocca Giovane* is seen rising above its little town. Here was a temple of Vacuna, the Victoria of the Sabines.

The scenery is now classical, for

‘where yon bar
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight
The Sabine farm was till’d, the weary bard’s delight.’
‘Childe Harold.’

The village upon the right, *Bardella*, is Mandela. Between us and it flows the brook *Licenza*, the Digentia of Horace; the hill in front, *Monte Libretti*, is the famous Mons Lucretilis.

' Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit, rugosus frigore pagus ;
Quid sentire putas ? quid credis, amice, precari ?
Sit mihi quod nunc est.'—'Epist.' i. xviii. 104.

' Velox amoenum saepe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycaeum Faunus, et igneam
Defendit aestatem capellis
Usque meis pluviosque ventos.'—'Carm.' i. 17.

The Sabine farm was presented to Horace by Maecenas,
c. B.C. 33.

' To the munificence of Maecenas we owe that peculiar charm of the Horatian poetry, that it represents both the town and country life of the Romans of that age ; the country life, not only in the rich and luxurious villa of the wealthy at Tivoli, or at Baiae ; but in the secluded retreat and among the simple manners of the peasantry. It might seem as if the wholesome air which the poet breathed, during his retirement on his farm, re-invigorated his natural manliness of mind. There, notwithstanding his love of convivial enjoyment in the palace of Maecenas and other wealthy friends, he delighted to revert to his own sober and frugal way of living.'—*Milman*.

The road comes to an end on the margin of the clear brook Digentia, which is here sometimes swollen into a broad river by the winter rains. On the further side of the wide stony bed it has made for itself rises *Licenza*, cresting a high hill and approached by a steep rocky path through the olives. Further up the valley is the 'Fonte Blandusino,' still pointed out as the spring of Horace. Just where the road ends, a steep bank covered with chestnuts rises on the left. Passing through the wood (only a few steps from the road) to a garden, we find a *contadino*, who shovels up the rich loam with his spade, exposes a bit of tessellated pavement, and says 'Ecco la villa d' Orazio.'

' The Sabine farm was situated in the valley of Ustica, thirty miles from Rome, and twelve miles from Tivoli. It possessed the attraction,

no small one to Horace, of being very secluded—Varia (Vico Varo), the nearest town, being four miles off—yet, at the same time, within an easy distance of Rome. When his spirits wanted the stimulus of society or the bustle of the capital, which they often did, his ambling mule could speedily convey him thither ; and when jaded, on the other hand, by the noise and racket and dissipations of Rome, he could, in the same homely way, bury himself within a few hours among the hills, and there, under the shadow of his favourite Lucretius, or by the banks of the clear flowing and ice-cold Digenzia, either stretch himself to dream upon the grass, lulled by the murmurs of the stream, or do a little farming in the way of clearing his fields of stones, or turning over a furrow here and there with the hoe. There was a rough wildness in the scenery and a sharpness in the air, both of which Horace liked,



Licenza.

although, as years advanced, and his health grew more delicate, he had to leave it in the colder months for Tivoli or Baiae. He built a villa upon it, or added to one already there, the traces of which still exist. The farm gave employment to five families of free *coloni*, who were under the superintendence of a bailiff ; and the poet's domestic establishment was composed of eight slaves. The site of the farm is at the present day a favourite resort of travellers, of Englishmen especially, who visit it in such numbers, and trace its features with such enthusiasm, that the resident peasantry, “who cannot conceive of any other source of interest in one so long dead and unsainted than that of co-patriotism or consanguinity,”¹ believe Horace to have been an Englishman. What aspect it presented in Horace’s time we gather from one of his Epistles (i. 16) :—

¹ Letter by Mr. Dennis; Milman’s *Horace*, London, 1849, p. 109.

"About my farm, dear Quinctius : You would know
 What sort of produce for its lord 'twill grow ;
 Plough-land is it, or meadow-land, or soil
 For apples, vine-clad elms, or olive-oil ?
 So (but you'll think me garrulous) I'll write
 A full description of its form and site.
 In long continuous lines the mountains run,
 Cleft by a valley which twice feels the sun—
 Once on the right, when first he lifts his beams ;
 Once on the left, when he descends in streams.
 You'd praise the climate well, and what d'ye say
 To sloes and cornels hanging from the spray ?
 What to the oak and ilex, that afford
 Fruit to the cattle, shelter to their lord ?
 What, but that rich Tarentum must have been
 Transplanted nearer Rome, with all its green ?
 Then there's a fountain, of sufficient size
 To name the river that takes thence its rise—
 Not Thracian Hebrus colder or more pure,
 Of power the head's and stomach's ills to cure.
 This sweet retirement—nay, 'tis more than sweet—
 Insures my health even in September's heat." (C.)

'This was clearly the "Angulus iste," the nook which "restored him to himself"—this the lovely spot which his steward longed to exchange for the slums of Rome. Below lay the green sward by the river, where it was sweet to recline in slumber. Here grew the vine, still trained, like his own, on the trunks and branches of trees. Yonder the brook which the rain would swell till it overflowed its margin, and his lazy steward and slaves were fain to bank it up ; and above, among a wild jumble of hills, lay the woods where, on the Calends of March, Faunus interposed to save him from the attack of the wolf as he strolled along unarmed, singing of the soft voice and sweet smiles of his Lalage !'—*Horace, by Theo. Martin in 'Classics for English Readers.'*

Visitors to Licenza will be glad further to beguile the long drive with the following extract :—

'Entering the valley which opens to the north. On a height which rises to the right stand two villages, Cantalupo and Bardela ; the latter is supposed to be the Mandela, which the poet describes as *rugosus frigore pagus* ; and, certes, it stands in an airy position, at the point of junction of the two valleys. You soon come to a small stream, of no remarkable character, but it is the Digestia, the *gelidus rivus*, at which the poet was wont to slake his thirst—*me quoties reficit*—and which

flows away through the meadows to the foot of the said hill of Bardela —*quem Mandela bibit*. You are now in the Sabine valley, so fondly loved and highly prized.

“ Cur valle permutem Sabinâ
Divitias operosiores ? ”

‘ A long lofty ridge forms the left-hand barrier of the valley. It is Lucretilis. It has no striking features to attract the eye—with its easy swells, undulating outline, and slopes covered with wood, it well merits the title of *amoenus*, though that was doubtless due to its grateful shade, rather than to its appearance. Ere long you espy, high up beneath the brow of the mountain, a village placed on a precipitous grey cliff. It is Rocca Giovane, now occupying the site of the ruined temple of Vacuna.

‘ On a conical height in this valley stands the town of Licenza ; while other loftier heights tower behind, from which the village of Civitella, apparently inaccessible, looks down on the valley like an eagle from its eyrie. In the foreground a knoll crested with chestnuts, rising some eighty or a hundred feet above the stream, marks the site of the much-sung farm.

‘ This knoll stands at a bend of the stream, or rather at the point where several rivulets unite to form the Digentia. Behind the knoll stood the farm. Its mosaic pavement, still shown, is black and white, in very simple geometrical figures, and, with the other remains, is quite in harmony with an abode where

“ Non ebur neque aureum
Meâ renidet in domo lacunar :
Non trabes Hymettiae
Premunt columnas ultimâ recisas
Africâ.”

‘ From the poet’s description, we learn that his land was little cultivated :

“ Quid, si rubicunda benigna
Corna vepres et pruna ferunt ? si quercus et ilex
Multâ fruge pecus, multâ dominum juvat umbrâ ? ”

You may remember, too, that he says of the neighbourhood :—

“ Angulus iste feret piper et thus ocyus uvâ.”

‘ *Tempora mutantur*, and soils may change also—the cultivation of nineteen centuries has rendered this more fertile ; for vines hang in festoons from tree to tree over the site of his abode ; the cornels and sloes have in great measure given way to the olive and fig ; and the walnut and Spanish chestnut have taken the place of the oak and ilex. Nevertheless the poet’s description still holds good of the uncultivated spots

in the neighbourhood, which are overrun with brambles and are fragrant with odoriferous herbs ; and until late years the ground was covered with wood—with *cere* and *quercie*, different kinds of oak, and with scarlet-holm and Spanish chestnut.

'The farm is situated on a rising ground, which sinks with a gentle slope to the stream, leaving a level intervening strip, yellow in the harvest. In this I recognized the *pratum apricum*, which was in danger of being overflowed. The *apraca rura* were probably then, as now, sown with corn—*purae rruus aquae, et segetis lecta fides meae*. Here it must have been that the poet was wont to repose after his meal : *prope rivum somnus in herbâ* ; and here his personal efforts, perhaps, to dam out the stream, provoked his neighbours to a smile—

“Rident vicini glebas et saxa moventem.””

—From a Letter by G. Dennis—‘*De Villa Horati*’—given in Millman’s ‘*Works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus*.’

Those who are able to encounter rather a rough walk will not be satisfied without trying to reach the spring, which is supposed to be the Fons Blandusiae.

'The spring now commonly called the “*Fonte Blandusia*” rises at the head of a narrow glen, which opens into the broader valley of the Digentia just beyond the farm, and stretches up for two or three miles into the heart of the mountains, dividing Lucretialis from Ustica. This is evidently the *reducta vallis*, to which Tyndaris was invited ; and is known by the peasants as the “*Valle Rustica*,” than which no name could be more appropriate : though it probably was not conferred with reference to the scenery, but as a corruption of “*Ustica*.” Whether *Ustica cubans* were a mountain or valley, or both, as hath been opined, I leave to the critics to determine ; but the mountain on the right of the glen, which contrasts its recumbent form with the steep-browed Lucretialis, is still called ‘*Ustica*,’ and sometimes ‘*Rustica*,’ by the peasantry. The penultimate, however, is now pronounced short. The streamlet is called “*Le Chiuse* ;” it is the same which flows beneath the villa, and threatens the “*pratum apricum*.” I ascended its course from the farm, by the path which Horace must have taken to the fountain. It flows over a rocky bed, here overshadowed by dwarf-willows, there by wide-spreading fig-trees, and is flanked by vineyards for some distance. Then all cultivation ceases—the scenery becomes wilder—the path steeper—the valley contracts to a ravine—a bare grey and red rock rises on the right, schistose, rugged and stern; another similar cliff rises opposite, crested with ilex, and overtopped by the dark head of Lucretialis. As I approached the fountain I came to an open grassy spot, where cattle and goats were feeding.

“ Tu frigus amabile
Fessis vomere tauris
Praebeas, et pecori vago.”

The spot is exquisitely Arcadian; no wonder it captivated the poet's fancy. It is now just as it must have met his eye. During the noon tide heat, the vast Lucretilis throws his grateful shade across the glen.

“ et igneum
Defendit aestatem capellis.”

‘Goats still wander among the underwood, cropping *arbuto*s et *thyma* which cover the ground in profusion, or frisking amongst the rocks as smooth-faced *-levia saxa*—as when they re-echoed the notes of the poet's pipe.

‘Crossing the stream by the huge rocks which almost choke its bed, I climbed through brambles and sloes to the fountain. It is a most picturesque spot. Large masses of moss-clad rock lie piled up in the cleft between the hills, and among them the streamlet works its way, overshadowed by hanging woods of ilex, beech, horn-beam, maple, chestnut, nut, and walnut, which throw so dense a shade, that scarcely a ray of the all-glaring sun can play on the turf below.

“ Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae
Nescit tangere : tu frigus amabile
Praebeas.”

The water springs from three small holes at the top of a shelving rock of no great height, and glides down into a sandy basin, which it overflows, trickling in a slender thread over the rocks into a small pool, and thence sinking in a mimic cascade into the rugged channel which bears it down the glen. From the rocks which separate the upper from the lower basin of the fountain, springs a moss-grown walnut-tree, which stretches its giant limbs over the whole. The water itself merits all that has been said or sung of it; it is verily *splendidior vitro*. Nothing—not even the Thracian Hebrus—can exceed it in purity, coolness, and sweetness.

“ Hae latebrae dulces, et jam (si credis) amoena !”

Well might the poet choose this as a retreat from the fierce noon tide heat. Here he could lie the live-long day on the soft turf and sing

“ ruris amoeni
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque,”

while his goats strayed around, cropping the cyclamen which decks the brink of the fountain, or the wild strawberries and sweet herbs which scent the air around. Here, while all nature below was fainting with the heat, might he enjoy the grateful shade of Lucretilis. Or here might he well sing the praises of the fountain itself, as he listened to its

"babbling waters," and feasted his eye on the rich union of wood and rock around it.

" Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
Saxis, unde loquaces
Lymphae desilunt tuae."

'Just as it was then, so is it now—even to the very ilices overhanging the hollow rocks whence it springs. And so exactly, in every particular, does this fountain answer to the celebrated Fons, that my faith in its identity is firm and steadfast.'—*G. Dennis.*

The ascent of *Monte Gennaro* may be made from Licenza, but it is better to make it from Tivoli itself, whence a carriage may be taken to *Polo*, and horses ordered there. Hence it is a constant ascent over ridges of hill till we reach the long upland valley called *Val de Paradiso*, which is exceedingly beautiful, covered in spring with primroses, crocuses, heart's-ease, and many of the mountain flowers of Switzerland. Here herds of cattle feed under the shade of the ilexes. The last part of the ascent is very steep and entirely over rock. The view from the top, 3,965 feet above the sea, is magnificent, though many will doubt whether it is sufficiently finer than that from Monte Cavo to repay the fatigue of an excursion which is certainly very long and tiring, though it is exaggerated by the hotel-keepers at Tivoli, and though the start at 3 A.M., which is urged by them, is altogether unnecessary : 6 or 7 A.M. being quite early enough.

It is best to descend by the almost perpendicular staircase called *La Scarpellata*, but the steps are very rugged and of course can only be traversed on foot. There is a pleasant ride through meadows from S. Francesco, ascending afterwards by the olive-woods, and coming up to Tivoli by the Madonna del Quintilio. The low isolated hills called *Montes Corniculani* (which may be made the object of a separate excursion from Tivoli) are left a little to the right. Their southern height is occupied by the village of *Monticelli*, the next by *Colle Cesi*, the northern by *S. Angelo in Capoccio*. All the villages are ruinous, but contain many picturesque bits. *S. Angelo* is supposed to occupy the site

of *Corniculum*, which was burnt by Tarquin. The widow of its slain chieftain, Ocrisia, was taken, after the siege, to Rome, where she was delivered of a boy, who was educated in the house of Tarquin, and became King Servius Tullius. Some ancient walls of Cyclopean masonry remain : the interstices between the large stones are filled in with smaller ones.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LUNGHEZZA AND GABII.

(Gabii, 11 miles from Rome, is a pleasant short day's excursion from Rome in a carriage (which, with two horses, ought not to cost more than 15 francs). On horseback Gabii, Collatia, and Lunghezza may be visited in the same day.)

THE road which leads to Gabii is the *Via Praenestina*, sometimes called *Via Gabina*, which emerges from the Porta Maggiore, and turns to the left (the central road of three). On the left, about half a mile from the walls, we pass a tomb said to be that of T. Quintus Atta, A.U.C. 678. Then crossing a small streamlet in a hollow, believed to be the *Aqua Bollicante*, which marked the limits of ancient Rome, where the Arvales sang their hymn, we reach the ruins of the *Torre degli Schiavi*, the villa and temple of the Gordian Emperors (see 'Walks in Rome,' ii.), which in their richness of colour, backed by the lovely mountains of the Sabina, present one of the most beautiful scenes in the whole Campagna.

[At the foot of the little hill on which the Torre degli Schiavi stands, the road to Lunghezza turns off to the left. On the left is now seen the castellated farm of the Borghese called *Cervaretto*, rising above the low marshy ground. The field-road which passes in front of the further side of this castle leads on a mile further to another Campagna castle, *Cervara*, a most picturesque red-brick tower with some farm buildings attached to it.

Close to this, are the famous *Caves of Cervara*, which are said to have been formed when excavating the materials for the Coliseum. It is a strange place. You are quite unconscious of any break in the wide grassy Campagna, till

you suddenly find yourself on the edge of a precipice, with deep, narrow, miniature ravines yawning beneath you and winding in all directions till they emerge on a meadow near the Anio. And when you descend into these, openings in the rocks beneath lead into vast chambers opening one upon another, their roof supported by huge pillars of natural rock, while the floor is deep in sand, and long tresses of ivy, and branches of flowering laurestinus, wave in upon the gloom, whenever the light streams in through a rift overhead. One point is especially charming, where the Anio and the hills beyond it are seen through a great arch of natural rock.

In May these solitudes are enlivened by the revels of the *Festa degli Artisti*, which is well worth seeing. Some



Cervara.

historical scene, such as the triumph of Vitellius (as in 1870), is taken as the groundwork of a costumed procession—tournaments are held in the meadow near the Anio, wonderful cavalcades of Arabs in rich dresses ride waving their long spears through the Petra-like ravines, and a bellowing Dragon vomiting forth fire and smoke emerges from the caves, and is slain by an imaginary S. George in the rock-girt hollow.

About two miles beyond Cervara, the tall tower of *Rustica* rises above the swellings of the Campagna. It stands on the very edge of the Anio in a beautiful situation, and is well worth visiting. It was once the property of Aelius, father of the Emperor Lucius Verus, who was adopted by

Hadrian as his successor. Rustica is most easily seen from the opposite side of the river, reached by the road to Tivoli, turning off to the right beyond Ponte Mammolo. Returning to the Via Collatina, a tolerable road leads us over an uninhabited part of the Campagna for about five miles further. Then it descends into the valley of the Anio, which is here bordered with willows. The great castle or rather fortified farm of *Lunghezza* is seen on the opposite slope, backed by the purple peaks of the Sabina. This was an ancient possession of the Strozzi family, but has lately been sold to the Duke of Grazioli, one of the richest of the modern Roman nobles.

'C'est le bon plaisir des souverains pontifes qui a fait entrer quelques riches parvenus dans l'aristocratie romaine.'

'Un boulanger du nom de Grazioli fait une grande fortune, et le pape ordonne qu'il soit inscrit sur la liste du patriciat romain. Il achète une baronnie et le pape le fait baron. Il achète un duché et le voilà duc Grazioli. Son fils épouse une Lante de la Rovere.'—*About*.

There is little remarkable about Lunghezza, except its situation, but some hours may be pleasantly spent in sketching on the river-bank lower down the valley.

A pleasant walk of about two miles up the stream of the Osa (turning to the left in descending from the Castle) leads along fields and through a wood, filled in spring with the snowdrops which are sold in Rome in such abundance, to the ruined castle called *Castellaccio* or *Castello dell' Osa*, which occupies a declivity of lava on the left of the stream.

It is disputed whether Castel dell' Osa or Lunghezza is the site of the famous Collatia. Beneath the ruined castle near the Osa some fragments of ancient wall, in regular blocks, may be observed, but this is the only fact in favour of its being the site of the home of Lucretia; while Sir W. Gell, in favour of Lunghezza, draws attention to the existence of the Via Collatina (apparently leading direct to Lunghezza), which would have been unnecessary had Collatia occupied a site such as Castel dell' Osa, which is

only two miles from Gabii, as a slight turning from the Via Gabina would have led to it. Lunghezza accords much better than Castel dell' Osa with the description of Virgil:—

‘Collatinas imponent montibus arces.’

‘*Aen.* vi. 774.

Virgil and Dionysius notice Collatia as a colony of Alba Longa. It was reduced into subjection to Rome in the reign of Tarquinius Priscus, who established a garrison there, and appointed his nephew Egerius as its governor, who forthwith took, and transmitted to his descendants, the name of Collatinus. His daughter-in-law, Lucretia, was residing here during the siege of Ardea, and thus Collatia became the scene of the events which led to the overthrow of the Roman monarchy.

‘As the king's sons and their cousin L. Tarquinius were sitting over their cups at Ardea, a dispute arose about the virtue of their wives. This cousin, surnamed Collatinus, from Collatia, where he dwelt as a dependent prince, was the grandson of Aruns, the elder brother of the first Tarquinius, after whose death Lucumo removed to Rome. Nothing was doing in the field : so they straightway mounted their horses to visit their homes by surprise. At Rome, the princesses were revelling at a banquet, surrounded by flowers and wine. From thence the youths hastened to Collatia, where at the late hour of the night Lucretia the wife of Collatinus was spinning amid the circle of her handmaids.

‘ . . . The next day Sextus, the eldest of the king's sons, returned to Collatia, and, according to the rights of gentle hospitality, was lodged in his kinsman's house. At the dead of night he entered sword in hand into the matron's chamber, and by threatening that he would lay a slave with his throat cut beside her body, would pretend to have avenged her husband's honour, and would make her memory for ever loathsome to the object of her love, wrung from her what the fear of death could not obtain.

‘Who after Livy can tell of Lucretia's despair ? She besought her father and her husband to come to her, for that horrible things had taken place. Lucretius came, accompanied by P. Valerius, who afterwards gained the name of Publicola ; Collatinus with the outcast Brutus. They found the disconsolate wife in the garb of mourning, sitting in a trance of sorrow. They heard the tale of the crime, and swore to avenge her. (Saying, “I am not guilty, yet must I too share the punishment, lest any should think that they may be false to their husbands

and live," Lucretia drew a knife from her bosom, and stabbed herself to the heart.) Over the body of Lucretia, as over a victim, the vows of vengeance were renewed. Her avengers carried the corpse into the market-place of Collatia. The citizens renounced Tarquinius, and promised obedience to the deliverers. Their young men attended the funeral procession to Rome. With one voice the decree of the citizens deposed the last king from his throne, and pronounced sentence of banishment against him and his family.'—*Niebuhr's 'Hist. of Rome.'*

Silius Italicus notices Collatia as the birth-place of the elder Brutus:—

' . . . altrix casti Collatia Bruti.'—VIII. 363.

In the time of Strabo¹ Collatia was little more than a village. It is only two miles from the ruins to Gabii up the valley of the Osa.]

From the Torre degli Schiavi the usual road to Gabii runs through an excessively wild and open part of the Campagna. Here and there a tomb or a tower breaks the wide expanse. Far on the left is the great castle of Cervaretto, and beyond it Cervara and Rustica ; further still is the Tor dei Pazzi. To the left the valley is seen opening towards the Hernican and Volscian hills, between the great historic sites of Praeneste and Colonna. All is most beautiful, yet unutterably desolate:—

' The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers.'

Now, on the left, rises, on a broad square basement, the fine tower called *Tor Tre Teste*, from the three heads (from a tomb) built into its walls. Beyond, also on the left, is the *Tor Sapienza*.

The eighth mile from Rome is interesting as the spot where Roman legend, as narrated by Livy,² tells that Camillus overtook the army of the Gauls laden with the spoils of Rome, and defeated them so totally, that he left not a single man alive to carry the news home to their countrymen.

' Among the fictions attached to Roman history, this was one of the first to be rejected.'—*Niebuhr.*

¹ v. 229.

² v. 49.

' Such a falsification, scarcely to be paralleled in the annals of any other people, justifies the strongest suspicion of all those accounts of victories and triumphs which appear to rest in any degree on the authority of the family memorials of the Roman aristocracy.'—*Arnold.*

At the ninth mile the road passes over the magnificent viaduct called *Pontenona*, consisting of seven arches, built of the gloomy stone called "lapis gabinus." The pavement of the bridge, and even part of the parapet, exist, showing what it was when entire.

' C'est certainement à la plus belle époque de l'architecture république qu'appartient le pont de Nona, sur la voie Praenestine, probablement à l'époque du Tabularium, c'est-à-dire au temps de Sylla. Il est bâti en péperin dont les blocs ont quelquefois dix ou douze pieds de longueur ; au-dessous des arches, qui ont de dix-huit à vingt-quatre pieds de hauteur, est un pont beaucoup plus petit, qui a précédé l'autre. Ce petit pont primitif était sans doute l'œuvre des habitants du lieu et leur suffisait ; mais Rome est venue ; elle a élevé le niveau du pont jusqu'au niveau de la voute, à laquelle il était lié, et a laissé subsister à ses pieds son humble prédecesseur comme pour servir à mesurer sa grandeur par le contraste.'—*Ampère*, iv. 71.

More and more desolate becomes the country, till beyond the Osteria del Osa, 11 miles from Rome, we turn aside to the tall mediaeval tower of *Castiglione* (which is mentioned in a deed of 1225), occupying the highest point of a ridge in the Campagna. Beyond this are remains of the walls of Gabii, on a natural causeway of volcanic rocks, exceedingly picturesque and striking. We look across the grey-green crater of the lake, which has been recently drained by Prince Torlonia, to whom it belongs, to the great destruction of its beauty and improvement of his property. In the fields beyond (accessible by a rough carriage road which leaves the Via Praenestina at the Osteria dell' Osa) is a low massive ruin, which might easily pass overlooked, but which is no less than a fragment—the *cella*—of the famous *Temple of Juno*, celebrated by Virgil :—

‘ . . . quique arva Gabinae
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roscida rivis
Hernica sava colunt.’—*Aen.* vii. 682.

and by Silius Italicus :—

‘ . . . nec amoena retentant
Algida, nec juxta Junonis tecta Gabinae.’—XII. 536.

‘ The temple (the cell of which remains almost entire, but rent in certain parts apparently by lightning) is built of rectangular blocks of peperino. It has the same aspect as that of Diana at Aricia ; that is, the wall of the posticum is prolonged beyond the cella, to the width of the portico on each side :—“ Columnis adjectis dextrâ et sinistrâ ad humeros pronai.”¹ The number of columns could scarcely be less than six in front ; those of the flanks have not been decided. The columns were fluted, and of peperino, like the rest of the building ; but it might perhaps be hazardous to assign them to a very remote period. The pavement is a mosaic of large white tesserae.’—Sir W. Gell.

Near the temple remains of semi-circular seats, perhaps indicating a *Theatre*, have been discovered, and nearer the high-road it has become possible to trace the plan of the *Forum*, a work of imperial times surrounded on three sides by porticoes and adorned with statues.

Virgil and Dionysius say that Gabii was a Latin colony of Alba. Solinus asserts that it was founded by two Sicilian brothers Galatios and Bios, from whose united names that of the city was formed. Dionysius says that it was one of the largest and most populous of Latin cities. It seems to have been the university of Latium, and Plutarch and Strabo narrate that Romulus and Remus were sent there to learn Greek and the use of arms. In the reign of Tarquinius Superbus, Gabii gave refuge to exiles from Rome and other cities of Latium, and so aroused the hostility of the King.

‘ Ultima Tarquinius Romanae gentis habebat
Regna ; vir injustus, fortis ad arma tamen.
Ceperat hic alias, alias everterat urbes ;
Et Gabios turpi fecerat arte suos.’

Ovid, ‘Fast.’ ii. 687.

‘ The primaeval greatness of Gabii is still apparent in the walls of the cell of the temple of Juno. Dionysius saw it yet more conspicuous in the ruins of the extensive walls, by which the city, standing in the plain, had been surrounded, and which had been demolished by a destroying conqueror, as well as in those of several buildings. It was one of the thirty Latin cities ; but it scorned the determination of the

¹ Vitruvius.

confederacy—in which cities far from equal in power were equal in votes—to degrade themselves. Hence it began an obstinate war with Rome. The contending cities were only twelve miles apart ; and the country betwixt them endured all the evils of military ravages for years, no end of which was to be foreseen : for within their walls they were invincible.

‘ But Sextus, the son of Tarquinius Superbus, pretended to rebel. The king, whose anger appeared to have been provoked by his wanton insolence, condemned him to a disgraceful punishment, as if he had been the meanest of his subjects. He came to the Gabines under the mask of a fugitive. The bloody marks of his stripes, and still more the infatuation which comes over men doomed to perish, gained him belief and goodwill. At first he led a body of volunteers ; then troops were trusted to his charge. Every enterprise succeeded ; for booty and soldiers were thrown in his way at certain appointed places ; and the deluded citizens raised the man, under whose command they promised themselves the pleasures of a successful war, to the dictatorship. The last step of his treachery was yet to come. None of the troops being hirelings, it was a hazardous venture to open a gate. Sextus sent to ask his father in what way he should deliver Gabii into his hands. Tarquinius was in his garden when he received the messenger ; he walked along in silence, striking off the heads of the tallest poppies with his stick, and dismissed the man without an answer. On this hint, Sextus put to death, or by means of false charges banished, such of the Gabines as were able to oppose him. By distributing their fortunes he purchased partisans among the lowest class ; and, acquiring the uncontested rule, brought the city to submit to his father.’—*Niebuhr, ‘Hist of Rome, i. 491.’*

The treaty concluded at this time between Rome and Gabii was preserved on a wooden shield in the temple of Jupiter Fidius at Rome. It is evidently one of those alluded to by Horace as the

‘ foedera regum
Cum Gabiis aut cum rigidis aequata Sabinis.’¹

After the expulsion of the kings, Sextus Tarquinius took refuge at Gabii, where, according to Livy, he was murdered. But Gabii was one of the cities which combined in behalf of the Tarquins at the Lake Regillus. After that battle it became subject to Rome, and almost disappears from history for several centuries, and was so reduced that—

¹ Smith’s *Dict. of Greek and Roman Geography*.

‘ . . . Gabios, Veiosque, Coramque
Pulvere vix tectae poterunt monstrare ruinae.’

Lucan, vii. 392

‘ Scis Lebedus quam sit Gabiis desertior atque
Fidenis vicus.’—*Hor.* ‘ *Ep.* ’ i. 11.

‘ Quippe suburbanae parva minus urbe Bovillae ;
Et, qui nunc nulli, maxima turba Gabi.’

Propert. ‘ *EI.* ’ iv. 1.

‘ Hujus qui trahitur praetextam sumere mavis ;
An Fidernarum, Gabiorumque esse potestas ? ’

Juvenal, ‘ *Sat.* ’ x. 100.

‘ Quis timet, aut timuit gelida Praeneste ruinam ;
Aut positis nemorosa inter juga Volsiniis ; aut
Simplicibus Gabiis.’—*Juvenal*, ‘ *Sat.* ’ iii. 189.

‘ . . . cum jam celebres notique poëtae
Balneolum Gabiis, Romae conducere furnos
Tarent.’—*Juvenal*, ‘ *Sat.* ’ vii. 4.

The Gabini had a peculiar mode of girding the toga, which gave more freedom to the limbs, and which was found useful when hurrying to battle from a sacrifice. Virgil alludes to it :—

‘ Ipse, Quirinali trabea cinctuque Gabino
Insignis, reserat stridentia limina consul.’

Aen. vii. 612.

Under Tiberius the town had a slight revival, which was increased under Hadrian, who adorned it with handsome public buildings, colleges, and an aqueduct. In the first ages of Christianity it became the seat of a bishopric (a list of its bishops from A.D. 465 to 879 is given in Ughelli’s ‘ *Italia Sacra* ’), but it was finally ruined when Astolphus ravaged the Campagna, at the head of 6,000 Lombards. It is only a mile’s walk or ride from the Osteria del Osa (turning left) to the Castello del Osa or Coilatia.

Continuing along the Via Praenestina, much of the old pavement is visible. This is most perfect at *Cavamonte* (seven miles beyond Gabii), where the road passes through

a deep cutting in the rocks which guard the valley of Gallicano. The cliffs on either side of the road reach a height of 70 feet, and are most picturesquely overhung with shrubs and ivy. The road, which is generally only 14 feet wide, here has a width of 27 feet. After passing through Cavamonte, the Via Praenestina ascends towards Praeneste by the Convent of the Buon Pastore.

On the left of the road (19 miles from Rome) is the village of *Gallicano*, supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Pedum, whose name is familiar to readers of Horace, from the epistle to Albius Tibullus.

‘Albi, nostrorum sermonum candide judex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?’

‘*Ep.*’ i. iv.

The present name is derived from Ovinius Gallicanus, Prefect of Rome in the time of Constantine, who was afterwards canonised for his charities, and in whose honour the Hospital in the Trastevere was dedicated. The place was formerly a fief of the Colonna, and now gives a title to the Rospigliosi.

‘The towns of Scaptia, Ortona, and Querquetula lay somewhere in this neighbourhood. Scaptia was one of the cities which conspired to restore the Tarquins to the Roman throne. It gave a name to one of the tribes at Rome, but in Pliny’s time had fallen entirely into ruins. The site of Passerano has been fixed upon as the representative of Scaptia by most modern topographers. But this opinion rests upon a false reading in Festus, and must be rejected. Ortona lay on the frontier, between the Latins and Aequians, but belonged to the Latins. It seems to have been near Corbio, and on the further side of Mount Algidus. The site of Querquetula is entirely unknown. Gell and Nibby place it at Corcolo, arguing from the similarity of the name. Corcolo is four miles from Gallicano, and six from Zagarolo, at a point where there is an artificial dyke separating a small hill from the neighbouring plateau. There are traces of ancient roads, converging to this point from Praeneste, Castellaccio, and Gallicano.’—*Burn, ‘The Roman Campagna.’*

Zagarolo, 21 miles from Rome, will scarcely be made the object of a special excursion, but may be visited by those

who drive to Palestrina. It is a curious mediaeval town chiefly built by the Colonna, in whose wars it was twice sacked, first by Boniface VIII., and afterwards by Cardinal Vitelleschi in the reign of Eugenius IV. It now gives a ducal title to the Rospigliosi. Many Roman antiquities found in the neighbourhood are built up into the walls and houses, and over the Roman gate is a seated statue of Jupiter. The commission for the revision of the Vulgate under Gregory XIV. met in the palace of Zagarolo.

‘ And now farewell to Italy—perhaps
For ever ! Yet, methinks, I could not go,
I could not leave it, were it mine to say,
“ Farewell for ever ! ”—*Rogers.*



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